NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. DXXIX.

DECEMBER, 1900.

# MODERN GOVERNMENT.

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE VICOMTE DE SPOELBERCH DE LOVENJOUL.

This theoretical study of the system of constitutional monarchy is the only completed article found in that portion of Balzac's papers which fell into my hands at the death of his widow.

The author intended this work for the "Rénovateur." Only a few years since, a happy chance led me to discover the interesting letter addressed to M. Laurentie, the editor of that review, announcing the despatch to him of the paper in question. Here is this unpublished letter:

"Aix-les-Bains, 7 September, (1832).

"Sir: My mother will forward to you on my behalf a rather lengthy article, entitled 'Modern Government.'

"If you do not find it possible to insert it in the "Rénovateur" exactly as I have written it I wish that you would be careful to return it to her. In that case I shall turn it into a pamphlet. If it suits you, I should like you to have the whole of it put into type and to send me the proofs at Aix, in Savoy. Have the proofs taken on thin paper. You need not send me the manuscript, and if you put the proofs in an envelope they will reach me safely by mail, and I will promptly return the corrected proofs to you. There will be only eight days' delay.

"Accept my best wishes. DE BALZAC."

This letter furnishes much valuable information. First, it shows that it was from Aix-les-Bains, during the master's sojourn there, in September, 1832, with the Marquise de Castries, that he sent his



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study to the "Rénovateur," a review founded that same year by a group of Legitimists, having at their head the Duc de Fitz-James, the uncle of his travelling companion. Balzac collaborated with them seriously from the publication of the second number. In fact, in two months from March 31, to June 2, 1832, he had published, in the "Rénovateur," the following articles: "On the Projected Destruction of the Monument to the Duc de Berry;" "A Woman's Life," and "The Situation of the Royalist Party."

This period was certainly that of his most ardent Legitimist propaganda. At this moment the author of the "Country Physician" counted certainly upon entering the Chamber with the support of the entire party, and neglected nothing to prepare himself a sensational entrée. But we know that this plan succeeded no better than many others formed by the writer. It often happened, with his plans for the future, as with the plots of his romances, that the conception without the execution satisfied this great visionary. It may be noted also, that Balzac in his letter announces his intention of publishing the article as a pamphlet if the editor should reject it. But, like his desire of entering politics, this project remained a dead letter. However, this separate publication would have been the realization of a plan which he had begun to carry out in the previous year. I refer to the promise of the master to publish at intervals of three months a series of political studies, the first of which had appeared in April, 1831, with the title, "An Inquiry Into the Policy of Two Ministers," purporting to be, according to the signature, "by M. de Balzac, Eligible Elector."

Whatever the reason, the "Rénovateur" did not publish the essay on "Modern Government," and Balzac issued it neither in another review nor in pamphlet form.

It is, doubtless, to the reasons for this decision that he alludes, in the letter written to his mother in the month following the sending of the manuscript to M. Laurentie, a letter which certainly refers to the observations of the editor of the "Rénovateur," transmitted by Madame de Balzac to her son. In fact, this very definite sentence occurs in that letter: "I am much disgusted with M. Laurentie."*

Two reasons may have prompted the return of the manuscript of "Modern Government."

One may have been the change of the "Rénovateur" from a weekly to a daily publication and the consequent refusal of the author to authorize the division of his work into minute portions. Or it may have been that the management of this exclusive tribune of Legitimist opinion were unwilling to accept the responsibility for all the governmental theories of the great writer.

The other reason, in my judgment more probable, has for a starting point an affair of gallantry. In the notice prefixed to the unpublished version of the "Confession of a Country Physician," we give an account of his failure to win the affections of the beautiful Marquise whom he went to meet at Aix. We shall not repeat it; but that disappointment was probably the real reason why he never published the following pages. Balzac, sick at heart, detached himself from the group of Legitimitists, and, while openly continuing to be a royalist and a partisan of absolute monarchy, he no longer collaborated with the

*See Letter xcv in the published correspondence.

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journals devoted to these ideas, and deprived them almost entirely of the services of his pen.

At the present time, certain opinions expressed in this essay may seem antiquated or even puerile. But, before condemning them as such, we must go back to the year 1832, and reconstruct the governmental conditions which existed in France at the time these pages were written. Whoever does this will be struck by the depth of political insight displayed by Balzac. It must also be remembered that, in this case, the very nature of his work forced Balzac to occupy a position quite different from that of his habitual conception.

Finally, one must be astonished to see how, with regard to the present and the future, Balzac in these lines reveals once more the extraordinary faculty of divination which has justly entitled him to be regarded as a seer.

VICOMTE DE SPOELBERCH DE LOVENJOUL.

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IN investigating and discussing in this paper the principles underlying a representative form of government, we would be neither the dupes nor the accomplices of those who proclaimed the revolution of 1830, and even before examining its structure, we desire to express our opinion, right or wrong, of the new form of national existence.

The immediate outcome of representative government is to vest power in a ministry which is subject to constant criticism. What, then, is the result of ministerialism? A dynasty of prime ministers, the creatures of the two Chambers and of public opinion. As to public opinion, let us suppose that it is never mistaken, and is never imposed upon. Now, because the President of the Council will come directly from the counting-house, from the lawyer's office, from municipal offices or from the magistracy, because there are to be no more Bourbons, to use a general term for royalty, does it follow that a court and courtiers, the two everlasting plagues of which the people complain, will no longer exist?

If you had given to the late Casimir-Périer ten years of life, of power and of office, you would have had a lesser Richelieu, without the purple, a tyrant of low degree, but surrounded by his body guard, his sycophants, his court, his courtiers, by a very Empire, of an inferior sort, disguised under a mask of legality. He would have received his solid majority every five years. He would have kept his power by a system of double entry, opened accounts on his own terms, and organized his despotism on a basis of "debit and credit." Instead of cutting off heads, he would have negotiated loans. Dangerous men he would have

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bought over. Insensibly, his influence and his creatures would have pervaded all the machinery and all the offices of the government. His grand chamberlain would have been some obscure clerk, his captain of the guard a valet, like the Barjac of Cardinal de Fleury. France would have suffered all the evils of a court, without its polish or its patronage of art, a patronage always neglected by men intent wholly on their own interests. The government would have made one step further toward that popular egoism whose development leads nations to political indifference and insures their subjection.

The Camarilla never spares itself, especially when it is exalting an authority as petty as itself. Observe the editor of a newspaper—that power which we have only lately created—the manager of a theatre or of any enterprise which invests its director with any influence whatever. Close at hand you will find some little Camarilla interested in dancing attendance upon the man of action, dazzling him with exaggerated ideas of his success, profiting by his mistakes—into which, indeed, for that very reason, he is deliberately led—and always bent on lulling him to sleep by telling him the same thing over and over again, like women, who, with time, patience and insistence, end by corrupting the strongest character.

Constitutional ministerialism will never escape from this dilemma—one which is not conducive to the results some people expect from it.

Or else the nation will be subject for a long time to the despotism of a man of talent and revive royalty under another form, without the advantages of heredity; it will pay out unheard of fortunes periodically. Or the nation will change ministers frequently. And then its prosperity will be a physical impossibility, because nothing is more disastrous in the administration of affairs than a change of systems. For each minister has his own system, and it is only natural that the most mediocre man should think himself competent to create one, good or bad. Then, too, a transitory ministry cannot devote itself at the same time to the intrigues necessary to the maintenance of its position and to the affairs of state. It arrives at power as does a wayfarer at an inn, extricates itself from difficulties by a loan, increases the debt, and passes on just as it is beginning to learn something of the science of government.

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Thus the alternatives are either a Napoleon without the sword, Napoleon in the guise of a lawyer, or the vicious circle of the Dupins, the Lafittes, the Louis, the Périers and the Barrots; either the despotism of a citizen king, or the elevation to power, by a movement of the constitutional tide, of men of worn-out capacity, popular rubbish, of whom the people have become tired, whom they destroy by raising them to power.

By and by, the public debt, the balance sheet of stupidity, increases. Bankruptcy arrives, but the blame falls upon all instead of upon one. And a time will come, if this system continues, when the bondholders will become a sort of aristocracy upon whom a suffering people will wreak a terrible vengeance. The bond will be the badge of an idle class which will be hated as were the nobility in 1790.

What will bring about the crisis? The principle of constitutional election extended to everything—a principle which is anti-governmental, and upon which it is now proposed to rest every act of authority.

Of old, electoral methods yielded excellent results in the Church, in which, at a remote period, one finds an example of a perfect government, which embraced the whole world, and only fell from the weakness of its base. Rome was not a territorial power, but the church formed a body of superlative intelligence, animated by one purpose, perfectly honest with itself, knowing well what it wished, absorbing all dignities, and no longer fearing them because it had assimilated them—an example by which modern rulers profit but little.

Will you find these principles, productive of a good election, in the ignorant mass constituted by our election laws, which have extended electoral rights indefinitely through hatred of privilege and the love of an impossible equality? Those who compose the existing electorate are always prone, in their choice of representatives, to put themselves in opposition or hostility to authority. The law brings together the mediocrities of the country, and all they can do is to produce a perfect counterpart of the elective body, for there is nothing to raise them above that level. Compare the *Corps Legislatif* so calumniated by Napoleon with the Chamber of 1832. Study each name, weigh the men and draw your own conclusion.

Now, suppose all the electoral arrondissements possessed of

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the loftiest virtue, divest them of local attachments, make each comprehend that its deputy ought to be the deputy of France, render them deaf to all petty departmental rivalries, concede to them an admirable understanding of the need of the country for lofty character and great talent; grant a Chamber of men of distinguished capacity. What would be the result of all that? The Senate of Venice. The ministry will be the purveyors of the Republic. Each member will make a desperate effort to perpetuate himself and his family in his office, without ever wearying of his own particular share of tyranny. The Council of Ten, or the Committee of Public Safety—some kind of directing power—will be restored under some legal appellation. At the head of this oligarchy will be a powerless Doge, who will marry his daughters to bourgeois Kings, and forward their trousseaux economically by the *Messageries,* and the people will sink under this despotism strongly organized in their own name.

What a fatal instinct, then, is it which the people obey in wishing to govern themselves? Is it possible? That in the Middle Ages a subject community should gather its people together to conquer liberty of their persons and property, should administer, by the election of a few magistrates, a territory of a few square leagues—this phenomenon of popular action may be be understood. In such a case, the general interest is like a family interest. Each citizen has a perfectly clear conception of it. Let Marseilles, let Normandy, le Forez, the Lyonnais and Dauphiné declare themselves republics and manage their affairs by an elective council, we shall understand, even to-day, constitutionality within a limited area. There despotism is impossible, for the citizens are always present, as in a small town where everything is open to view there is an unerring police and a healthy public opinion which must be obeyed. But that a great country, with four or five capitals, with as many opinions as departments, should wish to advance in the path of greatness, to prosper, to conquer its natural limitations by the uncertain and indolent action of parliamentary discussion; by the election of men of purely local reputations; by an essentially fickle system of delegations, with ability on a lease of three, six or nine years; by a scheme of procedure almost consular, whose acts are scrutinized by the crowd before they have achieved any result, by the crowd which amused itself with the nutshells of the Camp of

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Boulogne, and only understood them twenty years after the fall of the inventor, whose genius they had in turn ridiculed, adored, cursed and wept—is it not a flagrant absurdity, great national folly?

Less extensive than France, England has enjoyed prosperity, has conquered a third of the world, under the leadership of her House of Lords, to which the Commons were subordinate, by an admirable arrangement which the Reform Bill tends to overturn. The Commons wish to be the Lords; but the Lords were permanent in their composition, while the Commons are constantly disbanded and renewed by popular election; and consequently the government will vacillate constantly.

Despise the folly of the masses, and yet continue to give them a share in the government! Once, France threw off her cavalier, when she was sinking under him with fatigue, refusing to take another step under his spur. The Emperor being dead, all his ideas are understood. This French civilization which he conceived, all those needs of Europe which he divined, which he desired to satisfy, everything has been adopted. There is not a man who does not bear himself as heir of his genius, who does not continue it on a small scale. His *"Mangeons les Russes pour qui ils ne nous mangent pas"* will soon be the watchword of European diplomacy, and his continental system will be the weapon of Europe against England, if the British Empire should fail to appreciate the bounds that ought to limit commercial prosperity.

The Restoration was established in the midst of storms. Apart from some errors, which time has done justice to, it set our feet in the paths of English Toryism. It urged the danger of the suffrage and the press, but it was always in the hands of the people, who dominated it through the taxes. Then without reflection, at the bidding of some men, who are now in despair over their work, the elder branch succumbed. And, as I write, the ruling classes are employed in an effort to make the nation think well of the ordinances of Charles X. The press made the Days of July, and the suffrage is undermining the government of the *Juste-Milieu,* which has influence nowhere.

After nearly twenty years of constitutional experiments, no minister, coming from the opposition, or created by the elective principle, has succeeded in regenerating the government. They have all had the genius to resort to borrowing, and not a voice

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has been raised in the subservient Chambers against this national act of suicide, so foolishly prolonged by the succession of old men who have been raised to the ministry. No young man has appeared to boldly break up the machine, and throw aside the worthless pieces. The ministries have devoted themselves to ideas when they should have considered interests; they have been occupied with interests when they should have been trying to render ideas inoperative.

The tribute in men and in money, which so disturbs our citizens, is a matter which has its limit, which no government can overstep. It is impossible to exact of the people what it cannot give. To add a fraction of a sou to the taxes, beyond what the state may reasonably levy, would be to draw blood from a skeleton. To-day, therefore, no apprehension on this score can be tolerated. In the thirteenth century everything yielded to the power of money, and in all times, and in all countries, money has been and will be the safeguard of the nation against power.

The one question is, what is the least sum to be exacted and the best means of employing it. On this score, hitherto, the advantage has not been with the popular form of government, and with the ministerialism which results from it. A temporary minister has no time to work out a reform. He has no interest in increasing the taxes, and every incentive to reduce them. A popular minister is either the humble servant of particular interests, or else he rebels against the principle to which he owes his place, like Louis Philippe against the Hotel de Ville. A ruling power which is called in question has no effective existence. The man who asks himself, "Shall I be in office to-morrow?" can have little thought for the greatness of his country.

There have not been trumpets enough wherewith to blare forth the criticisms of the extravagance of the Legitimist monarchy, which, in 1814, at Fontainebleau, paid the debts of every one and the expenses of the Revolution, which France had not prevented. To-day, however, the people are silent over the expenditure of a thousand millions, for which the ministry of war should give account in glory, in conquests, or in tranquility. But they are trifled with in the name of France instead of in the name of the King. He has a book in his coat of arms. I suppose it is the Ledger. Happy people! Surpassingly glorious!

If the defense of the country should be committed to the

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national guards, what is the use of the army? If the country is represented by a single assembly—since the peerage is attached to the electoral chamber by a cord, with which it is made to perform all the necessary evolutions at the pleasure of the deputies—what is the use of a king? July has been false to itself. They should have created a government entirely elective, without paid officials, without an army. Every citizen should have been a soldier, every rich man an administrator or a magnate. That would have been logical. There would have been only the debt to pay, so much art the less, and one family of citizens the more. Only this government, except for the name of Liberty inscribed on its banner instead of that of the Czar, would have perfectly resembled the Muscovite régime, and in developing the egoism of the masses, through the egoism of petty individual well-being, would in time have rendered the people entirely indifferent to patriotic sentiment.

But this masterpiece of government is not fully disclosed. It makes common cause with liberals, self-styled patriots, interested in turning the Restoration to their own profit, men degenerate and corrupt, whose dupe the nation has been, and who have plunged it into foreign and civil war, into debt and into disrepute with other governments. Thus have they who ridiculed the mountebanks of the Restoration given France those of the Empire. Poor France! She has been the victim of doctrinaires, she is the prey of bankers and attorneys, and she has been visited with the seven plagues of Egypt under other names. The last increased her debt without either glory or profit, and vitiated representative government by substituting for it an absurdity, which begins at the throne, and descends to the mayor of the village. The doctrinaires coolly say that it is an epoch of transition. Admirable sarcasm!

To resume: Constitutional government is relatively more costly than any other form, precisely because under it everything is legal. It permits of as many injustices to individuals as a monarchial government, because authority is administered by an individual. Only these wrongs are committed by the masses. As to its use of power, ministerialism, in its actions and behavior, is as immoral as the most immoral court. Barras is the base counterpart of Louis XV. The germ of the Narcisses, the Tigellinuses, the sycophants, sprouts around every one in authori-

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ty. One year of the most energetic of all popular governments, and Robespierre had his chief cook, his master of ceremonies and his gentlemen of the chamber. Certainly, Oliver Cromwell was not lacking in this respect. If he had had his court of Lords, his dynasty would perhaps be still reigning in England.

Finally, from the aims avowed by constitutional government, it is evident to candid minds that, in a short time, it will change its character when the assembly is intelligent and powerful; or, if the assembly is composed of mediocrities, it will ruin the nation. It leads to despotism or to destruction.

The great question which occupies our epoch, so brilliant, so learned, so intelligent, and which checks it in its march of progress, is, then, a question of words. We believe a constitutional government possible, not for an indefinite period, because the testimony of experience is against the prolonged existence of material prosperity; but it may be that its mechanism skilfully put together assures it a longer existence than any other kind of government. To-day Machiavelli would have entitled his book not *"The Prince"* but *"Power."* Power, a moral being, the creature of reason, bound to remain strong and united is something greater than the Prince studied by the celebrated Florentine. Progress has been made. So that this mode of government has its own peculiar Machiavellism, its machinery, its organs, its ideas, whose consequences must be accepted, and which we shall attempt to examine.

If, since the revolution of 1789, the conditions of the acquisition and the exercise of power have completely changed, the foundations, the objects of government, have not altered. That was a transformation of the very element, whose component masses were, by the force of circumstances, rearranged in a new and more rational order. The social order is perfect when it is naturally co-ordinated. Three distinct classes are clearly outlined, and these three divisions are found in human society everywhere, from the borough to the city, from the city to the country, from the country to the capital, from the capital to the nation. They are inevitable, and no social constitution, existing or conceivable, can permanently mould them into equal units.

These three classes are: The mass of the poor and ignorant, the middle class, and the aristocracy; the latter including those raised to eminence by wealth, ability or intellect. These three

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classes are the permanent basis of a nation; and, to-day, to establish a perfect and durable government, provision must be made in it for satisfying their interests and ideas, for these two are the only means by which groups of men express themselves.

Such is the new problem which the inevitable march of the ages has proposed to every government, and which has changed its nature and its laws. Genius consists in governing in obedience to these conditions.

Whether under a purely monarchical form, or under a form entirely democratic, the ruling power, being a constant harmonizing of the interests and the ideas of the body governed, ought to be strong and united, because it is the action of the body itself, and no action is possible with restrictions. To organize authority in such a way as to weaken it is to admit the necessity of a principle and at the same time to deny it. From such a government nothing but disturbances can result.

If the masses express themselves only by interests and ideas, the ruling power has only two sorts of enemies—the men who represent interests that are not recognized, and those who champion opinions hostile to existing order. These enemies may be honest or treacherous; they may claim the recognition of real interests, of correct ideas, or lead astray and alienate the masses by the advocacy of fictitious interests or false opinions.

These theorems, of whose correctness each one must judge for himself, being admitted, it is easy to deduce from them the fundamental principles and the highest maxims of the science of government.

Property, its orderly maintenance, its transmission, has given birth to social order and all its laws. It is the basis of authority and the object of its action. It is therefore natural to follow the demands of property in order to discover the duty of power.

By virtue of this principle, it is evident that the mutual interests of the middle class and of the aristocracy unite them in a natural contract, by which they guarantee to each other the possession of their advantages over the poor and ignorant class, which is stronger than the other two classes only numerically, and which, unrestrained, would overturn the social order to no purpose—for, at length, the social order would recover its former equilibrium.

Therefore, the franchise, a share in the government, ought

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never to be placed in the inexperienced hands of this third class. But the other two classes are bound to insure its well-being by supplying it with work and wages.

Here, many questions, raised by writers full of tenderness for the unfortunate, and ready to overthrow the existing order to realize an Utopia, present themselves. There are men who preach philanthropy, the spreading of the light, humanity, morality, progress, civilization, etc. They are either scoundrels, who wish to ruin the State for their own profit, or genuine apostles. If they are sincere, they ought to dress the wounds of the poor man with their own hands, try to instruct him, to teach him economy and relieve him. Either they will weary of their labors, or they will persevere. In either case, neither their zeal nor their opinions are dangerous. But, if the orator is a knave, he must be silenced at any cost, bought, bribed, or persecuted. He merits equally a prefecture or a prison. He is a man capable of office or a fool.

As to primary instruction and the spreading of the light, it does not matter whether it is proscribed or encouraged. Whether or not learning is brought to the door of the indigent class either by the Brother of Christian Doctrine or by a radical teacher, it will never be absorbed except by the individual whose instinct and ability call upon him to rise out of the sphere of misfortune.

There will always be men foreordained to continual mechanical toil, and such men will read neither the newspapers nor Voltaire.

That which is exacted, not by humanity nor by philanthropy, but by the interest of the State, and which is an admitted principle of civilization, is that social laws shall give every opportunity to the man of ability, in whatever class Heaven may have placed him at birth, to rise to the place destined for him. Then, again, the poor man should be relieved from direct taxation, and the taxes on the articles he consumes should be moderated so as to be imperceptible. Military service should be exacted only from this class; that is a means by which it may raise its men of energy, and it increases the patriotic sentiment of the class. But let the army have no special privileges. The army is an instrument of government, and of civilization, as well as of defense. Those special branches of the army which demand learning will absorb the ambitions of the middle class, as the ranks of the other corps

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will, with benefit to the country, attract men of energy from the mass of the proletariat.

If the army had been thus constituted, the throne would not have fallen in July, 1830, nor would the army have lost seven hundred men in the struggle. What interest had the non-commissioned officers in defending a government which would reward them only with woolen epaulettes! Now, the petty officers make the army. The Restoration made its soldiers apathetic, and by an almost inexplicable fatality the *Juste-Milieu* has committed the same blunder through its regulation for advancement. Under Louis Philippe, the Duc de Dantzig, Michel Ney and Lannes would not have been generals. This state of things is unfortunate in any kind of government.

The acquisition of property by the poor class is not a source of danger in a country a third of which is untilled, and whose commerce has not revealed a quarter of its possible development. The division of the land is a chimera, with which some statesmen foolishly disquiet themselves, since all property pays taxes and its transfers are assessed. Besides, the vices and the misfortunes of the poor, of the working man, of the proletarian are justly considered social perils; whereas the peasant who is an owner of property is a friend of the government. Finally, the properties of the Peerage could easily be subjected to special regulations.

Neither weapons nor power, then, in the hands of the people! Ask of them neither commands nor ratifications. Sovereignty is a tragic farce, in which the people should never have the opportunity of playing a part. Keep them always between laws at once strong and flexible, strong to resist the densely stupid part of the population, flexible to give oportunities of advancement to men of energy and talent. Let every facility be given to him who wishes to rise to a higher sphere.

With the middle class begin political interests and ideas. There was the danger in 1789; there was the danger in 1830; there will be the danger with every government which does not give the middle class a large share in its action, and allow it to breathe freely in the political atmosphere.

The intestine revolutions of a country are caused only by ignoring the interests and ideas which arise in it. This fact suggested the idea of a popular Chamber, elective and periodically

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renewed—elective that it may represent property in all its forms, and periodically renewed to give scope to new interests, and to prevent the assembly from becoming dictatorial or oppressive.

The assembly, then, is the mouthpiece of the middle class. Now, that the middle class be permanently satisfied, it is necessary that it should furnish exclusively the members of the assembly which represents it. If the government does not bend to this necessity, the middle class, excluded from its legitimate participation in power, ceases to have confidence in the laws, and in course of time, under the pressure of circumstances which will surely arise, it will bring on a revolution. The Restoration made this mistake. There was a whole aristocracy among its deputies, and often the elective Chamber defended the throne, and encroached upon the prerogatives of the Chamber of Peers.

The elective Chamber is not the government. It is a means of government and must be rendered as harmless as possible.

Thus, for the representation of the middle class, it is necessary to condition accession to legislative power according to the value of the elector's property, taking his possessions as indicative of his intelligence. Consequently, many degrees of suffrages; electors at one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, five hundred, a thousand francs paid in taxes. Create five or six colleges. Give more deputies to the greatest aggregate of interests, so that the college of electors at a thousand francs would choose two deputies where the college at a hundred francs would elect one. But allow no double vote. That is a privilege, and the middle class has a horror of privileges. Its prejudices must be respected. From the moment when you have to depend only upon your intelligence and your ability to raise yourself from one college to another there are no longer any privileges. The law is just; it is the same for all.

The elective assembly can organize itself so that the royal power has neither scope nor influence in it. The government which tampers with the ballot blunders. It is much wiser to accept a Chamber which has been freely elected.

One of the greatest mistakes of the Restoration was to have intrusted the throne to the electors. It was at once pitiable and ludicrous that a government with between thirty and forty thousand officeholders and eighty thousand electors fell as the result of a general election. It should have asked from the men

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in office not certificates of confession, but the cards of electors. The ministers have had the means of corrupting the elective principle, and they have struggled against it. They were either blind men or simpletons.

From these facts we draw a sort of axiom for representative government. It should choose its employees from the lowest electoral classes; for, the higher classes being of necessity on its side, by virtue of the regard for order which springs from the possession of much property, the share of office given to poor electors makes them friends of the government because it gives them a better comprehension of its strength, its ideas and its difficulties, and they do not seek to overthrow it.

With a Chamber thus constituted, a ministry must have a majority if it is not incompetent. First, let us lay down the principle that all majorities can be bought and sold. A Chamber is won either by fear, or by glory, or by money, or by ideas. These are the means of government. Robespierre bought his majority by the aid of the executioner, and paid for it with severed heads. Napoleon stifled the voice of his with the thunder of cannon. Louis XVIII. knew perfectly well the worth of the consciences which permitted him to violate the Charter in regard to election. Certainly, the conviction of the two hundred and twenty-one would not have cost a milliard, and France would have gained by it, for her tri-colored rag has already cost two, and Europe skillfully applies to us the system Napoleon applied to England. "In fifteen years," he said, at St. Helena, "I have increased her debt by as many milliards, and pushed her so far toward her ruin."

There was the blunder of Polignac. He should have accepted the Chamber. He was too honorable, too timid, or too stupid; let him take his choice.

Admit a true principle. No Chamber is hostile to power; but individuals are inimical to the ministers, for politics have to do only with men, and all men have passions. Reckon up the sum total of ambitions cherished by the middle class, lasting political ambitions. Examine it. Collect exact statistics of the fluctuating mass of men between twenty-five and fifty. Deduct the men whose ambition is satisfied by a notary's commission, by the presidency of a tribunal, by an industrial fortune. Eliminate those whose capacity is exhausted in the pursuit of their

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own welfare. Leave out those who fail of their desires from lack of persistence. Finally be exact. Sound the depths of the middle class. You will not find five hundred ambitious politicians, and among these five hundred men there will be scarcely twenty who have talent, scarcely twenty who are dangerous; and among these forty joined together, there will be one or two Brutuses to work destruction. The rest will be content with some high office, or with court favor. The one set have violent passions and give way before a little gold; the others are carried away by sentimental considerations.

All the constitutional scaffolding, which alarms kings, comes to a question of men. If a man of great talent presents himself, give him the management of affairs of state. It must necessarily be done. Power extinguishes a little man. It is deplorable to think that this principle was unknown to the fallen dynasty. M. le Marquis Lafitte, Comte Casimir-Perier, Marshal Foy, Chancellor Dupin were the supporters of legitimism. A treacherous enemy desires power; let him have it for a moment, and he is forced for the rest of his political life to sit upon the ministerial bench.

But to reduce a Chamber to this innocuous condition, a government must give no cause of complaint to the middle class. Thus, liberty of conscience, of thought, of person and of commerce must be respected. The aristocracy and the Roman religion were the two causes of the Revolution of July. The middle class thirsted for equality. Louis XVIII. might have forever saved the Elder Branch if he had dared to be a Robespierre, without the scaffold. In boldly suppressing all the nobility outside the Chamber of Peers, he would have made the middle class breathe freely. Decorations, royal or imperial, titles, ancient or recent, all ought to have fallen under the stroke of a single law. He alone has been in a position to abolish the remnants of a nobility which, having neither privileges nor substantial titles, no longer existed. There was no longer a nobility, but an aristocracy and suzerains of 1,700,000 crowns. The noblesse of the provinces could do nothing for a throne which it has not defended, and made enemies for it everywhere. In 1814, in the enthusiasm of the Restoration, the king should have established a French Toryism, and cut all discontent at the root by attaching the clergy to the state, through the lofty influence of the Gallican

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Church. He had only to realize, in the nineteenth century, the conception of St. Louis, in the thirteenth. The *Renovateur* should have replaced the *Conservateur*. The maintenance of the Elder Branch was entirely dependent on this idea. The middle class would not then have defied the French clergy, nor encountered nobles outside the Chamber of Peers. The peerage would have continued great and powerful. Content with equality, with liberty of conscience, it would never have suspected the throne of mental reservation and would have willingly yielded to it the censorship of the political press, if freedom of thought had been allowed to other publications. The lesson of fifteen years of the Restoration is that it is better to compromise with men, with interests, and with opinions, than to oppose them.

We have now come to the share which the aristocracy should have in the government. The peerage has not yet been considered a guarantee of equality for the other two classes, and yet it is the only institution possible to-day for recognizing and preserving, without injustice and without tyranny, the distinctions necessary to the existence of society, and which arise by virtue of a law whose constant and irresistible action it would be folly to ignore.

If politics is the art of co-ordinating social interests and passions, does it not follow that it is necessary to regulate the function of social distinctions, instead of abandoning them to their own erratic action, and to make them conduce to the greatness and permanence of the state. The hereditary peerage is conceived in this spirit. But the peerage is armed with a power which, in other ways, affects the prosperity of a country which accepts the institution and its prerogatives, as it accepts taxation, for both the peerage and the taxes are necessities. In the peerage should reside the most elevated thought, the heart indeed of the country. It is the traditional depository of those national projects which demand persistence, and sometimes a century, for their complete accomplishment. It is the peerage which represents a country to other countries. In its ranks are the highest magistrates, whom the country ought not to pay, because no recompense is adequate to their services.

The hereditary riches of the peerage should be purely territorial. A bond-holding peer is an anomaly which the Restoration, unhappily, allowed to exist while disposing of threescore



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millions of bonds a year. The facts prove that no minister of the Restoration ever realized that the peerage ought to be an acting-Cabinet and a barrier between the electors and the king. Imprudent journalists, mouthpieces of ignorance, ought not to have been in a position to say, "The king will not yield," but "Will the peers yield?" The power should have been vested in them, and July would have ended with nothing worse than broken windows and plundered hotels.

The heredity of the peerage and its riches respond to two great needs of a country—its continued activity and its arts and luxury. A peerage with only life tenure gives no results, and although we make little of the lessons of history, it is well to remark that Rome, Venice and England have owed their astonishing prosperity to their hereditary senates. France is the only country whose territorial base is sufficiently large to support safely for any long period an aristocracy thus constituted. The peerage ought constantly to open its ranks to those who by fortune, intelligence or talent have risen above the surface of the nation. Its ancient glories are unquestionable. They will be accepted by the nation, because a name already made is worth more than one which is still to be made.

The peerage is the institution which the middle class will most readily allow of, if its other grievances are redressed, because, the peerage being open to men of its own class, its privileges will be curtailed. But if the institution is to be kept out of the arena of controversy, the peers should keep clear of the elections and refrain from voting. The younger children of peers and their connections will drop back into the middle class, a wise measure which the first hereditary Chamber of Peers failed to adopt. That Chamber cast its brood upon the budget, it had the malady of nepotism, and the institution was sapped by special interests. The peers should have had a more enlightened patriotism than simple citizens, but they understood neither their mission nor the laws of their existence. This understanding was impossible to a Chamber composed of old men, the survivors of different regimes and of many storms, having contradictory opinions, fanatical in their egotism and their self-love, misunderstanding each other, and having neither *esprit de corps* nor definite ideas. The restriction of primogeniture to the peerage ought to have been one of their objects. They preferred to seek popularity at

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their own expense, although they could have attached the elective Chamber to themselves by proposing and promoting laws in harmony with the true principles of constitutional government.

Royalty should be generously defended and considered as beyond discussion. To leave it alone in the presence of the masses is to expose it to summary collapse. And yet the fall of Louis XVI. has not prevented that of Charles X. Singular fatality! So a popular royalty does not last; it is too quickly false to its principle. Legitimism, absurd as it may be made to appear, is a principle which would have to be invented, if it did not already exist. It is the seal of hereditary ownership, the unseen tie which binds together the authority that covers the country and makes of it a compact system.

As to a Court, that is an entirely personal question. If a banker has his butler and his footman in his ante-chamber, surely the king may be allowed his gentlemen.

Such, in our opinion, are the general principles by which a constitutional monarchy can maintain itself and lead a nation in the path of prosperity, and unite the glory of the throne to that of the people.

There are certain administrative problems which must be solved, to reduce the cost of the government, to mask the taxes more or less skillfully, to give representation, more or less exactly to different sizes of fortunes, so that all political factors may be brought into play. But these are secondary details.

In this effective formula of government, the sacred promise of society, "To each one according to his works," is the law which applies to the most infinitesimal social ramifications, and the governing body is permanent, instead of movable as in a purely elective system. But it is easily penetrated by the waves of real and legitimate ambition. Its distinctive classes are not impassable barriers, but arenas open to all comers.

DE BALZAC.

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# THE ELECTION OF 1900.

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

In considering an election, we are concerned, first, with what has actually happened; second, with the causes which have produced the result; and, third, with the influence which the election will exert upon the future of the country.

The first division can be disposed of in a few words. The Republicans have won a signal victory, a much greater victory than the preliminary polls made by either party indicated. At the time this article is written, the returns are not sufficiently complete for careful analysis; but, generally speaking, as compared with 1896, the Republicans lost in the East and gained in the West, while the Central and Southern States showed comparatively little change. Again, speaking generally, the Democrats gained in the large cities, and lost in the smaller cities and in the country.

More space will be required to state the reasons for the victory.

The Republicans had a great advantage in having a large campaign fund. There are certain legitimate uses which may be made of money in a campaign. Money is needed for the circulation of literature; for the travelling expenses of speakers; for securing preliminary polls, and for getting the vote registered and polled. For all this legitimate work, the Republicans had plenty of money, while the Democrats had very little.

The Republicans were also able to secure transportation for all Republican voters who were away from home. Instances are known where passes or tickets were furnished for long distances. The Democrats were not in a position either to secure passes or to pay for transportation. This advantage alone was sufficient to change the result in close Congressional districts and in close legislative districts. It is impossible at this time to calculate the effect of colonization, or the extent to which votes were purchased

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by the direct payment of money or by employment for political work. There are instances where as much as five hundred dollars was offered to one man for his political service for a few days.

The Republicans had another advantage, the influence of which it is difficult to estimate, viz., the advantage which accrues to an Administration while a war is in progress. The old saying that it is not safe to swap horses while crossing a stream was used for all it was worth, notwithstanding the fact that, in this instance, it was an ocean instead of a stream that was being crossed; for imperialism is an idea of European origin. Many were led to the support of the Administration by the plea that the insurrection must be suppressed before any plan could be adopted for dealing with the Philippine question. They refused to believe that the Republican leaders contemplated an imperial policy.

The most potent argument, however, used by the Republicans in the late campaign was the argument which compared present conditions with those which existed from 1893 to 1896. To the laboring man, the Republican party would say: "Remember how many were idle during the last Administration. Do you want to risk a return to hard times?" This argument, based on the theory that a Republican Administration insures good times, was answered; but the answer did not always reach the man to whom the argument was addressed. The panic which followed 1873 occurred under a Republican Administration; the Homestead strike of 1892 occurred under a Republican Administration; and the panic of 1893, while it occurred during a Democratic Administration, came before any Republican law was repealed, and it came under an Administration as thoroughly committed to the gold standard as the present Administration. The strike in the bituminous coal regions occurred in 1897, and the strike in the anthracite regions occurred during the campaign of 1900.

The prosperity argument influenced many farmers. The crops have been better during the four years since 1896 than they were immediately preceding that year, and business in the West has felt the reaction from the prostration of 1893 to 1896. Klondike, South Africa and Cripple Creek have considerably increased the world's supply of gold; a famine in Europe and Asia added to the supply of money in this country by giving us higher prices for breadstuffs, and this has been still further enlarged by

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our increasing exports; the Spanish war withdrew two hundred thousand young men from the labor market, and the Philippine war retains in the service seventy-five thousand of that number; a war loan took two hundred millions from the safety vaults, and put it into circulation for the purchase of army supplies; and the war in South Africa increased the demand for our products. These are some of the abnormal influences which have contributed to a temporary improvement in industrial conditions. The Republicans cannot justly claim credit for any of these things, and yet their party profited by all of them.

I shall speak later of the manner in which the money question influenced the campaign. To recapitulate, the Republican victory was due to money, war and better times.

The past is profitable only for instruction, and the more important division of my subject, therefore, deals with the influence which the election will exert upon the future of the country. First, what is to be the result of the use of money in politics? In every contest there are three classes of citizens to be considered. First, those who will vote the party ticket regardless of what the party has done, is doing or will do; that is, those who make their convictions suit the party platform, and stand ready to defend any policy which their party may endorse.

As an illustration of the first class, I might mention a distinguished member of the Republican party, who, when asked whether he would vote the Democratic ticket, gave vent to his partisanship by saying:

"No, a thousand times no! I'd rather go to sea in a boat of stone, with sails of iron, and oars of lead, the wrath of God for a gale and hell for a port."

In the second class will be found the independent voters who are ready to support the ticket which comes nearest to their ideals; and in the third, the floating vote which can be influenced, directly or indirectly, by purely pecuniary considerations. Of the three classes, the independent voter is the one to whom all intellectual and moral arguments are addressed. All literature is circulated on the theory that the voters are independent, and will change their party when convinced that they have been wrong or that their party is wrong. The party which has the money to circulate literature, establish and maintain newspapers and pay the expenses of halls and speakers, has a great advantage

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over a party with an insufficient campaign fund. No matter how well disposed and conscientious a jury may be, the evidence on both sides must be fairly presented before an intelligent verdict can be rendered. In any close contest, therefore, the party having the largest campaign fund has the best chance, although the money is spent in ways which are considered legitimate.

No time need be wasted in the condemnation of the illegitimate use of money. No one will attempt to defend the colonization of voters, the employment of repeaters or the purchase of votes.

But it is worth while to consider why such large campaign funds are now used by the Republicans, and how such funds are collected, together with the remedy to be employed for the protection of the public against the improper use of money in the elections. The magnitude of the fund which can be collected depends upon the interest which the great corporations feel in the result, and upon the imminence of the danger to the privileges which they are enjoying. Prior to 1896, the moneyed element of the country was divided between the two leading parties; but, even then, the Republican party had a considerable majority among the bankers, railroad magnates and manufacturers. In 1896, the Republican party secured the support of practically all of those capitalists who thrive through governmental favoritism, or in the absence of necessary restraining legislation. The Republican campaign fund that year surpassed any fund employed in previous campaigns, but the immense amount then employed would have failed of its purpose but for the coercion practiced by money loaners and employers of labor. Since 1896, the consolidation of wealth has gone on with a rapidity never before known. The following are a few of the large combinations which have been formed within the last four years:

The American Agricultural Chemical Co., organized in 1899, has an authorized capital of $40,000,000, and controls twenty-two of the largest fertilizing concerns in the country.

The American Hide and Leather Co., organized in 1899, has an authorized capital of $35,000,000, and controls about seventy-five per cent. of the upper leather output of the country.

The American Linseed Oil Co., organized in 1898, has a capital stock of $33,500,000, and controls over eighty-five per cent. of the linseed oil properties of the United States.

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The American Steel and Wire Co., organized in 1899, has $90,000,000 of stock, and controls about eighty per cent. of the nail and wire products of the United States.

The American Thread Co., organized in 1898, has a capital stock of $12,000,000, and consolidated fourteen large thread companies in New York and New England.

The American Tin Plate Co., organized in 1898, has $50,000,000 of stock, and controls about ninety-five per cent. of the tin plate output.

The American Window Glass Co., organized in 1899, has $17,000,000 of stock, and controls about eighty-five per cent. of the output.

The American Writing Paper Co., organized in 1899, has $25,000,000 of stock, and controls over seventy-five per cent. of the output.

The Continental Tobacco Co., organized in 1898, has a capital stock of $100,000,000, and controls the leading plug tobacco factories of the country. .

The Federal Steel Co., organized in 1898, has an authorized capital of $200,000,000, and is a consolidation of several railroad, steamship and manufacturing companies.

The International Paper Co., organized in 1898, has an authorized capital of $45,000,000, and controls eighty-five per cent. of the output of newspapers.

The National Biscuit Co., organized in 1898, has a capital of $55,000,000, and controls one hundred and sixteen plants.

The National Salt Co., organized in 1899, has $12,000,000 capital, and controls ninety-five per cent. of the output of salt.

The National Tube Co., organized in 1899, has a capital stock of $80,000,000, and controls ninety per cent. of the output.

The Rubber Goods Manufacturing Co., organized in 1899, has a capital stock of $50,000,000; the Standard Rope and Twine Co., organized November 8th, 1896 (five days after the election), consolidated twenty-two large cordage mills and fixed the capital stock at $12,000,000; the Union Bag and Paper Co., organized in 1899, has a capital stock of $27,000,000, and controls ninety per cent. of the paper bag business; the United States Envelope Co., organized in 1898, has a capital of $5,000,000, and controls ninety per cent. of the output of commercial envelopes; and the United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Co., organized in

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1899, has an authorized capital of $30,000,000, and controls the principal cast-iron pipe factories.

All of these trusts, and many others, had a pecuniary reason for supporting the Republican ticket, for they have not only enjoyed immunity during the present Administration, but they had every reason to expect further immunity in case of Republican success; while the Democratic platform and the Democratic organization were outspoken in their condemnation of private monopolies, and the candidates were pledged to aggressive measures for the extermination of all combinations formed in restraint of trade.

The alarming feature of a contest between the trusts and the victims of the trusts is that the former, enjoying great profits out of the system, are able and willing to contribute liberally to perpetuate the system, while the people at large are not always able to calculate the amount of the extortion, and are therefore slow to apply a remedy. Since the election the meat combine at Chicago has raised the price of meat. One paper estimates that the increase will amount to thirty-nine millions in one year. If this estimate is correct, the beef combine alone could afford to contribute fifteen millions to the Republican campaign fund, for this would be less than ten per cent. of the amount it could realize in four years from the increase before mentioned. Such a campaign fund would be sufficient for all legitimate purposes, and leave enough to purchase every floating vote in the United States and to colonize all the doubtful States. On the day before the election of 1900, the stock of the Standard Oil Company was worth six hundred and twenty-five dollars per share, the par value being one hundred dollars. According to report of Henry Clews & Co., the Standard Oil Co. paid twelve per cent. dividends from 1891 to 1895. In 1899 it incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, and controls two-thirds of the output of oil in the United States. This year its dividends will aggregate about fifty per cent. on the capital stock. The Standard Oil Co. alone, by contributing a small percentage of its profits, could so finance the Republican Committee as to secure a victory for that party in any close election. I have mentioned two trusts, whose contributions might be enormous. There are several others, any one of which out of its profits could supply a campaign fund ten times larger than it would be possible to raise from the people, who are the victims

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of all the trusts. Can any one doubt that such conditions will result in increasing injustice to the masses, and in fabulous fortunes for those who stand at the head of the monopolies? Is there any remedy for the improper use of money in elections? Yes, there is a remedy; a statute making it a penal offence for any officer of a corporation to contribute corporation funds to a campaign fund, limiting the amount that can be legally expended by candidates or committees, and compelling the publication of the names of contributors to campaign funds, together with the amounts contributed. Such a law would help, and yet such a law would be a dead letter unless enforced, and such a law would not be enforced unless the conscience of the people was aroused.

Until four years ago, everybody denounced the trusts; but, during the late campaign, the Republicans spent more time warning the people not to hurt the good trusts than they spent in pointing out a remedy for the trusts which were admitted to be bad. The work of education must continue, until the great majority of the people recognize that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable.

A combination which controls a great industry is objectionable on moral, economic and political grounds. In ethics, it is impossible to distinguish between the disreputable highwayman who holds up his victim upon a country road, and risks his life to secure a small amount of money from one person, and the eminently respectable trust magnate who stands by the highways of commerce, and, by means of monopoly and without personal risk, collects an enormous amount from seventy-five millions of people.

From an economic standpoint the trust is equally subject to criticism. It is the natural tendency of monopoly to increase the price of the article and to lower the quality; for, when the stimulus of competition is removed, the manufacturer will no longer seek to offer to the public the best article at the lowest price. The employee becomes the vassal of the employer when there is but one employer for his skill, for he cannot leave without sacrificing the experience of a lifetime.

The political objections to a private monopoly are scarcely less serious than the moral and economic objections. Daniel Webster said: "The freest government cannot long endure where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property

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in the hands of a few, and to render the masses of the people poor and dependent." When hundreds of thousands of workingmen must go down on their knees each morning, and, addressing their petition to trust magnates, say, "Give us this day our daily bread," a government of the people, for the people and by the people will be a thing of the past.

The Republican leaders did not attempt to defend the party's record on the trust question. The trusts supported the Republican party, and the enormous rise in the value of trust stocks since the election indicates that the trusts are preparing for a saturnalian feast. We can only hope that the excesses which are likely to follow so complete a victory will arouse a protest sufficiently pronounced to overcome any influence which money can exert.

The argument put forth by Republicans in defence of trusts has been already seized upon by socialists, who argue that if monopolies are necessary they must be owned by the people. The voters who rejected the conservative remedies proposed by the Democratic party have aided those who advocate still more radical measures.

The most surprising feature of the campaign was the indifference manifested by many Republicans to the attack on governmental principles heretofore regarded as sacred. The party in power is clearly committed to a colonial policy so repugnant to our history, our traditions and our political maxims that there was no substantial effort made by Republican leaders to defend the party's position. Where a defense was attempted the gist of it was about as follows: "We did not want the Philippine Islands; they came to us by accident; but now that we have them, we cannot honorably let them go; besides, it looks as if it was God's work; and then, too, there is money in it."

Destiny, Divinity and Dollars! The destiny argument is a subterfuge. Bulwer's description of it is the best I have seen. In speaking of William of Hastings, who laid his sins at the door of destiny, he says:

> "'It is Destiny!' phrase of the weak human heart! 'It is Destiny!' dark apology for every error! The strong and virtuous admit no Destiny! On earth, guides Conscience, in Heaven watches God. And Destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one, to dethrone the other!"

The destiny of the American people must be determined by

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the American people themselves. No circumstances can justify an individual in doing wrong; neither can circumstances justify a nation in doing wrong. If American principles are good, we should continue to observe them; if they are bad, we should abandon them; but, whatever we do, we should do as a matter of choice and not hide behind the pretence that we are the victims of blind necessity.

It is hard to believe that any one acquainted with the Scriptures would defend a war of conquest as a matter of religious duty, and yet many have imagined that they saw the hand of God in the tragedy now being enacted in the Orient.

The doctrine that we are commanded by the Almighty to sacrifice our own citizens and slaughter Filipinos, in order to establish a carpet bag government over a distant people, is on a par with the doctrine that kings are divinely appointed to govern their subjects, and, as a corollary to this theory, divinely commissioned to kill their subjects if they do not like the government which the kings provide. Lincoln properly described this doctrine when he said:

"Those arguments that are made, that the inferior race are to be treated with as much allowance as they are capable of enjoying, that as much is to be done for them as their condition will allow—what are these arguments? They are the arguments that kings have made for enslaving the people in all ages of the world. You will find that all the arguments in favor of king-craft were of this class; they always bestrode the necks of the people, not that they wanted to do it, but because the people were better off for being ridden. That is their argument."

But, while the partisan Republican may plead destiny as a reason for endorsing the policy of imperialism, and while the pious Republican may throw the blame upon Providence, the more candid of the Republican leaders boldly preach the doctrine of commercialism, and advocate an imperial career on the ground that it will expand trade and add to the nation's wealth. This is by far the most influential argument given in defence of imperialism.

The partisan has little influence with the party management, because, while he loudly endorses imperialism to-day, he would condemn it with as much emphasis to-morrow, if the Administration should change its policy. Neither are the Republican leaders influenced by those who now advocate the spread of Christianity by the sword, for the Republican party is not being conducted as

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a missionary society. The dollar argument, however, has influence. The same powerful financial interests which protect industrial trusts at home will attempt to force the nation to join the international land-grabbing trust. The same unseen, but well-nigh irresistible, force which can compel the Republican party, when dealing with American citizens, to trample upon the doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, can also compel it, when dealing with the unknown inhabitants of a distant land, to repudiate the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. To admit that the nation can permanently pursue the imperial policy now mapped out by Republican leaders, would be to admit the probability of the overthrow of the Republic, for the nation could not long remain half Republic and half Empire, half free and half vassal. Hope of relief is to be found, first, in the fact that a full development of the Republican scheme will alienate independent Republicans, who are devoted to the principles of the fathers, and who have thus far been deceived as to the purpose of Republican leaders; and, second, in the fact that an imperial career will impose increasing burdens upon the taxpayers, and thus alienate those Republicans who can be reached only through the purse. The same greed which has already led to a violation of the promise made by Gen. Miles to the Porto Ricans, and which is leading to a surrender of the Declaration of Independence in order to force our sovereignty over the Filipinos, is likely to lead to a repudiation of the pledge made to Cuba. A joint resolution passed by Congress will hardly restrain a party which scoffs at traditions and disregards the limitations of the Constitution.

A government resting upon force instead of consent always needs the support of a large army, and the Republican party cannot long conceal its purpose to permanently increase the military establishment. The President in his message of November 5th, 1898, said:

> "The importance of legislation for the permanent increase of the army is therefore manifest, and the recommendation of the Secretary of War for that purpose has my unqualified approval. There can be no question that at this time, and probably for some time in the future, one hundred thousand men will be none too many to meet the necessities of the situation."

A Republican House of Representatives passed a bill carrying out the President's recommendation, and the Republicans in the

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Senate favored the bill; but they were compelled to accept a compromise, offered by Senator Gorman, limiting the increase to two years. That an increase in the standing army is intended by Republican leaders is well known, although in the late campaign no one with authority to speak for the party discussed or defended the President's recommendation. Imperialism is an expensive luxury; if the burden of a colonial system is thrown upon the subjects, it will cause an insurrection; if it is thrown upon the American people, it will cause a political revolt.

The ship subsidy bill, which was kept in the background during the campaign, will receive an impetus from the Republican victory, along with other schemes for the expenditure of public money for private advantage.

The pocket nerve, which, at this time, seems to be the most sensitive nerve, is liable to be touched by the extravagance of those who have come to regard the government as a sort of Santa Claus, who turns every day into Christmas.

There remains for consideration the third and, as I believe, most influential cause of the Republican victory, viz., the fear of a change. The fear of a change is merely a political expression of the conservatism which, to a greater or less extent, exists in every person. This fear was increased by the fact that the country, for the last few years, has been experiencing a reaction from the panic which occurred under the last Administration; and this fear was still further aggravated by the threats of the financiers. I have seen letters written by bank officials during the campaign, refusing to loan money for the time being, but promising accommodation in case of Republican success. It is difficult to estimate the influence of the pressure that can be brought by the banks upon their debtors, for most business men are compelled to borrow, and a failure upon the part of the banks to extend loans might mean the closing up of business at a great sacrifice.

Some imagine that this fear of a change is due to the fact that the Democratic party as now organized favors bimetallism, but it is an argument always used to a greater or less extent by the party in power, and it has done service for the Republicans in many campaigns. The protected interests always used that argument against a reduction of the tariff. The party out of power cannot criticise the party in power without proposing a change

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of policy, and the greater the privileges bestowed upon corporations by the party in power the greater will be the forces arrayed against a change. At present, the interstate commerce law is practically inoperative. The interstate commerce commission, composed of Democrats and Republicans, has repeatedly asked for legislation which will enable the commission to protect individuals and localities from discriminations, and the public at large from excessive rates. The Democratic party advocated an enlargement of the scope of the interstate commerce law, and nearly all the railroads threw their influence to the Republican ticket. The railroads are on the side of conservatism; they have what they want and are opposed to a change. According to present methods of taxation, the poor pay more than their share, and the rich pay less than their share, of the expenses of the federal government. We favor an income tax which will make people contribute according to their possessions, instead of according to their wants. The rich object to an income tax, and most of them threw their influence to the Republican ticket. They are on the conservative side; they have what they want and are opposed to a change. The national banks have secured from the Republican party a law which provides for the gradual retirement of the greenbacks and the substitution of bank notes—a law which contemplates a perpetual debt, and makes it possible for the financiers to force an issue of bonds whenever there is an accumulation of idle money in their vaults. The Democrats are opposed to this system; they prefer a government note to a bank note, favor the payment of the national debt as rapidly as possible, and believe that the Treasury Department should be administered in behalf of all the people, and not in the interests of those who handle money and trade in fixed investments. The national banks, therefore, as a rule, supported the Republican ticket. Having secured a large part of what they wanted, they became conservative and opposed a change. But these forces, powerful and influential as they are, would have been impotent but for the fact that they were able to play upon the fears of a multitude of people whose interests were on the Democratic side. For instance, the railroad employees, all over the country, are opposed to government by injunction and to a large standing army; they feel the effects of the trusts, and have no interest in the exploitation of distant islands; but, during the last four years, the crops have been better; and

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that fact, together with the recovery from the panic, not to speak of the natural increase in population, stimulated railroad traffic. A responsible official of one of the leading railroads threatened to cancel a large order for railway equipment in case of Democratic success, and his threat appealing to the apprehension of his employees doubtless had some effect.

Savings bank officials in some instances attempted to influence their depositors; while many of the Republican leaders, unwilling to openly defend the trusts, and unable to justify colonialism, spent their time in shouting against free silver. When, in 1896, the money question was the paramount issue, the Republicans used the tariff question to alarm those who worked in the factories, just as they, this year, insisted on discussing the money question, when a graver and more important question was to be settled. In 1896, we met and answered the arguments made by the Republicans in favor of their monetary system, and they were compelled to resort to coercion to win; but in this campaign we could not make the money question prominent, because to have done so would have turned attention away from the question of imperialism, which we regarded as paramount.

To consider this election as decisive of the money question, would be as absurd as to have regarded the election of 1896 as decisive of the tariff question. It would be more reasonable to regard the late election as conclusive upon the question of imperialism, or upon the trust question, both of which were discussed more by our people than the money question. But, as a matter of fact, an election is not necessarily conclusive upon any question. The tariff question was prominent in the campaigns of 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888 and 1892, and entered into the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and yet no tariff reformer believes the tariff question settled. Prior to 1896, all parties declared in favor of bimetallism, although many of the leaders in the Democratic and Republican parties favored the gold standard. In 1896, all parties were pledged to bimetallism, but the line was drawn between independent and international bimetallism, while the last campaign involved other and more serious questions. If any person is disposed to believe that the campaign of 1900 turned upon the money question, let him watch Republican legislation, and he will see that the party in power construes the result as an endorsement of Republican policies upon several other subjects.

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The increased production of gold has lessened the strain upon gold, and has to some extent brought the relief which Democrats proposed to bring in a larger measure by the restoration of silver; but there is no assurance whatever that the gold supply, even with the new discoveries, will be sufficient to maintain the level of prices. Favorable conditions have given us an abnormal share of the world's supply of gold, but the scarcity of the yellow metal abroad is already leading to the export of gold, while the increase in the issue of bank notes is evidence that we are still short of money here. The Republicans defend the gold standard, not by logic but by giving it credit for better times. When prosperity fails, the gold standard will lose its charm.

Back of all the questions which have been referred to, lies the deep and lasting struggle between human rights and inhuman greed. If greed triumphs, its victory will transform our government into a plutocracy and our civilization into barbarism.

Those who believe in equal rights before the law, and desire a government which rests upon the consent of the governed and deals justly with all who are under its jurisdiction, must continue the contest in triumph or defeat. Success may be the measure of enjoyment, but it cannot be the measure of duty.

W. J. BRYAN.



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# THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

THE great Empires of the East, the people who made them and defended them, the memorials of their triumphs, have all in turn disappeared. We can scarcely trace in the fellaheen of Egypt, or in the villagers of Persia, a single vestige of the mighty men of the pre-Christian ages. The Babylonian is no more. The Mede has disappeared. In the modern Greek it is hard to discover the heroes of Athens and Sparta, nor in the familiar organ-grinder do we recognize the noble Roman. The Greeks and Italians of to-day have many good qualities, and may yet play an important part in the world's history, but it is difficult to regard them as the pure descendants of the Athenian and the Roman.

The monuments of these bygone Empires consist of a few hundred scattered blocks of marble and dilapidated statues, a few worn inscriptions, and a few tons of dusty relics, over which the archæologist argues, speculates and guesses. The civilization these kingdoms have handed down, some of their discoveries, many of their laws, traditions of their history, and fragments of their customs, these alone survive. The sun rises, the sun sets. Between its rising and going down history is made, men are born and die, and fame is forgotten. Nations pass into the night of obscurity, and the names of kings who seem to fill the world in their own day are not even known to those who come after.

The tide of nationality, of Empire, of prosperity, has ever flowed from East to West. Not among the ruins of the old, but in the fruitful new soil of the Western world the Anglo-Saxon people have grown up, spread and multiplied, and they have cast their seed into the four corners of the earth. There are those who say that the knell of dissolution has been heard, that the

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waves of night will soon encompass the British Empire, and that the foam of their crest has already reached the shores of the United States. That is the question which I have been asked to discuss in the following pages—whether the Anglo-Saxon will follow the path of degeneracy, as other nationalities have done, or whether there is some vitality in the blood and in the heart of the dominant race of to-day which will keep it from decay and preserve it from the fate of its predecessors.

To understand the problem properly, it is necessary to examine the origin of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to compare it with the races which have so signally failed to hold their own in the battle for existence. The great weakness of the nationalities which have been engulfed by the irresistible march of time has been the despotism which underlay their governments, the corruption which sapped their liberties, the luxury and indolence which ate into their vitality, and the remarkable fact that they became worn out and vicious, while the countries they had conquered, and the dependencies they had absorbed, at last broke away, embued deeply with the vices and but few of the original virtues of the sovereign state.

The Anglo-Saxon race cannot hope to escape the temptations and the trials which always follow in the train of success. But the race has had the immense advantage of being constantly invigorated by new blood. To the little "isles of the north and the west" came in turn Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Danes, Angles, Saxons and Normans. Each left on the shores of the new country some of its more adventurous spirits, who mingled with the Celtic inhabitants, and in the course of time the whole were welded into a vigorous, hardy race. It is this race which we call the Anglo-Saxon people, and which now spreads all over the globe, penetrating to the most remote regions of the earth. The process of adding new blood, and refreshing the corporate whole, did not cease with the Norman invasion. The British have from time immemorial held out an hospitable welcome to all who sought liberty and progress, and freedom from that worst of all tyrannies, ecclesiastical tyranny. Her sons who sailed across in the Spanish wake to the shores of the New World carried this love of the stranger with them, and in the United States to-day we see the old principle of incorporation going on; the race ever enriching its blood with that of the best and most

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enterprising of other nations—the men who are cramped by the restrictions of the decadent Old World, and who would be the breeders of revolution and anarchy if they did not find under the Anglo-Saxon flag the freedom which enables them to settle down as law-abiding citizens.

There is one curious and pleasing feature in this absorption of new blood by Anglo-Saxondom, whether it be in the United Kingdom, in the United States or in any of the British colonies, where the process is going on. In a very few years, a generation at the outside, the new-comers are more Anglo-Saxon than the original stock, more keenly patriotic and more ready to resent any attack on the liberties of their chosen homeland. It is not necessary to go very deeply into the question, but in passing it may be noted that the foreign element of the second generation in the States, and sometimes of the first, are noted for being sturdy defenders of the Monroe Doctrine, and cherish more bitter memories against the old country in the Fourth of July celebrations than pure-bred Americans. Again, one other instance may be found on the British side. Many of the Canadians who are shedding their blood so freely in South Africa are the descendants of men who resented as strongly, and fought as bitterly against, British supremacy as the Transvaal and Free State Boers are fighting to-day. In the near future, the sons of the men who are struggling against civil freedom and education in South Africa and in the Philippines will be in their turn sturdy defenders of Anglo-Saxon tradition, were the whole force of the Old World oligarchies to endeavor to stifle the progressive Anglo-Saxon race.

It is the extraordinary capacity for absorbing and assimilating the progressive forces of other nationalities that has kept the Anglo-Saxon race moving with the times, and which will long postpone any decadence such as has befallen its predecessors. It is this infusion of fresh blood which has kept alive the fearless energy, sturdy determination, versatile ability, peculiar aptitude for self-government and the unresting spirit of enterprise which characterizes the great Anglo-Saxon people. These characteristics which guide the brother nations have brought them to their present dominant position in the world. The British Empire comprises 11,712,170 square miles of territory, soon to be increased by the unity of South Africa. The United States, within

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its own borders and the islands lately added to its territory, rules over 3,692,125 square miles. Thus together the Anglo-Saxon race owns, controls or dominates 15,404,295 square miles—very nearly one-fourth of the total land surface of the globe. The population of the British Empire in 1898 was returned at 385,280,000. The United States population, with its newly added territory included, will probably show, at the census due this year, nearly 80,000,000 of inhabitants. The two combine over 465,280,000 of inhabitants, and this total is more reliable than the estimated 400,000,000 of the Chinese Empire. The Anglo-Saxon race, therefore, includes under its immediate sway over a fourth of the population of the world.

No race that has preceded it has ruled nearly one-fourth of the earth's surface and over one-fourth of its population.

While territorial expansion may be deprecated because of the added burdens for defense, and the greater tax on the national resources; while it should not be forgotten that expansion of trade is more useful than extension of acres, yet increase of territory and population is one of the necessary penalties of Empire. The United States had no wish to incorporate Cuba and the Philippines into her dominions. Great Britain had no wish to interfere with the independence of the South African Republics. The force of the circumstances, the irresistible march of events, the demands of liberty and justice and civil freedom were in each case all-powerful. Of course, there will always be well-meaning people who knock their heads against solid facts, and denounce on principle everything that their own country does. That is one of the drawbacks of party government; but the system of party, which gives facility for criticism, has so many safeguards against worse evils that the Anglo-Saxon may well elect to stand by his political methods.

Those who denounce the land hunger of the Saxon race, who in days gone by attacked Great Britain, and to-day are equally aggressive on the Philippine question, forget that the whole history of the Anglo-Saxon rise and development is to be found in this extension of boundaries. How else did the 120,979 square miles of the British Isles swell to 11,000,000 square miles, and the 1,378,981 square miles of the United States territory under Washington increase to its present dimensions of 3,692,125 square miles under McKinley?

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The Anglo-Saxon race has added to its territories by conquest, treaty, purchase, annexation and discovery; and a long list of Presidents in the United States, as Senator Depew pointed out a few months ago, amongst whom the names of Jefferson, Polk, Pierce and even Monroe himself are to be found, have followed in the footsteps of British sovereigns and Parliaments in increasing the area over which the flags of liberty, equality and progress have been unfurled.

But the advancement of the race is not confined to the limits of its world-wide possessions or the numbers of its ubiquitous people. Since the world began never has such a commercial race flourished on the face of the earth as the Anglo-Saxon. The bulk of the merchandise of the four quarters of the globe floats under the Union Jack, or is owned by the country which flies the Stars and Stripes. The race has the keenest commercial instincts, and by superior intellect, honesty in dealing, and special aptitude for trade it has long held all comers at bay.

This superiority in trading which is so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon is one of the most promising features of the race, which points to continuance of prosperity and increase of Empire rather than to decadence. Few of the races that preceded the Anglo-Saxon were traders. They were chiefly military nations. The Phœnicians and Carthaginians were, it is true, great merchant adventurers, and Solomon's galleys penetrated to the remotest coasts in search of trade; but, in these isolated cases, the merchant was not sufficiently alive to the necessity for defending commerce against the cupidity of poorer but more military rivals. The Anglo-Saxon has so far, chiefly owing to the mixture of blood in his veins, kept alive side by side both the military and the commercial spirit; and it is this unique combination of talents which offers the best hopes for the survival of the Anglo-Saxon as the fittest of humanity to defy the decaying process of time.

. . . . . .

There are rocks ahead, however, which may yet wreck the Anglo-American barque. With moderately fair skies and smooth seas the supremacy of this great race has been built up, and with success have come all the evils which are so historically associated with the fall of the Empires and Nations of the past. In the

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Motherland, the corruption of money has wrought fearful havoc in the ranks of Society. In the United States, there are ominous mutterings of the coming storm. The Plutocrat is gaining power each day on both sides of the Atlantic, and the Democrat is likely to be crushed under the heel of a worse tyrant than a King who wore the purple, or any Ecclesiastical Dignitary who set up claims to temporal power.

British society has been eaten into by the canker of money. From the top downwards, the tree is rotten. The most immoral pose before the public as the most philanthropic, and as doers of all good works. Beauty is the slave of gold, and Intellect, led by Beauty, unknowingly dances to the strings which are pulled by Plutocracy.

There was one good point about the old order of kingly supremacy and infallibility. It was its birthright to be the protector of chivalry, manliness and purity. Sullied as it was by many crimes, the ideal was always there, and each generation it brought forth fresh shoots. But what shall we say of the new order of Wealth, of the greed for gold which is its mainspring, of the way in which those who by birth and education should be the sternest protectors of the race, abandon all and fling themselves on the shrine of the Golden God?

This is the danger which menaces the Anglo-Saxon race. The sea which threatens to overwhelm it is not the angry waters of the Latin races, or of envious rivals, but the cankering worm in its own heart, the sloth, the indolence, the luxurious immorality, the loss of manliness, chivalry, moral courage and fearlessness which that worm breeds. This danger, which overthrew Babylon, Persia, Carthage, Athens, Rome and many other mighty nations and races in the past, now threatens the race to which we belong; but to it we oppose what they never possessed, on anything like the same principles or to the same extent as we—the power of democracy. "The voice of the people is the voice of God," says an old Latin proverb, and in the main that is true. The masses may err, they may misinterpret their own wishes. They may need powerful and educated leaders, able to guide popular sentiment into the right channels, and to prevent it doing damage by overflowing its banks, but the voice of the people in the end is right, because in the mass they are neither self-seeking nor self-serving; for it is impossible for a mass to be swayed by purely

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selfish interests. To the masses we must look for the regeneration of the State and the rescue of the race.

If ever—which God forbid!—democratic feeling in the Anglo-Saxon people should be unheeded, and those who are their leaders should continue to play with the moral sentiment of the people, democracy will resent it, and the consequences will be more terrible than any upheaval in France or elsewhere; for when once democracy overflows, like a river which has broken its banks, it becomes a scourge and an evil, and goes farther than is just or right. The mob begin by asking for justice and right, and end by demanding a scapegoat and a martyr.

Apart from these dangers, which are not peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon people, but are common to all successful nations upon whom the sun of prosperity has shone, there is no reason why the race which owes its conception to the little islands in the North Atlantic should not continue to grow and increase its prestige and its power, until it fills the earth with its shadow. The principles of liberty, justice, equality and all-round fair play which are instinctive in the Anglo-Saxon are such a remarkable contrast to the motives which animate most of those who envy him, that there is great hope that the ultimate issue of events will tend to recruit to the Anglo-Saxon the best of all nations, as it has done in the past. As the nations grow more intelligent, more advanced, the quality of the individuals who detach themselves from their original stock and become attached and incorporated into the Anglo-Saxon race increases in value.

Mutual self-interests have long drawn the two divisions of the race together; ties which have so often been referred to that it is unnecessary to dilate upon them here unite the British Empire and the United States. Sentiment has increased those ties in the last few years, but the national fear of the results of alliances or tightly drawn bonds of any kind has hitherto been a great obstacle to United Anglo-Saxon action. Both the great branches of the race are proud of their isolation, and loth to entangle themselves even with each other. The signs of the last two years, however, prove that a new motive, and a more powerful one than has ever gone before, is now making for Anglo-Saxon unity. This is the common recognition of the same high principles and purposes, and the same determination to carry them out at all costs. Never was this more clearly shown than in the struggle of

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the United States for liberty and progress on behalf of the Philippines and Cuba, and the British struggle for the same principles in South Africa. In each case the feeling of the world outside the Anglo-Saxon countries has been bitterly against the chief combatants. In each case the object pursued has been misrepresented, vilified and sneered at by foreigners, but in each case the mutual understanding and sympathy of the other branch of the race has been freely and generously given, and the exhibition of that sympathy has been sufficient to deter a hostile combination against Anglo-Saxon interests and principles. If British sympathy preserved the United States from foreign interference during the war with Spain, it is none the less true that the reason why Continental rage against the British people has not been converted into action during the troubles in South Africa is the fear that an Anglo-American combination might result, and that such a combination would not be wholesome for the other aspirants after military glory.

The Right Honorable Arthur Balfour, M. P., has well expressed this unity of principles which is so powerful a lever in bringing the component parts of the race into touch. He pointed out that, in addition to our domestic patriotism and our Imperial or American patriotism, we also have an "Anglo-Saxon patriotism, which embraces within its ample folds the whole of that great race which has done so much in every branch of human effort, and in that branch of human effort which has produced free institutions and free communities. . . . It cannot be that those who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great, and who share in substance our institutions—it cannot but be that the time will come when they will feel that they and we have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfill, among the nations of the world."

The strongest practical proof of the patriotism which exists in the heart of the British and American nations is the fact that both nations possess Volunteer Armies and Navies; and, if necessary, the whole manhood of either nation would volunteer for the defense of their country or to vindicate its honor. All other nations have recourse to conscription in order to maintain their defensive forces.

Co-operation must be the keynote of the Anglo-Saxon race if

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in the future it is to fulfill its high destiny in a worthy fashion. As long as the heart of the nations of two great Anglo-Saxon countries is sound, and beats true to those ideals of liberty and progress which are the most cherished talismans of the race, the future before the race is safe enough; but before the Anglo-Saxons can play their part properly in the world's history they must purge themselves of all that belittles their fair fame, and help each other to carry out those lofty ideals which have ever kept us a race of sailors and soldiers, as well as a race of merchant adventurers.

We are a practical, common-sense people, and it does us no harm to have infused into us from time to time a little of that Celtic temperament which is so easily kindled into warm enthusiasm. The Anglo-Saxon race has held its own where its predecessors have failed because of its cool, calm, almost phlegmatic and critical way of regarding all questions, but it is just as well to remember that it is the spice of enthusiasm, of adventure and daring which is also an admixture in our blood that has kept us steadily striking out in fresh directions, ever increasing the world's knowledge and our own importance. The law of life is progression. Nothing stands still. In reality the molecules of the hardest rock are in perpetual motion. To appear to stand still is to begin to go back. There are no signs of such a retrogressive movement in the Anglo-Saxon race; and, therefore, we may look confidently forward to its future and hope and pray that there is something, after all, in the visionaries' prophecy that through that race "all the nations of the world shall be blessed."

CHARLES BERESFORD.

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# MONARCHY AND REPUBLIC IN ITALY.

BY RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.

THE period that followed the Wars of Liberation found Italian political parties in a very confused state.

The Piedmontese or monarchical elements, by the introduction of a numerous class, whose only aim was to utilize the vast field for jobbery and speculation presented by the creation of a new state, with all its resources still untouched, was gradually being converted into the conservative party of to-day, which still holds in its hands all the great administrative offices of the state and all the royal and political patronage.

The Republican party, that, under Mazzini, had worked such wonders of propagandism, and which had given birth to the party of action represented by the Garibaldians, by its jealousy towards those who constituted the latter, and by its habit of acting and thinking in the spirit of the arrogant pretence that "there is one God, and I am His only prophet," drove most of the leading men of this section of the party into the arms of the monarchy.

The Republican party, thus weakened by the loss of its more active and practical members, between the years 1870 and 1890, was reduced almost to the condition of being merely a political expression.

That portion of it that had accepted the monarchy became the so-called Liberals.

Able as they had proved themselves to be in the patriotic struggle for the liberation of Italy, they were utterly incapable as a governing class, and though they, for a long period, held the reins of government in their hands, yet in reality they were only the puppets of conservative coteries, and now may be said to be disappearing from the political field.

During these years of misgovernment, characterized by the

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corruption and peculation of the conservative elements, a steady rising tide of discontent had been created in the public mind, which at last found vent in the appearance of the Socialists and a renewal of activity on the part of the Republicans, though the renewed energy of these last was mostly expended in fighting against the spreading influence of the Socialists, whom they looked upon as interlopers.

The hatred between these two parties has promoted the safety of the monarchy, and would have continued to do so, but for the harsh action of the military tribunals under the last Pelloux Cabinet during the Milan riots—riots that surprised the revolutionary parties as much as the Government itself. This action, being directed against both the Republican and Socialist chiefs, forced them into each others arms.

The consequence was the birth of the league of the popular parties, in which the Socialists, from being purely economic theorists, careless as to what form the government might have, so long as they were allowed freely to ventilate their ideals, became even more anti-monarchical than the Republicans themselves.

In fact, during the late funerals of the dead King, while many Republican members took part in them, the Socialists completely abstained.

The union of these two forces giving a greater probability of success to any revolutionary movement that might take place in Italy, naturally attracted the attention of the great Roman Catholic organization ever hostile to the monarchy, but which, though not officially taking part in the political life of the country, owing to the Papal *"Non expedit,"* yet having always indirectly given its support to the conservatives, and fully conscious of the strong anti-clerical feeling existing among the revolutionary parties, had everything to fear (now that foreign interference in favor of the Papacy has become a thing of the past) from a successful revolutionary movement.

Contact between the Reds and the Blacks was impossible as long as the question of the temporal power existed.

But when it was found that the Vatican renounced all pretensions of this kind, in case of a change of form of government in Italy, that it accepted a clear and well defined division between the civil and religious powers under the same conditions, and that in return it only demanded that its Head should be placed beyond

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the influence, and no longer be subject to the action, of Italian political parties, by having its position guaranteed by some form of international agreement, the Republican leaders, who more especially represent the Garibaldian programme, acquiesced in a *modus vivendi,* which, while it set their minds at rest as to any danger to the territorial integrity of the country, freed them from the incubus of perpetual priestly encroachment by bringing to their aid all the civil powers of other Catholic countries that suffer from the same affliction.

As a question of practical politics, they asked that priestly influence should no longer be exercised against the Italian aspirations of the *irredenta* provinces, Trent and Triest; and while they did not ask any support for their candidates in the political elections, they required that such support should also be denied to the conservatives.

As a matter of fact, such has been the case. The Catholic clergy on the other side of the Adriatic have ceased, in a great measure, to be so actively aggressive against Italian interests; and in the last general elections the popular parties won many seats on account of the Catholic influence ceasing to support conservative interests.

In this way a future is being prepared which will be beneficial to our country, and which will probably not be without serious influence on the Catholic question all over the world.

Monsignor Ireland, whom I had the pleasure of meeting here in Rome, and who gave me the impression of a man of great capabilities, certainly allowed his American energy to overcome his priestly caution, when he bluntly asked that non-Italian Roman Catholics should have a greater participation in the government of the Church, and that all pretensions to temporal power should be abandoned.

Holy Mother Church does not like to be brusqued in any way, consequently the Monsignor got, to use a popular Roman saying, his head well washed.

But if he had had the inclination, certainly he did not want the opportunity to study the respective positions of the Vatican and the growing anti-monarchical feeling in Italy. He would soon have discovered, as perhaps he did later on (if the interview published in the *New York Herald* towards the end of 1899, between an American journalist and a prelate can be placed to his

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account), that the proposed solution of an Italian internal question would result in the very things he asked for.

The raising the Vatican *curia* question to the position of an international understanding would open the door to a much greater participation of non-Italian Roman Catholic influence in the government of the Church, a thing impossible in the present state of affairs, as the Italians could not permit any foreign preponderance in an organization which, in Italy, exists only by permission of the Italian Parliament.

This point was touched in a masterful manner, and with the approval of Italian public opinion, by Crispi, when, on the occasion of the last conclave, the Cardinals proposed holding it out of Italy. He at once intimated that, if such a plan were carried out, the Italian Government would at once occupy the Papal Palaces.

And the question of temporal power would, in this case, also disappear.

The Socialist party is powerful on account of its intense activity and the favor its theories meet with among the lower classes, but it has against it the feeling of repulsion felt by the middle classes.

The Republicans are weakened by the incapacity of their leaders and by their want of party discipline, but they have a good hold, both on the lower and middle classes, and, through their Garibaldian traditions, on the younger portion of the population of the country.

During the last general elections these two parties doubled their numerical strength in the Parliament, and registered about a fifth of the total number of members.

This means that, eliminating the members elected by Government influence, and the large number elected for local, not political reasons, the anti-monarchists are in Parliament of about equal strength with the monarchical conservatives, only that these last appear to be in a majority because they have the support of the local members, who would to-morrow be as good Republicans as to-day they are conservatives.

But it is a curious paradox that the monarchy at present only exists through the non-interference of its bitterest enemies; for, if the Pope to-morrow raised the veto of the *"Non expedit,"* the enormous amount of influence brought to bear on the political

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elections would at once place the monarchical faction in a hopeless minority.

After the disastrous battle of Adua in Abyssinia, King Humbert is reported to have said: "I have only my army left," and this is pretty nearly the position of the monarchy at present, notwithstanding the wave of sympathy, more dynastic than monarchical, called forth by the atrocious death of that King; for the conservatives have always considered the crown as a useful tool, and when it has attempted to kick against their fetters, they have openly talked of a deposition.

Thus, King Humbert, a man of kindly disposition, but of no strength of will, was gradually reduced to being a mere cypher, and that he foresaw what would be the probable end is proved by the now open secret that he was careful to save out of his Civil List, and place securely in the English three per cents, one hundred millions of francs as a provision for his family against future contingencies.

The execrable assassination of King Humbert has not modified the position much; it has simply produced a suspension of hostilities, the general attitude being one of expectation and observation towards the young King.

"He is an unknown quantity," one of the most knowing political men of Italy said to me a short time ago.

In fact, the monarchical papers have only been able to discover in him two qualities—one, that he has a considerable will of his own, and the other, that he is a distinguished numismatist.

It is certainly a most critical moment in the life of the Italian monarchy.

If Victor Emanuel III. remembers that, if he wears the Iron Crown, it is mainly owing to the popular elements—for history has revealed that the Piedmontese school of diplomats, with Cavour at their head, looked upon the struggle for the liberation and unity of Italy rather as a means of aggrandizing the Piedmontese monarchy than as the realization of a high ideal, the reconstruction of a great nationality, of which, in fact, they were rather afraid—and if he exercises the strength of will he is said to possess to free his crown from the state of bondage in which it was under Humbert, and make it take its true position of mediator between the different political schools, using his influence and royal prerogatives in favor of those classes that most need com-

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fort and guidance, the monarchy in Italy may yet have a long lease of life, for patriotism is a strong quality in the Italian heart, and he would find sincere, if unexpected, support from sources now hostile to him and his crown.

But, naturally, his bitterest enemies will then be those who have hitherto used the crown as an instrument to further their own ends, and who, looking upon his childless condition as a danger to the monarchy, do not hide the possibility of his being replaced by some other member of his family.

And it would be a curious thing if the anti-monarchists should one day be obliged to defend the crown, acting on the principle that "a devil you know is always better than one you don't know."

But everything is possible in this country of ours, where, a few months ago, we saw the revolutionary members of Parliament actually defending the Statute of the Kingdom against its natural friends and supporters, the monarchical conservatives.

In fact, the young King at present is like a man on a tight rope; the slightest slip will precipitate matters, and it depends very much on his cool-headedness and nerve whether the monarchy will remain or not what it is at present—graphically described to the writer of the present article by an English statesman, when he said: "We look upon the monarchy in Italy as a house of cards; the first hostile breath of wind will blow it down."

RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.

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# CHRISTIANITY AT THE GRAVE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

WE are entering on the last lap of another hundred years, as the centuries encircle the growth of nations in swift revolving eras. Let us ask: "Is life growing nobler and purer? Does religion inspire the heart? Are we coming nearer to the just, the loving, the beautiful, the true? As we look back over the nineteenth century, is it so glorious an advance upon the eighteenth, or, indeed, upon the seventeenth?" In population, in huge cities, in area of dominion, in wealth, in material prosperity, in mechanical inventions, in physical discoveries, in all forms of material resources—in these, the advance has been portentous. But is humanity measured by these material things, by power, by wealth?

I am not making any barren comparison of one century with another. And I doubt if, even within the narrow limits of a single nation, the general progress of mankind can be turned back, unless in rare and exceptional cases. I am a convinced believer in the gradual improvement of civilization, when we judge it by areas and epochs sufficiently wide and typical. In all progress there are oscillations, partial degenerations, and local or temporary ailments. But I must profess my conviction—and I hear the same confessed by the best men and women, day by day—that our immediate generation has been sinking of late to meaner ideals, to coarser ways of life, to more vulgar types of literature and art, to more open craving after wealth, and a more insolent assertion of pride and force.

As I look back over the present reign, it seems to me clear that the later years have a lower tone of truth and of honor than that we remember in the earlier and middle years of this period. With all the blunders, wrongs and delusions of the earlier times,



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our people had some finer inspirations, and more generous impulses for ends which were not wholly selfish or mercenary. In my boyhood there began that long, complicated and indefatigable series of movements to improve the condition of the people, to lift up the burdens of the poor, to reform our entire financial system in the interest of the masses by casting the burdens on the rich—the long labor to secure Free Trade, cheap food, factory legislation, legislation for the rescue of the young, for the education of the people, Poor Law reform, sanitary reform, law reform—causes associated with the names of Peel, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, Shaftesbury, Brougham, Russell, Stanley, Chadwick, Forster, Mill, and many more. I am not referring to any special legislation or agitation, nor do I say that it was all wise, or wholly disinterested. I mean that all these various changes in our political and social system were pressed on with an unselfish desire to make the world better, with a genuine enthusiasm for what was good and right in itself, which has more or less died out of us to-day.

The great religious upheaval associated with the name of John Henry Newman was a thing both deeper and more spiritual than the petty squabble to-day about vestments and incense. There was a generous sympathy with the independence of nations, and practical abhorrence of international oppression. We felt to the heart the griefs of Poles, of Hungarians, of Lombards and Venetians. The heart of the people was wrung to its fibre by a brotherly interest in the great crisis of the United States. The Crimean war, even if it were a blunder and an illusion, was entered upon with a genuine resolve to protect the weak against the strong. I am far from pretending to justify or extol all that was done in the first half of the present reign. But in those days what stirred the heart of our people were those strivings after well being, peace, and freedom at home and abroad, and not the ignoble passion to domineer and to grasp, to pile up wealth and to make a bigger Empire, to beat our rivals in trade and in arms.

Nor is it only that our national sympathies and enthusiasm have grown colder and coarser, but there has come over us a positive turn for vulgarity of thought, manners and taste. We seem to be declining on what the poet calls "a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart" than of old. It is a common observation that the widowhood and retirement of the Queen have been fol-

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lowed by a deplorable decline in the simplicity, purity, and culture which marked the dominant society in the days of her married life. Fashion, as it is called, is now at the mercy of any millionaire gambler, or any enterprising Monte Cristo from across the seas. Victorian literature is declining into the "short story" and the "problem play," taking its heroines from among women with a past and its heroes from the slums. In prose and in verse, the favorite style is the Cockney slang of the costermonger, the betting ring, and the barrack canteen. The reek of the pot-house, the music hall, the turf, the share-market, the thieves' fence, infects our literature, our manners, our amusements, and our ideals of life. The note of the "smart" world is to bluster about guns, war-ships, race-horses, and Rand shares, in the jargon that is current at a race-course.

Any general debasement of tone must have some determining cause. And the causes of this debasement are, as usual, somewhat mixed, and are partly material and partly spiritual. To begin with the material, it cannot be denied that a great change came over the world when it witnessed the triumph of the Bismarckian policy, by which the map of Europe was transformed thirty years ago. The defeat and dismemberment of Denmark, followed by the defeat of Austria and the reorganization of Germany, and this crowned by the overthrow of France and the conquest of two of her provinces with a huge sum of money, raised Prussia in seven years from the fourth place of Continental Powers to the acknowledged primacy in the first rank. But it did much more. It started a wonderful development of financial, commercial and colonial expansion. For the first time in this century, war had been made "to pay." Industry had been nourished by war. A tremendous war was followed by unexampled national prosperity. It was a policy avowedly of "Blood and Iron," of force and ambition, of might without right. It mocked at moral considerations as foolish sentiment. Its creed was the good old rule, the simple plan—"Take what you can." "To the victors the spoils!"

The previous wars in Europe, since the fall of Napoleon, had all been professedly waged to protect some people from oppression, for defence against aggression, not of avowed offence and conquest. And they had all been the sources of distress and heavy burdens even to the victor. But here was a series of three

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wars in succession, which were hardly disclaimed as wars of conquest, which had been followed by prosperity in leaps and bounds, and had raised the nation in eight years to the primacy of Europe, of a kind that might demand a century of progress in less violent ways. From the grossly material point of view, it was an astonishing success. Upon Prince Bismarck's death, the repulsive side of the reviews of his career lay in this, that no one thought anything of the question if it were right or wrong, just or unjust, beneficent or retrograde; to them all it seemed, however barbarous from the point of view of morality and civilization, a splendid and typical success. To doubt this was "unctuous rectitude."

Bismarck set the fashion in statesmanship; he did not long wait for imitators and rivals. One after another, the nations of Europe started rather poor copies of the Blood and Iron invention. It was taken up like a new machine-gun. Disraeli was one of the first to try the new weapon. He started the Jingo fever in the Turko-Russian war, the "forward" policy in Afghanistan and Cyprus, and he added to the historic crown of England the tawdry paste jewel of Empire. He founded Imperialism, which has grown since like a Upas tree, and has poisoned Conservatives, Whigs and Radicals alike. Mr. Gladstone himself, with many reserves and various excuses, fell under the spell of it at last, and Mr. Gladstone's successor is now one of the chief prophets of the new Mahdism. British statesmen, to be just, were shy of resorting to the "Blood and Iron" weapon in Europe; but they made an excessive use of it in Colonial and Oriental regions. And in Egypt, the Soudan, in Central Africa, on the Congo and the Niger, in Uganda, in Chitral, Burmah and China they raised the cry, year after year, of Imperial expansion and trade profits, new markets and the Union Jack.

The whole world followed the Bismarckian lead. Russia, from whom, perhaps, the famous Chancellor originally imported his great idea, had an irresistible destiny in that direction, as the largest, most populous, least civilized nation in Europe. Austria, even, added to all her difficulties by another big annexation in the Balkan peninsula. Italy, in spite of her bankruptcy and dynastic weakness, must needs clutch at a province on the Red Sea. France could not be left out, and must make the tricolor wave over part of Siam, Tonquin, Madagascar, the Niger, and at last the Nile. Japan, and even little Greece, took up the Imperial

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mania. And at last the United States forsook their settled rules and policy, and are starting an Empire across the ocean.

And then Mammon would not be behind Moloch, but resolved to show that Blood and Iron meant good business, as well as glory. Gigantic speculations were started in all parts of the planet, railways across whole continents, mines which produced the income and wielded the resources of an average State, plantations and settlements as big as many a great kingdom. And all these were put upon a footing that was half military—like an ocean liner constructed to be used as an armed cruiser. Trade and business, war and conquest, were mixed up in equal shares. Under some charter, or other guarantee of complicity, from the State, the adventurers issued forth to fill their pockets, to beat down rivals, and extend the Empire in a kind of nondescript enterprise, which was partly commercial, partly imperial, partly buccaneering, but wholly immoral and perilous to peace. It was somewhat like those piratical enterprises under Drake and Raleigh, in the days of Elizabeth, when the Queen and her courtiers took shares in buccaneering adventures to plunder the people of Spain without declaring war.

The opening of the vast continent of Africa by missionaries, hunters and prospectors set all Europe on fire, much as the discovery of the wealth of the West Indies and South America led to the wild scramble for trans-Atlantic empires in the age of Elizabeth. European nations rushed in to fight for the spoils and enslave the natives. And, as usual, the English people secured the lion's share of the loot, with abundant jealousy and hatred from their distanced competitors. Ruby mines, diamond mines, gold mines, ivory, rubber, oil, or cotton served from time to time to attract investors and to float gigantic adventures. As if the very Spirit of Evil had been commissioned to tempt our generation, like as Job was tempted in the poem, the era of this Saturnalia of Blood and Iron in Europe was the moment when enormous discoveries of precious stones and metals were revealed to the gloating eyes of avarice and ambition. The pair fell upon the mines like furies, the one shouting out Gold, the other Empire, and aroused a national delirium for wealth and dominion. Already, the Spirit of Evil seems to have begun his work of slaughter and loss, as when Job in his distress cried out, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." But are we so sure

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that death and loss will be made good to us in the end, as amply as it was made good to Job?

These various events all coincided with the last quarter of the century now about to end. If we needed a date for this great change in our national and industrial life, I would take, as a symbol, the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. It was a mere form, without direct effect in itself. But it served as the baptism of the new Imperialism. The British flag henceforth represented an Empire of conquest and annexation, on the lines of that Russian Empire which, in the middle of the century, Europe had combined to check and humble. The Imperial title was a bauble in itself; but it symbolized the ambition of the men who arranged it. Cyprus was seized out of mere bravado. On the Imperial banner was inscribed the famous motto, *"Peace with Honor;"* on the obverse of which scroll was deeply graven, *"War with Disgrace."* And the vulgar thing with a vulgar name, which is the new religion of the Imperialist, was bred in a Cockney music-hall. The Transvaal was annexed by a snatch decree; the Zulu war followed; then the Afghan war and the "Forward" policy of our ardent proconsuls and the Young India party. Governments and parties changed; but not the policy. Egypt was seized; and in eighteen years it has cost us no less than six campaigns. Burmah was conquered and annexed. The rush to the diamond mines is hardly thirty years old; the rush to the gold mines about half of thirty; the Charterland is not ten years old, and it has led to two or three wars, including the Raid.

Analyze its degrading effects on the mind and temper of the nation. Compare the early part and the middle of the reign of the Queen with the last two or three decades. Who will dare to say that its close can compare with its promise—in poetry, in romance, in literature, in philosophy, or in science? Allow what we will for the personal equation whereby the elder naturally looks back to the memories of the *temporis acti*, grant all the tendency we have to be slow to recognize latent genius in the budding, still it would be dishonest to claim for recent years an intellect as powerful and as solid as that which we knew in the middle of the reign. I insist on no particular writer, I rely on no special school. Names will occur to all—Dr. Arnold and his son, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Disraeli, Hallam, Milman, Freeman, Froude, Ruskin, the

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Brontës, George Eliot, Kingsley, Trollope. All the work, or all the best and permanent work, of these was completed and had passed into the fabric of English literature before the Imperialist era began some twenty-five years ago. Have their successors quite equalled them?

It is the same story in more abstract things—in philosophy, in sociology, even in pure science, the special pursuit of our age. Charles Darwin, Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Professor Owen, Thomas Huxley, John Henry Newman, Pusey, Keble, Grote, Whewell, Kelvin, Lyell, Thirlwall, Buckle, Wilberforce, Jowett, Maurice, Bagehot, Martineau. Two or three out of the forty names I have mentioned survive in extreme old age; but even of these their principal work was completed at the date now taken. I do not deny that many men of high distinction are living and working still, and that there are still with us men of great promise, of whom much is expected. But taking, as a test, influence upon the age and European reputation, the last quarter of the present century cannot compare in its intellectual product with the three earlier quarters of this century.

It would be futile, of course, to admit the current nonsense about "decadence" or "the end of the century"; for the tone of a nation does not degenerate of its own motion, nor by the date of the calendar. It has a cause, and the cause is plain. No! when Imperialism set in about a quarter of a century ago, we all took to a much more practical, combative, and materialistic view of life. We were told to get rich, to fight, to win the game, and the game was something solid and substantial. To be weak was to be miserable, as Satan told the rebel angels; to be poor was to be a failure; to make no conquests, no prizes, no fortunes, was to own oneself a poor thing. Competition ruled everything—education, sport, industry and literature. To win prizes we had to be up-to-date, and we grew year by year more up-to-date. We fell more and more under the rule of the newspaper press; and the press grew more and more noisy, braggart, bustling and smart. It got so furiously up-to-date that it even announced events before they had happened, and smashed books before they had been read. We all had to live in a perpetual rattle, which was something like a fair or a race-course, and something like an army of volunteers on a bank holiday. The reveries of the imagination became less easy, and fell out of fashion. The pace became kill-

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ing. Stories became shorter and shorter, and no one had time for a long book. The "boss," the "gold-bug," the "syndicate" were terms imported from across the seas, and with the terms came the things. The press fell into the hands of the "bosses," then "society" fell; and soon the State itself began to be run by the millionaires, much as if it were a railway or a trust in the United States.

All this combined to materialize, to degrade, the national life. It is not so much that we have glaring examples of folly, vice, extravagance, brutality, and lust. There are such examples in most ages, and they may be personal, independent of any general cause. The gloomy feature of our time is the wide diffusion of these evils amongst all classes, and, what is far worse, the universal dying down of high standards of life, of generous ideals, of healthy tastes—the recrudescence of coarse, covetous, arrogant, and braggart passions. We who live quiet lives, far apart from what calls itself the great world, have no direct experience of these things; but we cannot resist the common testimony of those who know that, during the reign of the Queen, wanton extravagance in dress, in living, in gayeties, has never been so crazy as now, with such sordid devices to scrape together the means for extravagance, such open sale of rank and person by those who claim to lead society and to dictate taste.

In such a world, it is inevitable that the intellectual and aesthetic aims should become gross and materialized. The drama runs not merely to vice, but to morbid, sneaking forms of vice, to unwholesome melodrama, to a world of smart harlots and titled debauchees. The least vicious, but most vulgar, symptom of this decadence, is the prevalent fondness of men and women of fashion for the slang of the gutter and the slum. Popular novels, songs, and plays are composed in the jargon current amongst costermongers and thieves. Romance tends to vignettes of sensationalism, to the more cancerous forms of debauchery, and to prurient maunderings over sex problems. It may be true that there have been ages more vicious and brutal than our own; and, no doubt, the last years of the Victorian epoch are no worse than the Georgian epoch of Hogarth and Fielding. That is not my argument. My contention is, that there is to-day, as compared with the middle of the present reign, a sensible debasement of tone.

I have spoken of the material and practical causes of this

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deterioration of the age. I will say a few words as to its spiritual and intellectual causes. All important changes in the world of action are preceded by profound movements in the world of thought. The intellectual "reversion" to a poorer type, in these recent years, is due to a certain despairing return to the cloudy intuitionalism which, fifty years ago, had fallen into discredit. Forty or fifty years ago, the schools of Bentham and his followers, as presented in the *Westminster Review*, of James Mill and John Stuart Mill, of Professor Bain and George H. Lewes, of Herbert Spencer and his followers, of Grote and Cornewall Lewis, eminently that of Charles Darwin and the popularization of the *philosophy of evolution, and, finally, the critical examination of* Scripture, which was made common knowledge in "Essays and Reviews"—all these had established their ascendant in the world of serious thought, and raised hopes of almost indefinite progress and authority. It was an intellectual emancipation which had some kinship with that of the last century, in the age of Hume, Adam Smith, Voltaire, and Diderot. We may call it the Avatar of Evolution and of Logical Demonstration. And under it a brilliant efflorescence arose—in philosophy, in science, in economics, in sociology, and in real religion.

The philosophy of Evolution and of Demonstration promised, but it did not perform. It raised hopes, but it led to disappointment. It claimed to explain the world, and to direct man. But it left a great blank. That blank was the whole field of religion, of morality, of the sanctions of duty. It left the mystery of the Future as mysterious as ever, and yet as imperative as ever. Whatever philosophy of Nature it offered, it gave no adequate philosophy of Man. It was busy with physiology of Humanity; it propounded inconceivable and repulsive guesses about the origin of Humanity. Charles Darwin thought that "he was generally, but not always, an Agnostic." Stuart Mill fluctuated between a religion of Duty and a very attenuated and sterilized Theism. And Herbert Spencer solemnly announced that the object of religion could only be the Unknowable. Hesitations, doubtings, double acrostics like this about the very central truths of life and duty, naturally caused plain men and women to turn away in disgust. Here we say that certain intelligible, rational ideas about the religious problems of Man's highest nature form the very key-stone of philosophy; that the philosopher who

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fails to answer these problems, so as to convince his questioners, will convince them ultimately of little else. Evolution and Neo-Christianity failed to give any answer; called themselves "Know-nothings," prophets of the Unknowable; had not made up their own minds, and did not think it mattered much whether they did or not. The result was a wide and general discredit to the entire philosophy of Evolution and the entire Theology of Neo-Christianity.

No precise date could be given to this reaction, nor did it take any single or definite form. No new type of philosophy took the place of the discredited methods. Within the last twenty years these latter have been gradually losing their hold; and vague, thin kinds of Spiritualism from time to time found acceptance. There was nothing like a new system, or even a definable tendency, except a kind of metaphysical fogginess which uses grandiloquent phrases as if they were real things. If we took any date as a mark, it might be found in the burst of welcome when Mr. Balfour's graceful book on "The Foundations of Belief" appeared about five years ago. There was nothing either new or solid in the book, except the pathetic dreaminess with which cynical pessimism and incurable doubt about all Truth was shown to lead up to practical support of the Orthodox Creeds. That the guides of public opinion announced this stale scepticism as giving new life to philosophy and religion, was indeed evidence how deeply the orthodox creeds were undermined, how ready was the philosophy of the day to clutch hold of any cloud that seemed likely to release it from sober study of the earth. All this was a sort of theological "confidence trick." The philosopher says to the simple inquirer: "You are so very little sure of any belief, and are so likely to lose it altogether in this Babylon of ours, that you had better trust me with your faith, and I will put it away safe in the Bank of the Church of England."

A maudlin philosophy based on nothing but vague aspirations, hopes, and possibilities, so that all the central problems of Life and of Man ended in the general formula, "After all, perhaps there may be;" this spread a dry-rot through the mental fabric. There is to-day plenty of activity, of ingenuity, of prettiness, of skill, as there is in any silver age; but of robustness, originality, inspiration, is there to-day as much as we have known and felt a generation or two ago? Take the decade which closes this cen-

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tury, can any man pretend that it equals in power either of the middle decades of the century (1840-1860) in poetry, in literature, in science, in philosophy? A shifty and muddle-headed kind of Spiritualism has mentally made cowards of us all.

And, finally, to take religion, which we are often told displays so striking a revival. In ceremonial, in ecclesiastical celebrations, in clerical organization and activity, no doubt the progress is manifest. The rites of the Churches, the dignity of worship, the parade of Church societies, are in full activity. The Churches were never more "in evidence" than they are to-day. Their pretensions were never higher; their rolls never fuller; their patrons never more illustrious. Is vital religion more general, more effective? Is genuine belief in the creeds more definite and clear? Is Christianity more truly a civilizing, a moralizing force? Who will dare to say so? By vital religion I do not mean conventional phrases about getting to Heaven. I mean religion that can purify, direct, and inspire Man's life on earth. By genuine belief in the creeds, I mean literal acceptance of the three creeds in the Book of Common Prayer in their plain sense. When I ask if Christianity is a civilizing and moralizing force, I ask if it prevents us as a people from injustice and oppression, and as men and women from the pride of life and the lusts of the flesh.

We have been dwelling to-day on the evil things in our modern life, on the chase after money, the rampant love of gambling, the extravagance, the coarseness, the materialistic spirit growing on all sides. What have the Churches done to purify and check all this? Who would care if they did try? Who would believe them in earnest in doing so? What were they doing and saying yesterday? They were offering up, from ten thousand altars, prayers to the God of Battles to bless our arms, that is to enable us to slaughter our enemies and possess their land. Not a voice comes from the official churches to raise a doubt as to the justice, good faith, and Christian charity of those who have thrust England into a wanton war of spoliation. Not a word is breathed from their pulpits of respect for the brave civilians who are defending their homes and their freedom. These republicans, we are told, gather round their hearthstones, whole families together, fathers, sons, grandsons, kneeling down in prayer—they do sincerely believe in their God and his readiness to hear them—and their wives, sisters, and daughters arm them for the front; and ere they engage in

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battle, their camp rings with hymns of prayer and praise. At home, our own preparation for war is sounded in slang from drinking saloons, which is echoed back in pale and conventional litanies from the altars of the State Church. This is how Christianity works out in practice at the close of the nineteenth century.

This State Church and the Creed, to the husk of which it still clings, never seem so hollow or so corrupt as in the part they play in some national crisis, such as an unjust war. Whilst sober men of all parties and opinions can feel some doubt or even searchings of heart; whilst soldiers, statesmen, and the public are open to remonstrance; the only order of men which is ever ready to supply the majority with hypocritical glozings is the official priesthood. It sinks till it becomes the mere domestic chaplain of the governing class—a sort of black police that has to stand by the government, right or wrong. "Theirs not to reason why," as the poet says. It was an Archbishop who told us, the other day, that God Himself "made battles." Improving upon the old Hebrew war-songs about the God of Battles, we are now told that the God of Mercy is the author of war, as a means of grace toward a higher morality. Why, no medicine man, no witch-finder in Central Africa, hounding on a savage chief to exterminate a neighboring tribe, would utter a more atrocious blasphemy!

A Church, a Creed, which can chant such a requiem as this over the grave of the Nineteenth Century needs trouble us no more. It is left, henceforth, to faith in humanity to do what it can to curb the passions of the strong, who are thirsting to crush the weak; to teach what is the true glory of civilized men; to preach the Gospel of Peace, which the apostate preachers of Christ have turned into a by-word, and have made a war cry. These high priests of the New Imperialism have forsworn their own religion and forgotten their own sacred books. Let them turn back in their Bibles to the story of Ahab and Naboth, and reflect that it was the apostate priests who leaped upon the altar, and called from morning even until noon, saying, "O, Baal, hear us!" But it was the task of the true priest to say to the King in his pride, "Hast thou killed and also taken possession?"

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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# THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY.

BY MARK B. DUNNELL.

It is the misfortune of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty that it does not carry its justification on its face. It is a product of history and not a special creation of the reason. Considered superficially, it seems to sacrifice important American interests. Considered in the light of its historical origins, it is clearly a triumph for American diplomacy. It cannot be fairly judged by one unacquainted with the history of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, or of the Constantinople treaty of 1888, upon which it is, in part, based. One of the primary objects of the pending treaty is, to remove the serious obstacle to the construction of a canal by our government presented by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It has been, too hastily, assumed in many quarters that the pending treaty is the only honorable escape from the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that therein lies its sole justification. Indeed, the treaty is in grave danger of being killed by its friends. The apologists of the administration are unwisely urging the ratification of the treaty on the ground of necessity, rather than of national self-interest. We are gravely assured that it is not a question of national advantage, not a question of expediency, but a question of treaty obligation. We are told, in effect, that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is not voidable, and that, consequently, we must accept the pending treaty, not because the policy of neutralization which it embodies is desirable in itself, but because that is the only policy which England, standing on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, will permit us to pursue.

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 between the United States and Great Britain prohibits either Power from extending its dominion over any portion of Central America, or from exercising exclusive control over any canal across the American isthmus; and provides that the two Powers "shall extend their protection,

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by treaty stipulations," to any such canal. Every line of this treaty has reference to a canal constructed by private enterprise, and, by necessary implication, prohibits the construction of a canal by either the signatory Powers as a national enterprise. This construction of the treaty is confirmed by the negotiations which preceded its execution. The intervening years have proved conclusively that the canal cannot be constructed by private enterprise. We have waited half a century for such a canal to come into existence. Does the sanctity of treaty obligations demand that we shall wait indefinitely? The treaty has no reference to existing conditions, and there is no prospect of its becoming operative within a reasonable time by the construction of a canal to which it would be applicable. The object of the treaty was to facilitate the construction of a canal, while existing conditions are such that the practical effect of the treaty is to prevent the accomplishment of that object. The contention that we can not honorably terminate a treaty which, if allowed to remain operative, would indefinitely bar the construction of a canal demanded by our interests and the commerce of the world, is grostesquely absurd. The sanctity of treaty obligations demands no such sacrifice. Again and again, during the present century, the Powers of Europe have disregarded treaties on the ground of a material change of circumstances. International morality demands that a treaty should not be lightly set aside; but the enlightened opinion of the world recognizes that treaty stipulations should not be permitted to restrict the free play of national development, nor to check the progress of civilization. But while we should be justified by European precedents in notifying Great Britain that we should no longer consider ourselves bound by the treaty, it would be unwise to do so, because some of its provisions are still advantageous to this country. It is the high merit of the pending treaty that, while it secures our exclusive control of the canal, it preserves so much of the old treaty as prohibits either Power from extending its dominion over any portion of Central America.

The Clayton Bulwer treaty is not the only one standing in the way of our acquiring exclusive military control of the canal. The treaty between Spain and Nicaragua, of July 25th, 1850, provides that "the Spanish flag and merchandise, as well as the subjects of Her Catholic Majesty, shall enjoy on the transit the same advantages and exemptions as are granted to the most favored na-

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tions;" and, on the other hand, Spain agrees to guarantee the neutrality of the canal and "to keep the transit thereby free, and protect it against all embargo or confiscation." In the treaty between France and Nicaragua, ratified on January 10th, 1860, it is stipulated that "the Republic of Nicaragua binds itself to grant France and French subjects the same rights and privileges in every respect, as to transit and the price of transit, as well as all other rights, privileges or advantages whatsoever relatively to the passage or employment of troops, or relatively to any object whatever, which are to-day or may be hereafter granted or given to be enjoyed by the most favored nation;" while France on her part agrees to protect the neutrality of the canal. The treaty between Spain and Costa Rica, of May 10th, 1850, gives to the Spanish flag and merchandise "free transit" upon any canal through the territory of Costa Rica, on the same terms as "the vessels, merchandise and citizens" of Costa Rica. The treaty between Italy and Nicaragua, of March 6th, 1868, insures to Italy the same rights in the canal as the most favored nation. In the treaty of June 21st, 1867, between the United States and Nicaragua, is found the following provision:

"The United States hereby agree to extend their protection to all such routes of communication as aforesaid, and to guarantee the neutrality and innocent use of the same. They also agree to employ their influence with other nations to induce them to guarantee such neutrality and protection."

This treaty is still in force. In the treaty of February 11th, 1860, between Great Britain and Nicaragua, is found an identical provision for a British guarantee.

While they are by no means unvoidable, these treaties cannot be ignored by our government; and their existence constitutes a strong reason for the ratification of the pending treaty, with which they harmonize. In their report on the pending treaty, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations says:

"It is not what remains of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty which makes this convention necessary, so much as the identical treaties of the United States and Great Britain with Nicaragua in pursuance of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which were concluded in 1860 and 1867."

The Committee seems to have been strangely ignorant of the fact that this treaty of 1860 between Great Britain and Nicaragua expired on June 11th, 1888, on notice given by Nicaragua in conformity with its terms. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty is not

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"necessary" for any reason. Existing treaties, instead of making the pending treaty necessary, afford only one of many reasons for adopting the policy of neutralization. If we reject neutralization and adopt the policy of fortification, we must first address ourselves, if we select the Nicaragua route, to the not impossible task of removing the diplomatic obstacles presented by these treaties. Assuming the consent of the local government, there is no insuperable obstacle to our military control of the canal. It is purely a question of expediency. Respecting inter-oceanic canals, international law is silent. No one questions the absolute control of Great Britain over the Crinan and Caledonian Canals, or of Germany over the Kaiser Wilhelm and Elbe-Trave Canals, or of Greece over the Corinthian Canal. If we should construct a canal in territory over which we had first acquired unqualified sovereignty, our right to control it would be equally absolute.

It is frequently urged that the neutralization of the Suez Canal constitutes a precedent, which we are morally, if not legally, bound to follow by ratifying the pending treaty. This contention is unsound, because of the radically different character of the two canals. We should ratify our canal, if at all, solely as a matter of self-interest, and not out of deference to a European precedent of remote relevancy. From the very first, the Suez Canal was clothed with an international character, and the original concession contemplated a neutral canal. It is a private enterprise, conducted by foreigners of various nationalities, in territory subject to international control, and under a concession from a government too weak to afford adequate protection, and itself subject to international supervision. Its shareholders and bondholders are found in every country of Europe; and, while its management is predominantly French, its largest stockholder is the British government. On the other hand, the American canal will be exclusively national in character. It will be a purely governmental enterprise, conducted by one of the great Powers in territory over which it will exercise exclusive jurisdiction. It will have no international character, save such as may be imposed upon it by the voluntary action of our government.

Egypt is the land of political fictions. Technically, the Khedive is the well-nigh absolute ruler of Egypt, under the suzerainty of the Sultan. In reality, the authority of the Khedive is only nominal, while the actual powers of government are exer-

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cised by England. Above the Sultan, above the Khedive and the British government, is the Concert of Europe, exercising an ultimate supervision. The situation is still further complicated by the fact that all the civilized powers enjoy in Egypt the right of exterritoriality. Ever since 1839-1841, when the European Powers intervened to check the victorious career of Mehemet Ali, Egyptian affairs have been subject to international control. Each successive British government has acknowledged that the sanction of the Concert of Europe was essential to any important political action it might wish to take in Egypt. This complex international status of Egypt gave to the Suez Canal a corresponding international status, which rendered impossible any exclusive control by either France or Great Britain. Many times before its neutralization in 1888, it was treated as a subject of international control. In 1871, the European Powers united in abortive negotiations for the purchase of the Canal and for its management by an international commission. In 1872, Lord Granville laid down the principle that the Canal Company could not be allowed to be the judges of their own concession. In 1873, the European Powers joined in a demand for a revision of the rules to determine the tonnage of vessels passing through the Canal. In 1875, England purchased the private shares of the Khedive. At once, the other Powers asked for explanations and were formally assured that England had no exclusive designs, and that she recognized fully that important affairs of the Canal came under the cognizance of the Powers. In 1877 occurred the war between Russia and Turkey. On May 6th, 1877, Lord Derby wrote to the Russian Ambassador as follows:

"Should the war now in progress unfortunately spread, interests may be imperilled which they (Her Majesty's Government) are equally bound and determined to defend, and it is desirable that they should make it clear, as far as at the outset of the war can be done, what the most prominent of those interests are. Foremost among them, is the necessity of keeping open, uninjured and uninterrupted, the communication between Europe and the East by the Suez Canal. An attempt to blockade or otherwise to interfere with the Canal or its approaches would be regarded by them as a menace to India and as a grave injury to the commerce of the world. On both these grounds any such step—which they hope and fully believe there is no intention on the part of either belligerent to take—would be inconsistent with the maintenance by them of passive neutrality."

Prince Gortchakoff replied, on May 18th, 1877:



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"The Imperial Cabinet will neither blockade, nor interrupt, nor in any way menace the navigation of the Suez Canal. They consider the Canal as an international work, in which the commerce of the world is interested, and which should be kept free from any attack."

The Arabi rebellion gave Europe a sharp reminder of the insufficiency of a merely Egyptian guarantee of the neutrality of the Canal, and did even more than the Turko-Russian war to hasten an international neutralization. In 1882, England intervened to suppress the rebellion. Her warships and transports entered the Canal and used it as a base. The intervention was undertaken at the request of the Khedive, and had the approval of all the Powers save France. Mr. Gladstone was very explicit in acknowledging the right of the Powers to a voice in the matter. England took the position that she was simply performing an international police duty, which naturally rested upon her by reason of her predominant interest in the Canal. She did not act alone, however, until France had timidly declined to coöperate.

On July 23d, 1883, in a speech in the House of Commons, announcing the withdrawal of a scheme to parallel the Suez Canal, Mr. Gladstone said:

"I wish to announce that we cannot undertake to do any act inconsistent with the acknowledgment, indubitable and sacred in our eyes, that the Canal has been made for the benefit of all nations at large, and that the rights connected with it are matters of common European interest."

As a result of the British occupation of Egypt, there developed among the Continental Powers, and especially in France, a strong sentiment in favor of the neutralization of the Canal. It was felt that neutralization was the only means of preventing the Canal from falling under the exclusive control of Great Britain. England saw that some form of neutralization was inevitable; and, in order that the form finally adopted might fetter her future action in Egypt as little as possible, she took the lead in the negotiations. Accordingly, on January 3d, 1883, Lord Granville sent a circular dispatch to the British Ambassadors at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and St. Petersburg, outlining a scheme of neutralization. The following are the material passages:

"One result of recent occurrences has been to call special attention to the Suez Canal; firstly, on account of the danger with which it was threatened during the first brief success of the insurrection; secondly, in consequence of its occupation by the British forces in the name of the Khedive, and their use of it as a base of the operations carried on

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in His Highness' behalf, and in support of his authority; and, thirdly, because of the attitude assumed by the Direction and officers of the Canal Company at a critical period of the campaign.

"As regards the first two of these points, Her Majesty's Government believe that the free and unimpeded navigation of the Canal at all times, and its freedom from obstruction or damage by acts of war, are matters of importance to all nations. It has been generally admitted that the measures taken by them for protecting the navigation and the use of the Canal on behalf of the territorial Ruler, for the purpose of restoring his authority, were in no way infringements of this general principle.

"But to put upon a clearer footing the position of the Canal for the future, and to provide against possible dangers, they are of opinion that an agreement to the following effect might with advantage be come to between the Great Powers, to which other nations would subsequently be invited to accede:—

"1. That the Canal should be free for the passage of all ships, in any circumstances.

"2. That in time of war a limitation of time as to ships of war of a belligerent remaining in the Canal should be fixed, and no troops or munitions of war should be disembarked in the Canal.

"3. That no hostilities should take place in the Canal or its approaches, or elsewhere in the territorial waters of Egypt, even in the event of Turkey being one of the belligerents.

"4. That neither of the two immediately foregoing conditions shall apply to measures which may be necessary for the defence of Egypt.

"5. That any Power whose vessels of war happen to do any damage to the Canal should be bound to bear the cost of its immediate repair.

"6. That Egypt should take all measures within its power to enforce the conditions imposed on the transit of belligerent vessels through the Canal in time of war.

"7. That no fortifications should be erected on the Canal or in its vicinity.

"8. That nothing in the agreement shall be deemed to abridge or affect the territorial rights of the Government of Egypt further than is therein expressly provided."

This scheme was not acceptable to France; and much time was consumed in an unsuccessful attempt to frame a convention acceptable to both France and England. Finally, it was decided to refer the whole matter to a commission. On March 17th, 1885, the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Italy, Russia and Turkey signed at London a Declaration, of which the following is a passage:

"Whereas the Powers have agreed to recognize the urgent necessity for negotiating with the object of sanctioning, by a Conventional Act, the establishment of a definitive regulation destined to guarantee at all times, and for all Powers, the freedom of the Suez Canal: It has been agreed between the seven Governments above named that a Commission composed of Delegates named by the said Governments shall meet at Paris on the 30th March, to prepare and draw up this Act,

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taking for its basis the Circular of the Government of Her Britannic Majesty of the 3rd January, 1883. A Delegate of His Highness the Khedive shall sit on the Commission, with a consultative voice."

In conformity with this Declaration, the Suez Canal Commission convened at Paris on March 30th, 1885. Although an agreement upon many important points was soon reached, it was found impossible to reconcile radical differences of opinion respecting the area to be neutralized, the defense of Egypt and the mode of enforcing the agreement. The last meeting was held on June 13th, 1885. During the remainder of the year, events in Eastern Roumelia absorbed the attention of Europe. On January 6th, 1886, the French Ambassador at London informed Lord Salisbury that France had consulted the other Powers with a view to the resumption of negotiations, and that they had all expressed a willingness to concur in any solution of the questions remaining unsettled that might be acceptable to both France and England. Protracted negotiations between the two governments followed, the points of difference being few but radical. As to the area to be neutralized, France wished to prohibit all acts of war and "all acts directed immediately to the preparation of an operation of war" not only in the Canal itself and its ports of access, but also in its approaches and the territorial waters of Egypt. England objected to the inclusion of the approaches of the Canal and the territorial waters of Egypt, and urged that to forbid "all acts directed immediately to the preparation of an operation of war" would unjustly prevent preparations for the defence of Egypt. In thus seeking to restrict, so far as possible, the area to be neutralized, England was not actuated solely by a disinterested regard for Egypt, but was wisely seeking to safeguard her own future interests. She foresaw that her occupation of Egypt might be permanent, and, consequently, wished to keep as much territory as possible free from the neutralization, in order that it might, in the future, be utilized by her as a military base. On the other hand, France sought to neutralize so much of Egypt that England would have no motive for making her occupation permanent. The treaty shows that England carried her point. As regards the right to embark and disembark troops and munitions of war in the Canal, France wished the treaty to read: "Vessels shall not disembark or embark troops, munitions or materials of war in the Canal and its ports of access." England contended that the

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prohibition should be limited to time of war and to active belligerents, that it should apply only to the Canal, and should not extend to the ports of access. Her object was to reserve the right to embark troops for the defence of India prior to a declaration of war, and disembark them in case of a temporary blockade of the Canal. France was intent on preventing England from gaining any military advantage from her occupation of Egypt. England succeeded in restricting the prohibition to time of war, and in making provision for a temporary blockade of the Canal. Throughout the negotiations, England was strongly opposed to a thoroughgoing neutralization of the Canal, that is, to a joint guarantee of its neutrality. Lord Granville cautioned the Delegates to the Canal Commission to avoid the use of the term "neutrality" in connection with the Canal, and instructed them to adhere to the term "freedom" or "free navigation," as used in the circular dispatch of 1883. The Delegates replied:

> "There is no ground to apprehend any inconvenience from the use which may have occasionally been made by the Delegates of the word 'neutrality,' inasmuch as there has been a common accord from the first that the term, as applied to the Canal, had reference only to the neutrality which attaches by international law to the territorial waters of a neutral state, in which a right of innocent passage for belligerent vessels exists, but no right to commit any act of hostility."

The language aptly describes the Constantinople treaty. The Powers agreed to treat the Canal as neutral; they did not agree to guarantee its neutrality. An agreement between France and England was finally reached and a draft treaty signed by M. Flourens and Mr. Egerton at Paris, on October 24th, 1887. The definitive treaty, which included certain amendments suggested by the Sultan, was signed at Constantinople on October 29th, 1888, by the representatives of Great Britain, France, Russia, Holland, Italy, Germany, Spain, Austria and Turkey.

It was the fault of England that a more effective form of neutralization was not adopted. If she could have had her way, there would have been no agreement whatever, for she was content with the practical control of the Canal which she enjoyed by virtue of her superior fleet and her position in Egypt, Gibraltar, Malta, Perim and Aden. The treaty was a futile attempt to reconcile irreconcilable interests. The Egyptian question and the Canal question were so related that no satisfactory solution of the latter was possible. England went into Egypt in 1882 to protect

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the Canal; she remains there to control it; and, so long as she remains, it is idle to talk of its neutralization.

As Mr. Curzon pointed out in the House of Commons, on July 12th, 1898, the treaty of Constantinople has never become practically operative, owing to the following important reservation originally made by Sir Julian Pauncefote on June 13th, 1885, at the last meeting of the Suez Canal Commission; repeated by Lord Salisbury, on October 21st, 1887, only three days before the treaty was signed on behalf of Great Britain and France, and carefully brought to the attention of all the Powers concerned when the acceptance of the treaty was recommended by the British government:

> "The Delegates of Great Britain, in presenting this text of the treaty as the definitive system destined to guarantee the free use of the Suez Canal, consider it their duty to formulate a general reservation as to the application of its provisions in so far as they would not be compatible with the present transitory and exceptional state of Egypt, and might fetter the liberty of action of their Government during the occupation of Egypt by the forces of Her Britannic Majesty."

Furthermore, the treaty was executed with the understanding that England's occupation of Egypt should be temporary; and it was expressly provided in Article XII. that none of the signatory Powers should acquire any territorial advantages with respect to the Canal. The retention of Egypt by England, in violation of this understanding and express stipulation, renders the present status of the Suez Canal very uncertain; and this uncertainty will continue until there is a final solution of the Egyptian question. Even if the treaty of Constantinople were now in force, it would be of slight practical value because it does not cover the Red Sea and its approaches. All of the Delegates to the Suez Canal Commission of 1885 were agreed that the relation of the Red Sea and the Canal was such that both should be included in an act of neutralization to make it practically effective, and yet England peremptorily refused even to discuss a proposal of Russia looking to that end. England has always been a consistent and resolute enemy of an effective neutralization of the Suez Canal and its approaches. Doubtless, she has acted wisely for her own interests, but she has certainly estopped herself from urging us to neutralize our canal as a matter of international comity.

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty provides "that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in

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respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise." This is our historic policy, never departed from except in the ill-advised Frelinghuysen-Zavala treaty of 1884, which President Cleveland had the wisdom and courage to withdraw from the Senate. Such a policy would inevitably lead to retaliatory discriminations against us in every part of the world, and thereby defeat its own object. It would also render probable the construction of a second canal. A guarantee of equality of tolls is, of course, a condition precedent to an international neutralization of the canal; for no self-respecting nation would agree not to attack a canal in which it was liable to discrimination. Even Secretary Blaine saw the futility and inexpediency of a policy of discrimination. He assured Lord Granville that the United States sought no narrow or exclusive commercial advantage, and that "the same rights and privileges, the same tolls and obligations for the use of the canal, shall apply with absolute impartiality to the merchant marine of every nation on the globe."

Much confusion of thought has arisen from the different senses in which the term neutralization is used. The practice of neutralizing objects is of modern growth, and it is, therefore, not surprising that international law does not afford an exact and unvarying definition. Indeed, the term is generic in its nature, and consequently no definition can be very illuminating. In its generic sense, neutralization is an international act, whereby an object is clothed with the attributes of permanent neutrality. A neutralized state is one which has entered into an agreement with the great Powers not to engage in war save for the defense of its own territory, receiving, by way of compensation, a guarantee from such Powers to respect its territory and protect it if attacked by others. Thus, Switzerland was neutralized in 1815, Belgium in 1830, and Luxemburg in 1867. Neutralized persons and things are such as have been exempted by international agreement from hostile attack. Thus, the wounded in battle, military doctors, nurses, ambulances and hospitals were neutralized by the Geneva Convention of 1864. Theoretically, an object cannot be neutralized unless all the Powers unite in the neutralization. Practically, it is sufficient if all the great Powers unite, or all the Powers directly affected. Neutralization is a matter of voluntary agreement. We cannot neutralize our canal without entering into an agreement with the European Powers, nor can we arbitrarily dic-

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tate the terms of the agreement. We may, if we choose, build and fortify the canal as a purely American enterprise, and defend it against the world as we do our other property. The European Powers would have no right to object under the rules of international law. But the canal would be no more exempt from attack than any other American property, for there is no rule of international law exempting inter-oceanic canals from attack, although unfortified. Neutralization is not a product of international law, but of special international agreement. If we had an army and a navy superior to the combined armies and navies of the rest of the world, we could not alone neutralize the canal, although we could protect it and thereby effect the same result. It is important to remember that neutralization and protection are not the same thing, although they may, conceivably, have the same effect. Neutralization changes the legal relations of sovereign states to one another, and to the object neutralized, in that they cannot exercise belligerent action, where they would otherwise be free to do so, without rendering themselves liable to punishment at the hands of neutrals. The rights and obligations of sovereign States cannot be thus radically changed without their free consent. The United States and Great Britain could not alone neutralize the canal; and hence the Hay-Pauncefote treaty provides for the adherence of all the Powers.

A canal may be neutralized either by excluding the warships of all belligerents or by allowing them free passage indiscriminately. In this scheme for the neutralization of the canal, Secretary Blaine adopted the former policy as respects all foreign warships. In all our existing treaties regarding the canal, provision is made for the free passage of belligerent vessels without discrimination. This policy has so many advantages that Secretary Hay was wise in adopting it as the basis of the pending treaty. The primary function of an inter-oceanic canal is to afford a speedy and uninterrupted passage for vessels of every description. Any exclusions that might be made would not only be vexatious in themselves, but would involve the exercise of an arbitrary power incompatible with a state of neutrality. Furthermore, the tolls to be derived from belligerent vessels are enormous, and a canal is primarily a business enterprise. The chief objection, however, to the exclusion of belligerent vessels lies in the practical difficulty of determining the existence of a state of

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war. No declaration of war is necessary, and acts of hostility are not conclusive evidence. Sometimes a government intentionally refrains from publishing its intention. During 1884-1885, France carried on warlike operations against China while refusing to admit the existence of a state of war. The determination of this question with reference to the free passage of the canal would necessarily have to be made by our government quickly, and often upon indefinite or conflicting information.

The neutralization of the canal would be of advantage to this country for a number of reasons.

(1.) It would relieve our government of the burden of protecting the canal from attack and blockade. Remote from our shores and peculiarly vulnerable, the canal would be our weakest point in time of war. It could not be defended by fortifications alone. We should need a larger fleet than the combined fleets of our enemies. The control of one of the *foci* of the world's commerce would be so incalculably important that our enemies would surely make the canal their first and main object of attack. No European Power would ever hope to subjugate the American people, but it might reasonably hope to seize and hold the canal.

(2.) It would save the American people many millions of dollars each year, which would otherwise necessarily be spent in constructing and maintaining a navy sufficiently strong to protect the canal at all hazards. It would likewise do away with the enormous expense of constructing and maintaining fortifications.

(3.) It would leave our fleet free to operate nearer its bases and to choose freely its positions for attack or defense.

(4.) It would free neutral commerce from vexatious interference in time of war.

(5.) It would lessen the chances of intervention in any war to which we might be a party.

(6.) It would confirm our control in perpetuity. If we reject neutralization, we assume, single-handed, the duty of keeping the canal open at all times. This duty would be absolute, and the penalty for its non-performance would be an international control of the canal, deeply humiliating to our national pride.

(7.) It would avoid the loss of tolls resulting from a diversion of shipping in case of a war or rumor of war with us.

(8.) It would prevent the construction of a competing canal. A fortified canal through Nicaragua with tolls discriminating in

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favor of our citizens—fortification and discrimination are twin policies advocated by the same class of men—would almost certainly lead France and the other great commercial nations to complete the Panama Canal in self-defense. This would render our exclusive military control of the Nicaragua Canal valueless. We could not charge discriminating tolls, for that would drive business to the competing canal. Neither could we prevent our enemies from sending their warships through the isthmus. Then, too, a second canal would place us at a serious strategic disadvantage, in that our canal would be subject to attack and blockade, while the other canal would be under an international guarantee of neutrality. If our canal were blockaded or destroyed, the warships of our enemy would have free access to the Pacific, while we should be barred.

(9.) It would insure free passage for our merchant vessels in time of war, if private property should ever be exempted from seizure; and under existing rules of international law it would insure the free passage of our goods in neutral bottoms.

(10.) It would insure free passage of our warships even in time of war.

(11.) It would save us from the temptation to absorb the Central American States as a means of protecting the canal. If we adopt the policy of treating the canal as an instrument of war and subject to attack, there is certain to arise a popular demand for the seizure of the entire isthmus, whenever a plausible justification may arise. Sooner or later, we should occupy the isthmus, just as England occupied Egypt for the protection of the Suez Canal. The absorption of Mexico would follow inevitably. The jingoes of the day would cry: "On to the canal! Make the canal a part of our coast line!" The military danger of a neutralized canal seems trivial, indeed, when contrasted with the grave political danger of incorporating in our body politic the unassimilable millions of Mexico and Central America, aliens in race, language, social ideals and political training.

(12.) It would strengthen the friendly relations between this country and her sister republics to the south. To the people of Central America a fortified canal would be a symbol of American aggressiveness. It would provoke distrust and enmity where it should be our studied policy to win confidence and friendliness.

(13.) It would make for peace and civilization and constitute

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a leading precedent, making it forever difficult for other nations to pursue a narrow or exclusive policy in connection with future inter-oceanic canals. It would do much to save us from the burdens and dangers of militarism, and be a splendid rebuke to the narrow Chauvinism of the day.

The chief objection to a neutralized canal lies in the possibility that it might be used by a hostile fleet. It is urged that it is unreasonable to expect our government to assume the immense financial burden of constructing the canal, and then, when it is completed, to turn it over to our enemies as an instrument for attacking our Pacific possessions. The answer to this is that the danger is more apparent than real, and that it is a small price to pay for the manifold advantages of neutralization. It is scarcely conceivable that a European Power would send a fleet across the Atlantic to attack our Pacific possessions, where it would have to fight remote from its coal supply. There are no European coaling stations in the Pacific anywhere near the western terminus of the canal, and it is our fixed policy that none shall be acquired. This is a cardinal fact in the situation, and it renders the danger of a neutralized canal so insignificant that it should not be permitted to determine our policy. Again, with our naval bases at Honolulu, San Francisco, San Diego, Porto Rico, Isle of Pines, Key West, Pensacola and the Mississippi, and with our shorter lines of communication, a European navy would be at a serious disadvantage in any conflict near the canal. If we could not vanquish an enemy under such conditions, we may be sure that fortifications would not save the canal. If we were stronger than our enemy, we could protect the canal without fortifications; if weaker, the canal would be blockaded in spite of the fortifications. Finally, the pending treaty recognizes and confirms our exclusive right to police and manage the canal. Practically, this constitutes an absolute bar to the passage of the warships of our enemies. The fear of modern explosives directed by irresponsible parties would close the canal to belligerent vessels quite as effectively as fortifications. Then, too, it would be so easy for an inexplicable "accident" to happen to the canal that no commander would risk being bottled up.

The pending treaty provides for a neutral zone of only three marine miles at each end of the canal. There is no reason why we should follow the Constantinople treaty in this regard. The

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reasons for limitations of that treaty have been stated, and they have no application to our canal. In the Clayton-Bulwer treaty the extent of the neutral zone was left to future negotiation. Accordingly, on April 30th, 1852, Mr. Webster, Secretary of State, and Mr. Crampton, the British Minister to the United States, agreed that the neutral zone should "extend to all waters within the distance of twenty-five nautical miles from the termination of said canal on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts." In the face of this precedent the British government could not object to an amendment of the pending treaty in this particular.

The Committee on Foreign Relations have recommended to the Senate the following amendment:

> "Insert, at the end of section 5, of Article II., the following: 'It is agreed, however, that none of the immediately foregoing conditions and stipulations in sections numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of this article shall apply to measures which the United States may find it necessary to take for securing, by its own forces, the defence of the United States and the maintenance of public order.' "

This language is disingenuously vague. The real object of the amendment is to reserve to the United States the right to close the canal to the warships of its enemies. The Committee have adopted the language of the corresponding reservation found in Article X. of the treaty of Constantinople, but they have rejected Article XI. of that treaty, which provides that any measures that Egypt or Turkey may take in self-defense shall not interfere with the free use of the canal by neutrals, nor include the erection of permanent fortifications which would dominate the canal. In thus adopting the language contained in Article X. of the treaty of Constantinople, without the important qualification thereof contained in Article XI., the Committee have formulated a reservation so vague and general that it cannot be accepted, even by those who might be willing to concede to the United States the right to exclude the warships of its enemies. The Committee contend that "the situation of the United States on both oceans renders this amendment necessary." The similar situation of Canada on both oceans would compel England to reject the amendment. The British government, which is no less dependent upon public opinion than our own, has already in the pending treaty conceded all that it dared. Loyalty to Canada and her other Pacific possessions compels England to insist that the canal shall always be open to her warships. We cannot expect to secure

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the advantages of neutralization without the correlative disadvantages.

An act of neutralization may be either negative or affirmative in its nature. In other words, the parties to the agreement may simply agree not to exercise their belligerent rights toward the object neutralized, or they may, in addition, agree to guarantee the neutrality of such object. Obviously, the latter mode of neutralization is far more effective than the former. It creates a sanction, and furnishes a strong incentive in the obligation of each party to intervene actively for the protection of the object neutralized. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty provides for this affirmative form of neutralization, and the same is true of the treaty of 1846 between the United States and Colombia, and of the treaty of 1867 between the United States and Nicaragua. On the other hand, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is purely negative in its obligations. In effect, the two Powers merely agree to refrain from exercising their belligerent rights toward the canal; they do not agree to prevent the exercise of such rights by others. The pending treaty adopts, in substance, the language of the Constantinople treaty, and it is perfectly well understood that that treaty does not create a joint guarantee. If France should attempt to blockade our canal, England would not be bound by the treaty to assist us in preventing it. Doubtless, she would be willing to do so, under ordinary circumstances, for the protection of her own commerce, but it would not be a matter of treaty obligation. If, under the treaty, England is a guarantor of the neutrality of the canal, she may at any time land troops at the isthmus and take such measures as she may deem expedient for the protection of the canal, without reference to our wishes in the premises. It ought to be settled by unequivocal treaty stipulation that the protection of the canal rests primarily with the United States. It may be that Secretary Hay thought it wise to leave the question of enforcement to be determined when the necessity for action arises. It is far more likely that he wished to avoid opposition to the treaty arising from popular sensitiveness as to the Monroe doctrine. The idea that an international guarantee of the neutrality of the canal would be an infraction of that doctrine is so prevalent in this country that it could not be safely ignored in drafting the treaty. Just now the Monroe doctrine is sacrosanct, and the fervor of its worshippers is directly proportioned to their

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ignorance of its true meaning. The genuine Monroe doctrine takes its rise and finds its limitations in the necessity for self-defense. It is wholly self-regarding. All European activity in this hemisphere is not inhibited, but only such as is dangerous to our peace and safety. An international agreement, guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal, would be an application rather than an infraction of the Monroe doctrine, provided it did not involve a permanent European occupation and police. The Senate may consider it advisable to amend the treaty by adding a stipulation reserving to the United States the primacy in any measures that may be necessary to preserve the neutrality of the canal, and pledging the other signatories to coöperate with their naval and military forces whenever requested by the United States. Such a stipulation would recognize our rightful hegemony in the affairs of this hemisphere, confirm our control of the canal, avoid the occupation of the isthmus by European soldiers without our consent, and at the same time add a needed sanction to the convention.

MARK B. DUNNELL.

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# NATIVE TROOPS FOR OUR COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.

BY MAJOR LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, M. D., LL. B., FORMERLY SURGEON FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

THE time is at hand for the authorities of the United States to decide a military question of the gravest importance, namely, whether our island possessions in the tropics shall be garrisoned by troops sent from this country, or whether native troops shall be recruited for this purpose. Involved in this question are considerations of climate and subsistence; of vast expenses for transportation of men and food; of expenditures for wages and future pensions; of intricate hospital arrangements involving elaborate establishments, mutually dependent but thousands of miles apart. For the solution of a similar problem in China, the recent experiences of Great Britain at Wei Hai Wei are luminous in purpose and results, and most timely for immediate application to this country's needs, especially in the Philippines. It is worth while to study with the utmost care what England has done with her native battalion at Wei Hai Wei.

Forty miles to the eastward of Cheefoo, where in the year 1895, with the guns of the Russian fleet clearing for action, the treaty of Shimonoseki was ratified by China and Japan, lies the harbor of Wei Hai Wei. It is a bay formed by a sharp break in the rugged coast line, and is protected at its entrance by the island of Liu Kung Tao. Nature has been liberal to China in the matter of shelters to commerce, robbing the eastern shores of the Pacific that she might furnish the western with magnificent harbors and bays. Of these Wei Hai Wei takes easily primary rank, with its capacious, deep, mud-bottomed harbor, and its natural defences.

Wei Hai Wei (pronounced as though it were written Way High Way) was founded in the reign of the Emperor Hung Wu, of the last (Ming) dynasty, about A. D. 1399. The third syl-

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lable—for there are three syllables rather than three words—means a walled military post; the first, though homophonous, means to awe, or, as we would say, to over-awe; the middle member of the name is the word for sea. Thus Wei Hai Wei is the "Terror of the Sea," so called because it was used as a base from which to subdue the pirates that infested the neighboring seas.

In the year 1883, the first steps were taken to fortify Wei Hai Wei, as a base for military operations; but the war with the French in 1884 led to the abandonment of the work before much had been accomplished. When peace came, the interrupted activity was renewed, and the rapidly growing northern ocean squadron of the Chinese navy found here its summer rendezvous, the harbor at Port Arthur, or Lü Shun Kŏn, as the Chinese call it, being far too small to shelter more than a few ships at one time. Later, two lighthouses were erected. Forts were built under German superintendence and supplied with guns by Krupp, whose agent, the late General Schnell, was instructor in gunnery in the Chinese garrison. Money was spent liberally, and excellent work was done in the way of fortifying the place, for the Mandarins got their "squeeze" not by "jerry building," but by purchasing less than was provided for, and by drawing money for the expenses of battalions which never existed. And when they did go in for "jerry building," their methods were radical. The presiding genius of the day, Li Hung Chang, found on his last inspection, made just before the Japanese sank the "Kow Shing" and so opened the war, that a fort on the far east end of the bay had been built of wood. Mighty was the wrath of the great Li, and frightful the consternation of the two generals responsible for the fraud, fellow-provincials and protégés of Li himself. They were instructed to rebuild at once, and with stone. But whence the funds? These were found in a way that was simplicity itself. A battalion was estimated for, and although it never existed save on paper, money was drawn for its maintenance. Stone was obtained speedily from the wonderful and inexhaustible granite quarries of Shih Tao, in the Shan Tung promontory, and there it lies to-day, for the Japanese war put a stop to further fortifications. And when the Chinese Government recently turned the place over to the British, the local authorities had no knowledge of the existence of this material, which was boldly claimed by a disgraced general.

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On November 21, 1894, Port Arthur fell into the hands of the Japanese, who shortly began to turn their attention to Wei Hai Wei. On the 20th of January following, twenty-five thousand men were landed on the sheltered shore of Yung Cheng Bay under cover of the guns of the Japanese fleet. From this place to Wei Hai Wei, a march of more than forty miles was necessary over a country innocent of a road wider than a pack mule track, and on February 12, 1895, Wei Hai Wei was evacuated by the Chinese. Of their fleet, some were sunk and some captured. Admiral Ting, a brave officer, willing to fight, but under orders not to leave the harbor, chagrined and heart-broken, swallowed opium after signing articles of capitulation. The country around was occupied speedily and effectually by the Japanese. The treaty of Shimonoseki provided that Wei Hai Wei should remain in the hands of the Japanese until certain stipulations should be carried out, and for nearly four years Japan maintained a large garrison there, but on July 24, 1898, the Japanese flag disappeared from the harbor. For a brief time the Chinese emblem displayed its dragon swallowing the sun, shortly to find a companion in the Union Jack, and finally to disappear a few months later, leaving the British nominally, as they had been actually, in control of Wei Hai Wei, their new "sphere of influence."

It is on these historic shores that the experiment of transforming the Chinaman into a modern fighting machine has been successfully made by the newcomers, while the military experts of the world are watching the results with increasing interest. And since the policy of our own country to retain permanent possession of our new insular colonies now seems established, we, too, should be especially interested in the experiment from a military as well as an economic point of view. Wherever the flag of England floats, there you will find her defenses maintained by native guardians. The flower of her army is not consumed in colonial garrisons. In India, the Gurkhas and Sikhs, officered by Englishmen, form her military reliance. In West Africa the Houssas are her defenders. In Egypt the Baggaras, transformed by the skill of Kitchener, rout the forces of the Mahdi. In the Windward and Leeward Islands and Jamaica, native regiments (blacks) are employed exclusively; so, too, in Australia and Canada, her soldiers are mostly native born, and in South Africa, until the outbreak of the present war, Zulus, supplemented by a



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small contingent of English troops, maintained her defense and security. Where, indeed, would England be to-day were it not for these native forces guarding her colonial empire, while her own soldiers are engaged in the Transvaal hostilities? Quick in her perception of this great advantage, she no sooner got possession of her new sphere in China than she at once set about organizing a means of defense by utilizing the material at hand, knowing that, if successful, she could at once eliminate two of the greatest problems besetting an army on a foreign shore, that of acclimatization, and of subsistence, with the attendant dangers of climatic and epidemic diseases.

It was my good fortune, on a recent visit to Wei Hai Wei, to meet Colonel C. H. Bower, R. A.—to whose genius has been intrusted the serious experiment of transforming native Chinese from mild-mannered Coolies to modern soldiers—to witness many of their drills, and to get from Colonel Bower's own lips his account of the work. He approached the task with many misgivings; but after six months of patient work his views changed radically. The First Battalion, Chinese Regiment, recruited during the past year, numbered at the time of my visit three hundred and sixty men, all from the Shan Tung Province, where the finest specimens of physical development of China are to be found. These men are enlisted for three years, under the regular provisions of the British Army Act, for service in any part of the world. They have been selected with the greatest care. The average height is five feet eight inches, with a chest development of thirty-eight inches, a standard higher than that of the regular British army to-day. Three companies of one hundred and twenty men each were well advanced in training. The organization of the company in detail is similar to that in the United States Army. All the commissioned officers are British, but the non-commissioned staff, with the exception of one sergeant-major, one color-sergeant, one orderly-room clerk and one armor-sergeant, are Chinese.

It is certainly wonderful what a few months' hard work accomplished in "licking these 'rookies' into shape." Colonel Bower assured me that while originally he was far from being impressed with the idea of making soldiers of the Chinese—indeed, he was decidedly prejudiced against even such an attempt—experience had convinced him of his error, and that he was now

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becoming an optimist. The initial processes of drilling were tedious and required much patience on the part of the drill-master; but the men soon learned to respect their superiors and became attached personally to them; and the officers, having once gained the confidence of the men, could do almost anything with them. Discipline was maintained with but little use of the guard-room, and drunkenness was unknown.

These Chinese recruits are remarkably respectful, orderly, docile and learn their tactics well; but the greatest patience has to be exercised with them until they fully understand their positions and are brought to a realization of their responsibilities, of which, in their early days, they seem to have no understanding. For more than six thousand years the Chinaman has followed his own method, and it is difficult to make him realize the importance of precision in military affairs. For instance, when a leave of absence for seventy-two hours is given to him, he will return perhaps in ninety-six, thinking it is all right. What's the difference? He cannot be made to see it; "came back all right; three days all the same four, so long as he did come back." But when put in the guard-room for a week and made to do extra labor, his sleeping sense of duty is awakened and he does not repeat the offense. Notwithstanding that the drills at Wei Hai Wei have been very severe, desertions were unknown, although opportunity could be found easily, as the British concession or sphere of influence extends only ten miles inland. The uniform of the troops is rather picturesque: straw hats in the extreme heat of summer, to be replaced by turbans in winter; khaki blouses and breeches for the summer, to be exchanged for rough Irish frieze in winter; red cummerbunds, and putties instead of leggings, with the regular artillery boot of the British Army.

Colonel Bower was especially enthusiastic over the results of his men's musketry practice at the rifle butts. At the time of my visit, they had been trained for short range work only, one, two and three hundred yards; but their scores had been exceedingly gratifying, better even than those of the average British soldier after an equal amount of practice, to the great astonishment of all the officers of the regiment.

The cost of these troops to the British Government is another surprise. Their ration consists of one catty of rice (1.33 pounds), one-third catty of flour daily, and one pound of meat

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once a week. The cost of this to the British Government is $2.15, Mexican, a month; the soldiers' pay is $8.00, Mexican, a month, making the entire cost to the Government for the soldier and his subsistence $10.15, Mexican, or $5.00 gold, a month. All vegetables and luxuries are purchased by the soldier at his own expense. The health of the men was excellent. Since the organization of the regiment, there had not been one death or a serious case of intestinal disease, although the period has included the most inclement season of the year. Colonel Bower was convinced that with a year or two more of training, his men would be equal to any soldiers in the world.

At the time of my visit, the battalion had its first experience in fighting fire. A conflagration occurred in the old city. On such occasions it is the custom of the natives to sit by supinely, watching the progress of the flames, even though a whole city may be in a blaze, or to indulge in looting. But the English officers were on the scene quickly with the Chinese battalion, a fire-brigade was organized promptly, water was passed up in buckets and the fire put under control, while the populace stood by and marvelled.

Within a year of their enlistment, these troops successfully stood the crucial test of leading a charge. In a sharp action with a vastly superior force of Boxers, the same who are now menacing the safety of the Chinese Empire in the Provinces of Shan Tung and Pi Chi Li, and about Tien-Tsin and the Imperial City, Peking, the Chinese Battalion, with their British officers, quickly routed the enemy, killing sixty and capturing a large quantity of arms. Their own casualties amounted to only two, both British officers, who were wounded. Thus they demonstrated beyond cavil their fidelity and loyalty to the new flag they had sworn to uphold, even when their opponents were their own countrymen.

Hitherto, we have been accustomed to laugh at the soldiery of China; but, indeed, the fact that her soldiery is a laughing stock on account of lack of training and bad generalship, proves nothing against the Chinaman's courage. Fortunately there can be no question of his innate bravery. For a consideration, or when convinced that he is right, he puts the fear of death entirely out of his mind. Like the negro, the Egyptian or the Malay, all the Chinaman wants is the inspiration and leadership of resolute

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white officers. Conspicuous examples of their personal bravery are not lacking in the official reports of our own officers serving in the Philippines, notably those of Lieutenant Batson, of Major Bell, of Captain Sawtelle of General McArthur's staff, of Colonel Powell and Captain Durfee of the Seventeenth Infantry, and of Major Shields, Surgeon of the California Volunteers. My own observations on the firing line confirm these opinions. The Chinese drivers or litter bearers were as absolutely unconcerned under fire as though out in a snow-storm, and they obeyed their orders implicitly.

An incident illustrating the bravery of the coolie is narrated by Major Putnam Bradlee Strong. It occurred at the battle of Malolos, in Luzon. An American soldier had fallen at the front; two coolies had rushed forward with their litter, consisting of a little hammock swung from a pole, and were bringing the man back to the dressing station, when a bullet pierced the thigh of one of the litter-bearers. He continued on, however, as though nothing had happened, until he deposited his charge beside the improvised operating table. Not until some time later was it found that the coolie was wounded severely and suffering intense pain. He endured it all with the patience and stoicism of his race, and expressed surprise that attention should be bestowed upon him at all; he had expected to be left by the wayside.

That the yellow and black races make excellent fighting material, when properly officered by whites, has been proved conclusively in innumerable instances. In our own army at San Juan Hill, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth United States Infantry and Tenth Cavalry, negro troops, led by their gallant white American officers, did as effective work as any men, regulars or volunteers, on the field. Nor did their heroism cease there. Later, when that more dreaded enemy, yellow fever, appeared in every camp, and when volunteers were called for to nurse the sick and dying and to bury the dead, it was these men of the negro regiments who responded to the call, notwithstanding that their numbers had been terribly reduced in the battle only a few days before, and the fatal pestilence was raging in their own ranks. One hundred and twelve of these martyrs succumbed to the disease, but they quavered not in the hour of danger.

Nor is this record for fearlessness in the so-called inferior races confined to our own army. What did Kitchener do with the

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Egyptian peasants who for centuries had been regarded as menials and cowards? By tactics similar to those now being followed by Colonel Bower with the Chinese at Wei Hai Wei, he transformed them into cavalrymen, who not only successfully resisted but charged and broke the bloodthirsty followers of the Mahdi and defeated them with terrible slaughter. Fifteen years ago the idea of making a soldier of an Egyptian would have been ridiculed as a practical joke by military men. Training and the inspiration of leadership won the victories, and the Egyptian soldier of to-day has his place in history.

The experience of "Chinese" Gordon at the taking of the Taku forts in 1860 is eloquent in its showing of the individual bravery of the Chinaman. Large numbers of coolies were pressed into his service as cooks, litter-bearers and for transportation purposes. Arriving at the moats surrounding the forts, these slaves of duty seized the scaling ladders, rushed into the water nearly neck-deep, and in the face of a galling rifle and artillery fire placed the ladders on their shoulders from man to man, thus forming a continuous bridge supported by human pillars, and let the British army walk over their heads to the other side of the moat. Then, rushing from the water with their ladders, they ran to the walls of the fortresses, and were the first to scale their ramparts. Thus was courage inspired, and thus did it become contagious, even as panic and disaster would have resulted had the leadership failed.

Nor has Spain been without experience in the use of native troops in her colonies, in the very place where this urgent military question must be met and solved by the United States, namely, in the Philippines. One of the most formidable elements of the Spanish Army in the Philippines, upon which Spain placed strong reliance, was her native Filipino troops, of whom, when Manila fell, she had about five thousand. They were among her best disciplined and bravest troops, familiar with the country, its warfare, its dangers and its ambuscades, in excellent health and thoroughly acclimated, speaking the language of the country, free from danger of tropical diseases, and subsisting on native foods. Our failure to secure them for service under the American flag was promptly taken advantage of by the wily Aguinaldo, who, upon condition of their swearing fealty to him and entering his army, promised them immunity from their countrymen and

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reward for their service. It was only a short time before the entire force was under his control, almost every soldier being made an officer in the Filipino ranks. It was in this way that Aguinaldo was enabled to create the disciplined array that was destined so long to cope with our army of over fifty thousand men.

In view of our failure to secure the trained Spanish-Filipino soldiers, and considering the suspicion that exists, and will probably continue to exist, toward us among the natives of the islands, the experiment of Great Britain with the Chinese Battalion at Wei Hai Wei is of signal concern to the United States. In our Philippine possessions there are already more than one hundred thousand Chinese, who form by far the most industrious class of the inhabitants. The Chinese mestizo (half Chinese and half Filipino) is acknowledged to be superior to the Eurasian, or to the mestizos of Oriental cross, Japanese, Hindoo or Bornese. Many of them are wealthy bankers and merchants. Others are engaged as compradors and clerks, banking houses employing them almost to the exclusion of other nationalities, on account of their quick wit, sterling honesty, industry and individual merit. As in the Hawaiian Islands, they form the most valuable element of the population. The Chinese-Hawaiian half-caste is the keenest business man and the most industrious citizen to be found in those islands. The exclusion of the Chinese laborer in that land will do inestimable damage in retarding industrial and commercial development. Despite his fanaticism when directed by ignorant rulers, he has shown his superiority over other Orientals in his untiring industry, his domesticity, and his honesty.

In the large foreign hongs of China and Japan he is the trusted employee in places requiring responsibility. When put in competition with the Bornese, the Filipino, the Singalese, the Hawaiian, the Japanese or the Indian, he invariably wins, as may be seen by his rise from poverty to wealth and influence in the cities of Singapore, Calcutta, Sandakan, Manila, Honolulu or Yokohama. It is time the world recognized that in the great race of civilization, and the greater race for the survival of the fittest, the nation that has preserved the integrity of its government for over six thousand years, that has witnessed the rise and fall of the civilization of Chaldea, Egypt, Greece and Rome; that can claim the discovery of the compass, of gunpowder, the game of chess, and the printing press, is more to be feared for its vir-

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tues than its vices. The presence of the Chinaman in the Philippines, as in the Hawaiian Islands, will do more to promote the industrial development of these colonies than any other single factor. His exclusion was a diplomatic blunder to be rated with our failure to secure the army of Filipinos trained by Spain, and the discharge of the Civil Guard of Manila, five hundred strong, all of whom immediately entered the service of Aguinaldo; and the irrational rationing of our troops, which did, and is still doing, so much to invalid and decimate our army.

To attribute to climate the diseases of the tropics is an error due to ignorance and custom. The vast majority of ailments credited to climate have their origin in the use of improper foods, overfeeding, or the abuse of stimulants.

During the past two years, it has been my misfortune to see two great armies—one in our own Southern country, Cuba and Porto Rico, and one in the Philippine Islands—largely invalided, through culpable ignorance or neglect, by improperly subsisting the troops. To the eternal disgrace of our medical and commissary departments it will be remembered that, when entire regiments were suffering from stomach and intestinal catarrhs, from diarrhoea and kindred ailments (and I have seen more than seventy-five per cent. of an entire command in this condition at one time), they were subsisted on a ration of rich meats, pork and beans, tomatoes and other foods that aggravated the diseases, crowded the hospital tents, and left the men weak and emaciated, so that their return to health was a prolonged struggle. Taps and the last volley were often the only reward many a poor soldier received for his patriotism.

As represented in caloric units, the ration supplied to the American soldier in tropical lands amounted to thirty-eight hundred units, while that given to an English prize-fighter in a temperate zone, when training for the ring, amounts to only twenty-eight hundred caloric units. It is an old saying that "it is the ration that wins the battle." As furnished to the soldier, the ration was an excellent winter food, rich in the elements requisite for respiration under a low temperature; but for a tropical land, the enormous excess of carbon furnished by it to the lungs, over and above that which they could dispose of, imposed upon the liver and kidneys additional duties of elimination, producing congestions, fermentation and catarrhs, dyspepsia and lithæmia,

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glycosuria and phosphaturia, interfering with metabolism, and creating conditions favorable to bacteriological development, together with almost the entire train of diseases which have crowded our army hospitals. In phosphaturia especially, the nervous system is deprived of the salts necessary for its proper function, which privation not infrequently results in mental disturbances that may end in suicide or insanity. How little the heat is directly responsible for these cases may be inferred from the extreme rarity of sunstroke in the tropics.

Dr. John Ordronaux, Emeritus Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, served with distinction thirty-eight years ago in our War of the Rebellion as a volunteer surgeon. It was at that time that the famous saying, "Beans killed more than bullets," arose. In round numbers the mortality from bullets, directly and indirectly, was one hundred thousand, while that from disease was five hundred thousand, or five to one. Commenting on this fact thirty-seven years ago, "that the ration served our troops in the South was the same in winter as in summer," Dr. Ordronaux said:

"By proper disposition of his diet, man lives as healthfully under the Equator as under the Pole. The East Indian with his rice and yams, and the Esquimo with his seal blubber and putrid fish, are both healthy enough in their respective climates, but let them once change residences without changing their diet, and what would be the consequence? The Esquimo would be attacked with putrid fever, and the West Indian would die of inanition.

"We perceive from this the absolute necessity of modifying all forms of diet in such a way as to accommodate them to the physiological requirements of varying seasons. For habit is not acquirable as against laws of chemical combination, and no man can become habituated to doing that with impunity, which, being a violation of the physiological laws of his system, is, by its frequent admonitions of pain, notifying him of the evil about to overtake him.

"As the ration bill now stands, it presents us with too contracted a form of diet for continued use. It abounds in fibrine, gluten, and fat, without, however, a sufficiency in starch, mucilage, gelatin, and acids. Aromatic herbs and spices, without which health cannot for any length of time be preserved, particularly in hot climates or seasons, are entirely omitted, while fat pork, an article contra indicated in summer both by the state of the appetite and the physiological necessities of the system, stands as the sheet anchor of its animal food."

And of what avail was this prophetic warning? The ration table of the United States Army in the Spanish-American War was substantially the same as that during the Rebellion.

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From the dawn of history experience has shown that, in time of war, disease was a far more deadly foe to an army than the bullets of an enemy. In the War of the Crimea the French lost in killed 21,000, and from disease 100,000, or about one from bullets and wounds to five from disease. The English losses in that dreadful campaign ran a little higher, the proportion between fatalities from bullets and wounds and that from disease being about one to six.

In our Civil War, about the same proportions were maintained, one to five. In round numbers, 100,000 men fell on the field or died from wounds, and 500,000 perished in hospital wards from the more fatal enemy—disease.

But it has been reserved for the Spanish-American War to cause a blush of shame and indignation at the apathy and stupidity that has permitted preventable diseases to play such havoc with the army. In the campaign, the actual hostilities of which lasted from July 1st to August 12th, about six weeks, the mortality from bullets and wounds amounted to 268, while that from disease reached the appalling number of 3,862, or about fourteen to one. With proper subsistence and sanitation these proportions, for such a short service, should have been reversed.

With our military hospitals in the Philippines still crowded, despite the constant relief of their wards by shiploads returning on transports, and with the decimating policy of irrationally subsisting the troops still in force, it behooves the United States to follow the example of England at the earliest possible moment and to resort to the only reasonable course left open for the maintenance of her army in the Orient, namely the utilization of native troops. Most authorities agree that it will require a garrison of at least forty thousand men to maintain order in the Philippines even after peace is declared, but I coincide with General Lawton, who told me that he thought it would require many more than that number to bring order out of chaos, to establish law in the various provinces and to maintain its complete supremacy.

The United States now has twenty-five regiments of volunteers in the Philippines, whose term of service will expire on June 30, 1901. Most of the enlisted men will wish to return at the expiration of that time, some sooner, while some will be willing to serve longer. A majority of the commissioned officers would welcome the opportunity to retain their places permanently. I

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would suggest that, at the earliest possible date, such of the enlisted men, not exceeding one-third, as desire their discharge on account of sickness or for other causes be allowed to leave the service. Then, from the third battalions of each regiment, let all the enlisted men, excepting a few non-commissioned officers in each company, be transferred to the other two battalions, thus filling them to their full strength. Enlist one battalion of Chinese, or of native friendly Filipinos (Macabees or Ilocanos), to each regiment, making the composition of each regiment two battalions of white and one battalion of native troops, with white officers throughout, and a certain proportion of white non-commissioned officers in each native company. At such time as the authorities deem advisable, transform a second battalion of white to native troops in a similar manner. Then, when the proper time arrives, and the success of the move is demonstrated, transform the third battalion of each regiment, and, as circumstances may justify, replace such of the white non-commissioned officers as may seem best for the interests of the service by native non-commissioned officers, but keep white commissioned officers first, last and all the time.

Published statistics recently furnished by Congress state that the cost of the army in the Philippines in the last year was about $150,000,000. It is easily within reason to declare that each fighting man costs the Government more than one thousand dollars, gold, a year, for pay, subsistence, cost of transportation service and medical attendance, without any calculation for his future pension claim. The pay of the American soldier in the Philippines is sixteen dollars, gold, a month. His ration costs far more, when the enormous wastage and cost of transportation is calculated. It is no uncommon incident for entire cargoes of beef to be lost in transportation across the Pacific. I know of three such instances last summer. And in calculating the cost of the American soldier, no mention has been made of the expenses of hospitals with their medical staffs, nurses, orderlies, helpers, etc., all of which add enormously to the expenditure.

The native Chinaman or Filipino can be enlisted in unlimited numbers for ten dollars a month, and can be subsisted for four dollars more. Additional expenditures for transportation, etc., might cost two dollars more, making a total of sixteen dollars a month, or not more than two hundred dollars, gold, a year, or

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about one-fifth of our present expenditure, and with no danger from an everlasting pension claim in the future.

In an interview with Li Hung Chang, at his palace in Peking, some months prior to the outbreak of hostilities in China, he assured me that China would interpose no objection to the enlistment of her subjects in the American army. But if, in the present crisis, such recruits are not considered desirable, there are many friendly Filipinos to be substituted. Great Britain recruits her ranks from various tribes or castes in India, and tribal hatreds are often utilized in the pacification of outbreaks among the natives. The same policy can be advantageously followed by us in the Philippines, where the friendly tribes of Ilocanos and Macabees are the implacable foes of the rebellious Tagals.

England has a great advantage over the United States in colonial government and in colonial military affairs, in that there is not always a home party in opposition wanting to apply the Constitution to the natives, telling the discontents that as soon as their party gets control all complaints and wrongs will be rectified. The home Government acts as a unit and with a consistency that challenges the admiration of the world.

It remains to be seen whether, by the liberal utilization of native troops, we shall save the flower of our army for service at home, and preserve it from degrading conditions that, alas! too often, are brought to this country by returning troops. And it also remains to be seen whether the country shall be spared the depletion of its Treasury through extravagant expenditures caused by improvident military administration leading to enormous pension claims. The Spanish war has resulted in the filing of over twenty-five thousand of these claims already. Who can say what the number will be when those resulting from the Philippines campaign are recorded?

LOUIS L. SEAMAN.

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# THE JUBILEE OF THE PRINTING PRESS.

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY.

JOHANNES GUTENBERG, the five hundredth anniversary of whose birth Germany has recently been celebrating, stands, and will stand through all time, for the living symbol of the printing press. Others have disputed his supremacy, and a vain patriotism would rob Mainz of its proper glory, giving the palm now to Holland, now to France. On the one hand we are told an amiable legend of one Coster, who, walking in a wood near to his native Haarlem, amused his leisure by cutting letters out of bark, and stamping them upon paper. This earth-shaking event, says the pedant, cannot be assigned to a later year than 1426, since then it was that the wood, the scene of Coster's contemplation, was abolished. We doubt neither Coster nor his bark; we know as little of his enterprise as did Gutenberg himself. We would only point out that anecdotage or folklore is wont to precede history, and that this legend of Haarlem may be put in the same pigeon-hole with another legend, which derives the art of modelling in clay from an accidental shadow cast upon the wall. On the other hand, there seems no doubt that, as early as 1444, one Procope Waldfogel of Avignon instructed Davin de Caderousse, a Jew, in the art of writing artificially. But neither the Hebrew types of Caderousse nor the pensive walk of Coster disturb the sovereignty of Johannes Gutenberg, who remains the father of his art, as Homer is the father of the Epic, as Van Eyck is the father of oil-painting, as Columbus is the father of the New World.

Wherefore it was but just that Mainz should celebrate, with what splendor she might, her hero's jubilee. And, though Gutenberg himself, who spent his life in unrecognized poverty, would be at a loss to understand the enthusiasm of the people, it was inevitable that the feast of printing should be a popular feast. Vast

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processions were unfolded beneath the shadow of the ancient church. If the costumes were archæological rather than elegant, if the emblems were sometimes a trifle obvious, the effect produced by the mingled colors, the crowded windows, the time-stained houses was of the proper century, and the soldiers of Frederic evoked a tumult of admiration. So there defiled all the arts and industries of Mainz and of Europe; Shakespeare jostled Cervantes, while Pallas Athene was not too far from Goethe; nor, in the jubilee of intellect, were the vineyards of the Rhine forgotten, and one car appositely emphasized the truth that, of the two, the wine-press is the older. And, all the while, the streets, decorated from end to end, were thronged by a motley mob of peasants and professors, of students and officers, of grand-dukes and shop-keepers. Nor was the purpose of the fête ever forgotten. The statue of Gutenberg was the end of all pilgrimages, and it was with a touching reverence that the triumphal wreaths were laid at the pedestal. All men knew whom they were honoring. How many considered the work which their hero accomplished?

Yet well does Gutenberg deserve the extravagant tribute thus paid him by a united people, since, for good or evil, his achievement has proved greater in its results than the achievement of any other man. Before all things, he came at the right moment. Invention, too, obeys the call of necessity; and it seems as though an inexorable law governs the processes of the human brain, as it governs the processes of nature. Less than twenty years after Gutenberg made his great discovery, the library of Constantinople was dispersed. What was lost it is idle to speculate, but "we may reflect," says Gibbon, "with pleasure that an inestimable portion of our classic treasures was safely deposited in Italy; and that the mechanics of a German town had invented an art which derides the havoc of time and barbarism." It is an ill description of Gutenberg, a mechanic of a German town; but it is admirably true that his invention was made at the very moment when it might best deride the havoc of time and barbarism. When the spoils of Constantinople travelled west, his printing press was ready to eternize them. So little, indeed, was he a mechanic that he spent an apostle's life in the service of his art. Nor did he pursue his ambition with any thought of renown; the forerunner of all advertisers, he shrunk by choice or habit from the risk of advertisement. He, the great disseminator of knowledge, has sedu-

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lously suppressed all knowledge of himself. We know as little of him as of Homer, less than of Shakespeare.. His death and his birth are alike secret, and, though there is an ugly rumor of a broken promise, we know not whether he was ever married. However, some facts may be pieced together, and the materials of a portrait are not wholly lacking.

Johannes Gutenberg, then, was born at Mainz about the year 1400. By an admirable dogmatism, June the twenty-fourth is assumed as his birth, and, assuredly, that day is as good as another to celebrate. His family—Gensfleisch was its name—was noble, and, doubtless, he received such an education as befitted his quality. Moreover, since his ancestors had possessed the right of coining money, he was familiar from his youth with the mystery of metal casting. But, in his turbulent century, patrician birth did not mean affluence, and the struggles between the nobles and the people, between the city and the Church, may have involved his family in ruin. At any rate Gutenberg, like Velasquez, assumed the name of his mother, and early left his native city. So, it is at Strasburg that we first hear of him, poor and ingenious, a man of many shifts, yet with one ambition already sketched, and even half-realized. A legal document discovers him, at law with one Jürgen Dritzehn. The case is complicated and unimportant, but it proves that Gutenberg had once hoped to make money by selling hand-mirrors at the fair of Aix-la-Chapelle, and that (which is far more important) he had in 1438 devised all the implements of what was called his "black art." Movable types, forms, presses worked by a screw—in fact all the essentials of modern printing—had by this time assumed a finished and practicable shape. It is evident, indeed, that Gutenberg could, if he would, have printed his Bible as easily in 1438 as in 1455; but money and encouragement were lacking, and the most important invention of our modern world could not supply its author with ink and paper. Yet for some years he seems to have lingered at Strasburg; at any rate, it is 1448 before he returns to Mainz, still poor and unprotected. However, supported by a just spirit of fanaticism, he pursued his unrecognized craft; and at last, in 1449, he asked the help of Johann Frist, a wealthy banker, who, not content with an irregular interest of six per cent., demanded a share of the discovery, and who, with Peter Schöffer to aid, presently set himself up as Gutenberg's rival. Nor need our admiration of Gutenberg blind

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us to the real merits and splendid service of Frist and Schöffer. The exploiter commonly goes further on the road of success than the unfriended inventor; and while Frist and Schöffer played the ungrateful and graceless part of the cuckoo, they not only made money by their shrewd management—they carried their wares as far as Paris—but they produced many a masterpiece of the printer's art. However, it is not worth while to discuss the trade disputes of the fifteenth century. It is enough to record that Gutenberg persisted loyally in his task until the end of his life, that in 1465 a small office at the court of Adolf von Nassau provided him with bare necessities, and that he died, blind, in 1468.

A tragic career, truly, and embittered by all the ironies of fate. He, whose art made public the world's literature, published naught else than his own misery. The very books which we owe to his genius carry no record of his name. By every artifice of skill or chance he seems to have evaded, in his own days, the touch of fame; his very ashes are scattered to the winds of heaven; yet the years have repaired the neglect of his time, and he is revealed at last for the great artist that he was. Herein, too, we may find a sufficient compensation for his misfortune. Asking bread, he has received many a commemorative stone; but not even poverty itself could rob him of the pleasure and curiosity wherewith his own work must have inspired him. For not only did he invent his own art, he brought it by his own taste and ingenuity to perfection. He was at once finisher and forerunner; such masterpieces as his Latin Bible are no experiments; they are a culmination of a beautiful and efficient craft. His types, the first ever cut, have a dignity and splendor, which were an example to a whole school; his pages, the first ever printed, are as sharp and clear as though they had fallen from a modern press, tricked out with all the "improvements." But Gutenberg understood precisely the problem which confronted him, and he did not publish his results until they were complete. In brief, the courage of revision was his, and that is why we regard him not as a primitive, for whom excuses should be made, but as an accomplished craftsman, whose glory rests in the perfection of his design.

The mystery of his life is properly matched by the rarity of his works, and we owe Mainz a profound debt of gratitude for having gathered together such a set of masterpieces as possibly will never be seen again. Not that the exhibition gives or pretends to give

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a general view of printing. There are too many *lacunae* for completeness; and, while many of the great presses of the past are forgotten, we must look elsewhere for the later triumphs of the art. But the achievement of Gutenberg and his school is admirably represented, and Mainz has illustrated for us, with excellent clearness, both the theory and practice of her famous citizen. The human mind, even when it invents a new process, cannot create out of nothing, and the source of Gutenberg's inspiration is evident. His alphabet grew out of the manuscripts, as positively as the early railway carriage was adapted from the stage-coach. Nor could the printer have found a better model. The square, stern letters of his choice were admirably fitted for their purpose, and the repetition of the movable shapes gives to the pages of his Bible a uniform aspect, which is lacking in the patient copies of the monks. And not merely did Gutenberg design a noble alphabet, he understood the other art of the printer; he could fill the space of his pages with dignity and elegance. He did not forget that the aim of printing, as of all the graphic arts, is to be decorative as well as intelligible, so that, while you may read his magnificent Bible with the greatest ease, if you have the chance, you cannot but be struck by the pictorial effect of the printed page.

But Gutenberg imposed his style as well as his craft upon his followers. The "*De Officiis*" of 1465—it is significant that, after the Bible, it was Cicero who engrossed the early printers—bears the name of Schöffer, but the mind which controlled it is the mind of Gutenberg. And what shall we say of the exquisite Virgil of 1469, except that Johannes Mentelin of Strasburg had diligently learned the lesson of the master? But if recognition had come slowly to Gutenberg, his craft travelled in a very brief space from one end of Europe to the other. A press was set up in every town of Germany; the energy of Ratdolt and Jenson carried the new invention to Venice, where they were succeeded in due course by the great Aldus himself. Now, Aldus, by designing the beautiful type known as Italic, and by discarding the ancient folio, not only set an example of elegance for all time, but placed his treasures within the reach of scholars. And he did more than this; he it was who, with Junta of Florence, first taught the classics to deride the havoc of time and barbarism. Gutenberg, in truth, showed the path, which the Italians eagerly followed, and their progress insured the eternal safety of literature. Meanwhile, if Paris



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had been slow to set up a press of her own, Frist and Schöffer, with a commercial instinct whereof Gutenberg knew nothing, had sent their bagmen to the French capital; and if we may believe Lamartine, which is doubtful, Frist was accused there of selling printed books as though they were manuscripts. The fraud, however, if fraud it were, was condoned on the ground that the invention was new; and Frist was paid as much as fifteen golden crowns for a book by Thomas Aquinas. But presently Paris found her own craftsmen, and Philippe Pigonchet devised the books that to-day are eagerly sought and highly prized. Of Caxton's achievement in the designing of Gothic type little need be said. The priceless collection, hidden in Manchester, is a secret monument to his skill; and the most expensive press of modern times has paid him the tribute of imitation. That cities so wealthy as Paris and London should readily have encouraged the art of printing, is not remarkable. But it is strange indeed that, less than forty years after the date of Gutenberg's first book, the remote Cettinje should have its printing press; yet, among the curiosities to be seen at Mainz, is what the catalogue calls a *"slavisch-cyrillische kirchen druck,"* imprinted at the Montenegrin capital in 1493.

In the sixteenth century, the art was universal and universally appreciated; and, as it grew in prosperity, it forgot its origins and fashioned new laws for itself. Its development was always in the direction of simplicity; the influence of the manuscripts, so obvious in the work of Gutenberg, rapidly disappeared, and little by little an alphabet was shaped, with which, in one form or another, we are familiar to-day. Gothic and Italic alike gave way to what is now known as Roman, and printing gained in precision what it lost in character. Despite the use of movable type, there was a certain variety in the earlier styles; the letters were not all molded with a hard edge; and the reader felt that a man, not a process, came between him and his author. Moreover, though Latin and Greek had their uniform orthography, a license in the spelling of living tongues gave a personal touch to the books of the sixteenth century, for which we look in vain in the printed pages of to-day. But such works as the Bible of Stephanus, the classics of the Plantin Press, the masterpieces of Lyons, the little books of the Elzevirs, all possess conspicuous virtues of their own, however much they may differ one from the other. Who, on this hand, would disdain Plantin's exquisite "Apuleius," in which the Italic

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type of Aldus is used with admirable effect? Who, on that, would not feel rich in the possession of the first editions of "Rabelais," with their suggestion of the chap-book and the pedlar's pack?

So the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries brought with them an accomplished precision, which did not compensate for the vanished curiosity; and the art of printing followed as closely as might be the art of literature. It became humble or palatial, according to the character of the works which it expressed, and the first edition of Pope's "Homer" (for instance) is a proper index of that poem's character. Yet, there was still scope for individual talent; and the editions of the classics, printed by Baskerville, whether small or great, are worthy their occasion. Nor need we despair of the art as it is practiced to-day, though masterpieces are difficult to discover in the rubble which now encumbers us. At the outset, the printing press was the servant of theology and literature. The Bible, as in duty bound, took the first place, while Virgil and Cicero were not long neglected; but, long ago, the art of Gutenberg was degraded to the level of a cheap manaufacture, and the books of to-day are very much alike in form as in substance. Yet, the great tradition is unbroken, and the work of Messrs Constable, in Edinburgh, or of the De Vinne Press in America, need not blush ingloriously in the presence of the ancient masterpieces.

There is a fashion in printing as in the other arts, and the fashion of to-day still sets toward Pre-Raphaelitism, if we may accept the evidence of the bookseller's catalogue. It is significant, too, that the very imperfect exhibition at Mainz gave the place of honor, among the moderns, to the productions of the Kelmscott Press—significant, because, in dealing with our contemporaries, we commonly permit fashion, or *snobisme*, as they call it in France, to do duty for judgment. So it is that Mr. Morris's books are said to represent the culmination of an art. Of course, they represent nothing of the sort; but, none the less, they are eagerly bought, and as ardently admired. Their failure, moreover, is a genuine disappointment. Mr. William Morris united to a genuine enthusiasm for typography a profound knowledge of books. Being, besides, a practical craftsman, he should have produced a set of masterpieces, which might take their place on a shelf of ancient classics, and he did no more than establish the Kelmscott Press. His first mistake was deserting the straight

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path of tradition, to revert to an arbitrary moment of the past. But Pre-Raphaelitism was in his blood, and the Gothic type of Caxton allured him as surely as the primitive Italians allured his colleagues. His second mistake was to forget that simplicity and strength are the cardinal virtues of the printed page. So he crammed his books with ornament, confused text with illustration, and achieved not a sharp contrast of black and white, but a dull, mixed level of greyness. His books are unreadable, because, if the eye be busy in the separation of words from decoration, the mind cannot tire itself with literature; and because, whatever else a book may be, it is not an expensive, beribboned ornament for the drawing room table. No, if you would find the last link in the chain which binds our own time to the time of Gutenberg, you must look to Edinburgh. The edition of "Don Quixote," for instance, which the Messrs. Constable printed some two years since is neither affected nor archaistic. It does not confound the mistakes of a primitive master with excellence, and the artist who designed it remembers that he is designing not a wall paper nor an architectural embellishment, but a book. So a book it is, simple and austere, with just that suggestion of eld which should make its appearance appropriate to its author. And, as we may read it with comfort, we may look back to it with pleasure, as a fit companion for the classics printed by the masters of the craft.

"Printing," said Lamartine in a rhetorical pamphlet, "is the telescope of the soul." The image is fantastic and sentimental, yet it is not unjust. Printing it is that reveals to us "the soul" of Homer and of Aristophanes; and, once you admit the metaphor which was fashionable fifty years since, you must admit also the truth of the aphorism. Printing, then, in its best aspect, is the telescope of the soul, and it is as such that we have considered it. But printing has another aspect, which suggests neither telescopes nor souls. It has long been the servant of what is grandiloquently called the Press; it is the handmaiden of such cheap contrivances as publicity and the dissemination of news. Gutenberg, of course, could not have foreseen the terrific consequences of his invention. Why should he fear a dangerous popularity, when he could not find the wherewithal to build his press? Like many another great man, he was too deeply interested in his work, to speculate on its effect; and he sat him down to the composition of his Bible without wasting a thought upon the "extra special,"

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which was most surely to follow. By a strange irony he destined his invention for the enlightenment of future ages, and though, for a few, it remains the "telescope" of Lamartine, the most of men regard it as an instrument of cheap learning and unblushing curiosity.

But the most curious circumstance is this: The world is not yet used to the printing press. The artist who invented it was born half a thousand years ago, and printing remains to-day "the black art" that it was called in 1455. The people still believe that there is some deviltry in it. How often do we hear confiding country folk murmur, "Why, I saw it in the papers," as though the mere multiplication of a statement by a rapidly running machine was proof conclusive of its truth! And the influence of the "Press" is solidly based upon this ignorance. Printing, in fact, has created power without responsibility. A statesman must some day answer for his sins, but a newspaper need but trim its sails with a little cunning, and it may defy the assaults of time and chance. There is Gutenberg's invention to aid it, and there is human credulity upon which it may trust; and, suppose it does mislead the people, the people, also, have a short memory, and inaccuracy is soon forgotten.

When Gutenberg's invention was first made public, neither kings nor ministers divined its possibilities of harm. But its power was soon apparent, and licenses and privileges were granted or withheld. Then, as newspapers became more numerous and clamored more loudly, they were partially controlled by stamps and paper-taxes, and a Free Press was chosen by the Radicals as their most valiant battle cry. After the Radical method, statement took the place of reason; and, without any argument, unlicensed printing was hung as a "palladium" (to use the cant term) upon the statue of Liberty. In vain it was urged that man, being fallible, was not to be trusted with so powerful a weapon as an uncensored newspaper; in vain it was pointed out that the possession of sufficient money for a press and a wad of paper was not a guarantee of knowledge or good feeling. The Radicals would not have it; they had made their axiom, and for them all was over but shouting, and they shouted so loudly that England, France and America rejoice to-day in a free Press. Those who argue from their inclination are confident that the cause of freedom is safe in the power of our newspapers. We may be permitted to take a less

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optimistic view, and to regret the day when stamps were a check upon enterprise, and when the tax upon paper enriched the treasury.

What advantages, then, has an untrammelled Press conferred upon the world? In the first place, it has done its best to destroy sincerity, and to make privacy impossible. Once it was necessary for a man to base an opinion upon inquiry or research; he may now turn to his leading article and find an opinion ready made. He believes what he reads, as though he had discovered it for himself, and thus finds all things possible to him, save sincerity. Moreover, if only Gutenberg could return to the world, with what astonishment would be behold his art, fit for delicacy and learning, used to record the tittle-tattle of a not too refined society? Would he not feel shame at his own invention, when he witnessed the ardent ingenuity wherewith men and women intrigue to obtain press notices for themselves and their friends, the active indiscretion wherewith the journals belittle the heroes of our time? And might he not justly refute Lamartine, declaring that the printing press is not the telescope, but the microscope, of the soul?

The moral effects of printing are bad enough, but they are limited to the individual, and may pass with time. Far more dangerous, if we may believe the ambitious voice of journalism, are its political effects. We are constantly told that a newspaper, provided only it be "yellow" enough, may ensure peace or drive a country to war. If this be true, then are the dangers of life too great to be encountered; for we cannot believe that journalists are better than other men; and we should run a risk, indeed, if we confided our fortunes to a dozen bishops, say, or to a dozen lawyers, chosen by their money bags, and owing a responsibility to no man.

But, argue the newspapers in defence, it is the Press of the world which disseminates truth. Does it? If only it had an equal power to disseminate truth and falsehood, we might be content. Yet truth remains at the bottom of the well, while falsehood floats insolently to the surface. The last year has proved beyond a possibility of doubt the omnipotence of typography in the distribution of lies. Look at the press of Brussels, for instance, and discard every expression of genuine opinion. You will find remaining a mass of falsehood, which the miscreant who gave it to the compositor must have recognized for what it was. But the people saw it in the papers, and upon it framed an infamous opin-

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ion. The case is by no means bettered by the assertion, which may or may not be true, that the journals of Brussels are subsidized by Dr. Leyds. If they are thus subsidized, the danger is vastly increased, since it is evident that one intriguer may force a falsehood upon a whole people; may, in fact, sow the seeds of an international enmity, whose consequences none may foresee!

But in this intrigue Gutenberg played no part, and it would be monstrously unkind to saddle him with the responsibility, let us say, of M. Henri Rochefort. The evil wrought by his invention is for the moment more obvious than the good; yet it is not too sanguine to hope that the good will outlast the evil, that the nobly printed classics, the daintily fashioned poets of the Aldine press will still endure, when the cheap newspapers of to-day are a forgotten disgrace. At any rate, we may honour the first of all our printers, because he discerned only the dignified possibilities of his art, and reflect that all the elaborate machinery in the world cannot impair his achievement, nor dim his glory.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

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# NEW YORK AND ITS HISTORIANS.—II.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

All the destined depth and persistence of the power of Irving's ridicule, however, Verplanck could not clearly have foreseen in 1819. More impressive than his words are those of James Grahame, who was not a Dutch New Yorker, or an American of any sort, but a Scotch lawyer who never even visited this country. In 1827 he published the first portion of a long and, for its day, a remarkably good history of colonial times in the United States; and in a note to it he says:

"Founders of ancient colonies have sometimes been deified by their successors. New York is perhaps the only commonwealth whose founders have been assailed with ridicule from the same quarter. It is impossible to read the ingenious and diverting romance entitled Knickerbocker's History of New York without wishing that the author had put either a little more or a little less truth into it; and that his talent for humor and sarcasm had found another subject than the dangers, hardships and virtues of the ancestors of his national family. It must be unfavorable to patriotism to connect historical recollections with ludicrous associations; but the genius of Mr. Irving has done this so effectually that it is difficult for his readers to behold the names of Wouter Van Twiller, of Corlaer and of Peter Stuyvesant without a smile; or to see the free and happy colonists of New York enslaved by the forces of a despot without a sense of ridicule that abates the resentment which injustice should excite and the sympathy which is due to misfortune. * * * Probably my discernment of the unsuitableness of this writer's mirth is quickened by a sense of personal wrong, as I cannot help feeling that he has by anticipation ridiculed my topic and parodied my narrative. If Sancho Panza had been a real governor misrepresented by the prior wit of Cervantes, his posterior historian would have found it no easy matter to bespeak a grave attention to the annals of his administration."*

* Far from bringing Grahame the honor and profit he should have reaped, his book attracted scarcely any attention in England, and entailed upon him a loss of some £1,000. The first adequate notice of it, and the first of any kind printed in America, appeared three years after the issue of its earlier portions, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of January, 1831. This says that "Mr. Grahame, with a spirit able to appreciate his subject, has published what we conceive to be the best book that has anywhere appeared upon the early history of America." His materials

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What Grahame here says of his personal feelings is particularly instructive. There is indeed good reason to believe that, while the influence of Irving's book was helped by the paucity of veracious chronicles of early New York, it has acted as a deterrent in regard to their later production.

There have been many examples of the profound effect of literary skill combined with truth-telling—as in the rehabilitation of Cromwell by Carlyle. But probably no untruthful book ever had so great an effect as Irving's. Nothing in American literature can be compared with it excepting Peters's travesty of the blue-laws of Connecticut, and even this only remotely, for, although it was long and widely believed, the true facts were much better known in regard to Connecticut than to New York. Here, of course, we read part of the secret of Knickerbocker's power. If it had been a caricature of a well-known tale and of well-remembered persons, it would have done little harm. But it was less than a caricature—it was an almost baseless fantasy. Irving himself knew scarcely any facts upon which to build it up; and his readers, knowing as few, could not guess in how far he was over-emphasizing or under-emphasizing, or was simply drawing upon his imagination.

For example, in an early notice of Knickerbocker, printed in the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*—the precursor of the NORTH AMERICAN—it is said that to examine the book "seriously in a historical point of view would be ridiculous," but that "the few important events of the period to which it relates are, we presume, recorded with accuracy as to their dates and consequences." More illuminative even than the falsity of this statement is the artlessness of its "we presume." Very naïve also are certain comments upon Verplanck's address in the NORTH AMERICAN of 1819: "We are inclined to believe that a complete account of New Netherland and of the proceedings of the Dutch occupants while they possessed the government would exhibit their character to advantage." And the same unembarrassed lack of knowledge speaks again in that often-quoted declaration of Chancellor Kent, made before the Historical Society in 1828, which, like the

were very scanty compared with those of to-day, yet his account of early New York is juster than some that have recently been written, partly because of the wise distrust with which he regarded Trumbull and certain other New England writers. It is a pity that even in America Grahame's name and work are now so generally forgotten.

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Knickerbocker caricature, has done much to discourage the study of our past—the declaration that "the Dutch colonial annals are of a tame and pacific character, and generally dry and uninteresting."

But there was another reason, in addition to its own literary merit and the general lack of historical knowledge, which helped the vogue of Knickerbocker. It expressed a frame of mind that prevailed in its time in every English-speaking community, and had thus prevailed for generations.

When the commercial life of England began to develop, Holland's was already the most flourishing in the world; when England was torn by political and religious feuds, Holland was the world's house of refuge, its only exponent of political liberty and religious toleration; and when England's naval power grew strong, Holland's was its only rival. Dread, jealousy, and envy, embittered by the hatred of religious intolerance for free speech and free thought, nourished a national antagonism to the Dutch, and, as almost always happens with such a feeling, it tried to mask itself as contempt. For generations the literature of England in nearly every branch was flavored by the national hatred for Holland, and the sentiment thus expressed was transplanted to America in the baggage of the immigrant. Puritans and Pilgrims, one might think, would have been purged of it by the weight and the nature of their direct personal debt to the Protestant Netherlands. But if they acknowledged this debt in some degree while tarrying on Holland's hospitable soil, in England they thought and spoke as abusively of Dutch tolerance as did continental Catholics and Lutherans. And in New England the Old World obligation was soon forgotten in the sense of what Puritans and Pilgrims owed to themselves; and themselves they regarded as God's peculiar people, or (to quote the words of a Netherlander commenting upon these facts), as "saints to whom the earth belonged."

To New York also the antagonistic national feeling was transferred, from New England and from the mother country. There was, of course, much friendship between New Yorkers of dissimilar blood; as I have said, party lines were not drawn parallel with lines of descent; and in non-official social life the great Dutch families kept the lead during colonial times. Yet official prestige, official influence, and the connection of many prominent New Yorkers with the governor's "court" tended strongly to the

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exaltation of English ideas; and even after the Revolution had dimmed the old dividing lines and banished troops of Tory citizens, the classes that then formed the reading public had not forgotten, in their attachment to the new Republic, their sentimental and literary regard for English precedent and current example. Verplanck deplored the fact that his fellow-citizens, even before the appearance of the Knickerbocker History, had "imbibed much of the English habit of arrogance and injustice toward the Dutch character," falling in with the temper of English writers who had long been accustomed "to describe the peculiar manners and customs of Holland with a broad and clumsy exaggeration." I need hardly note that Irving's own sympathies, as shown in many of his books, turned strongly toward England, and he was a type of his large circle. Therefore, although a few Dutch New Yorkers protested against his New York book, the mood in which he wrote exactly suited the mood of most of those for whom he wrote. Naturally, his welcome in England was as warm as at home; and New England forgave his jeers at her own founders in her amusement at the more plentiful ridicule heaped upon those whom she had formerly been in the habit of calling her "noxious neighbors."

A curious little instance of the prevailing point of view was the fastening upon New York of the nickname "Gotham." This, say the dictionaries, is the name of a town in Nottinghamshire, which as early as the fourteenth century grew proverbial because of the "simplicity" or the "rusticity and stupidity" of its inhabitants. I have found in no dictionary a reference to the first application of the name to New York, although I do find a statement that its derivative, "Gothamite," was first employed by Irving in the Salmagundi papers. But whoever may be responsible for its transplantation, this evidently betrays the English spirit which, quite disregarding the facts in the case, always chose to ridicule Hollanders as Bœotians. New Yorkers have had many faults and deficiencies, but they have never been simple, slow, or stupid. Yet Gothamites they were called, with as much contempt and as little intelligence as were shown in New England when the Dutch word *boer* was translated *boor* and accepted in the modern English sense. These New World terms, indeed, are parallel in spirit to one that is still commonly used in the Old and the New World both, and in New York as well as New

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England. When, to mark his dullness or awkwardness, we call a man a "Dutchman," we now fancy that we are referring to German traits, although with an incorrect word. But we are really echoing the jealousy, masked as contempt, that England long ago developed for her great rival, Holland.

Critical Letters on Smith's History were written in his lifetime by Cadwallader Colden, and Remarks on the same book by Judge Samuel Jones, but they were hardly known until published by the Historical Society. Jones's account of New York during the Revolution is better remembered, and so is Horsmanden's story of the Negro Plot of 1741, printed in 1810. But a second attempt at a full history of city and State was not made until 1824. Yates and Moulton then published one. James Macauley followed with three large volumes of a similar sort in 1829, and ten years later Dunlap with two volumes. But none of these has much merit—Dunlap's far less than his histories of the development of the theatre and of the fine arts in America. Up to his time no one had studied the old municipal or provincial records. Thus there was no basis for veracious accounts of New Amsterdam, and every chapter in the later story of New York suffered from this cause as well as from insufficient inquiry into its own foundations. But a change for the better was at hand.

Spurred by urgent petitions from the Historical Society, the Legislature began to take an interest in the mass of valuable papers which, after the Revolution, had been transferred from New York to Albany. In 1819 it ordered the translation of many of those in the Dutch language. The work was done (not very well) by Dr. Van der Kemp, a Hollander; and his product was bound in twenty-six volumes of manuscript. Then, in 1841, the Legislature authorized the investigation and transcription of all papers relating to the history of the State that could be found in England, France, and Holland, and appointed as its agent for this purpose Mr. John Romeyn Brodhead, who had been for some time attached to the American legation at The Hague. For more than three years Brodhead worked diligently at his difficult task, cordially welcomed and assisted by the French and the Dutch authorities, but coldly received and hampered by dense tangles of red tape in London. When, after his return, he arranged his transcripts, they filled eighty large manuscript volumes of very

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great historical value as illumining the history of the other colonies and of Canada, and for the first time revealing the substrata of our own.

But again a singular mischance must be noted. In the State archives at The Hague Brodhead found some valuable documents, but he was told that the bulk of those relating to New Netherland were owned by its former proprietors, the West India Company. Applying at the offices of this company in Amsterdam, he learned that all its papers earlier in date than the year 1700 had been sold as waste paper at public auction in 1821; and the widest advertising failed to bring to light any that referred to New York. Thus Brodhead gleaned only twenty years too late, but with a serious diminution in the number of his sheaves; and, as in the case of the records which Stuyvesant would not permit Van der Donck to see, the things that fate chanced to suppress were again the ones that we should hold most precious now. It is indeed with covetous thoughts that we read, in a document once sent by the Dutch to the English Government, that "very perfect registers, relations, and journals" of the West India Company were then in existence. Now, excepting for certain land-patents, the records of the government of New Netherland begin only with the year 1638, and even after that time they are not complete, for all letters prior to 1646, as well as the Council Minutes for a term of four years, have disappeared. Therefore, while a true history of New Amsterdam can now be compiled, the full history of its first twenty-five years cannot be deciphered.*

The interest awakened by Brodhead's discoveries led to the arrangement and binding of two hundred volumes of domestic papers which had previously been in a disorderly condition; and in 1849 the Legislature commissioned Dr. O'Callaghan to print a series of the most valuable documents owned by the State. The result was four very large volumes, known as the Documentary History of New York, which contain, among many others, a few of the treasures that Brodhead had found. But it had already been proposed that these treasures should be translated and

* Little was written at any time about New Netherland in its mother country. Even the history of it published by Lambrechtsen in 1818 is superficial and incorrect, for, although he wrote before the dispersion of the old records of the West India Company at Amsterdam, he explains that he could not get access to them, and could not even find a copy of the Remonstrance written by Van der Donck for the people of New Netherland in 1649—the most important document of its time. Nevertheless, his book was of service as inspiring a few New Yorkers to take an interest in the past of their town.

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printed in full. The matter was referred to a select committee of the Senate which, in 1845, reported favorably upon it. And one paragraph of the report is worth quoting, for very seldom indeed can a citizen of any American State have been so severely arraigned before the representatives of its people on a non-political charge:

"It is the misfortune of this State that its early founders have been held up to the ridicule of the world by one of its most gifted sons, who has exhausted the resources of his wit and satire in exposing imaginary traits in their characters, while the most polished efforts of his graver style have been reserved to adorn the Corinthian columns of the more aristocratic institutions of foreign countries."

Then the report quotes part of those words of James Grahame which I have already cited; and, it continues:

"To remove the reproach thus thoughtlessly attached to the annals of our State, it is only necessary to bring to light the true character of its early colonists, whose fatherland ranked at that period among the foremost nations of Europe in point of commercial wealth and enterprise, and before all others in the freedom of its government. * * * The traits ascribed by the mock historian to the first settlers of New York can scarcely be supposed to have characterized such a people; on the other hand, the manly virtues they displayed amid the toils and hardships of colonial life * * * deserve a very different commemoration at the hands of their descendants and successors."

The publication of Brodhead's finds was begun in 1853. He supplied a general introduction; but the work of translating and editing, and of compiling an index which fills one very large quarto volume, was entrusted to Dr. O'Callaghan. In all he sent forth eleven such volumes, and they are generally cited as the Colonial Documents, although their real title is Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York. Their value to the students of any of our northern colonies cannot be over-estimated, yet their adequate, intelligent presentation forms only a small part of the debt we owe to O'Callaghan. No other name stands nearly as high on the roll of those that have served our State with the historian's pen as the name of this Catholic Irishman who chanced to settle in Albany in 1837, and for many years was the keeper of the State archives. Indeed, no other name, I think, stands as high as his on the list of those who have done pioneer work among the long-neglected sources of American history. His interest in the anti-rent troubles that continued so long throughout the districts comprised in the great colonial

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estate of the Van Rensselaers first led him to look into the local records. Amazed by their multitude and their importance, he learned the Dutch tongue and devoted his life to the work thus opened before him, pushing his investigations far beyond the borders of New York. He was the first to call attention, for example, to the extraordinary value of those Jesuit Relations which Parkman afterward turned to such good account. His influence was very helpful in deciding the authorities to send Brodhead to Europe; and when he saw the results of this enterprise, his own ardor deepened. It would be impossible here to name a tenth part of the major and minor publications bearing upon the history of our State which we owe to his indefatigable efforts. But the most conspicuous of them is a History of New Netherland, or New York under the Dutch, the first volume of which appeared in 1846, and the second in 1850. Certain sources of information now available were unknown in O'Callaghan's day. Therefore a few serious errors crept into his book through his undue reliance upon the statements of English writers, the most unfortunate being his acceptance of the apocryphal story of Argall's visit to Manhattan in the year 1613. Also, one or two singular slips may be noted, like the giving of the year 1624, instead of 1626, as that when Governor Minuit arrived and purchased Manhattan from the Indians. But except for these few blemishes, the History of New Netherland is a work of admirable accuracy, while it is as comprehensive and detailed as any student could wish; and our admiration for it grows when we remember that, at the time when it was written, not only the papers preserved at Albany but also those collected by Brodhead were still in manuscript.

This, the first account of the Dutch period in New York that was true, or that even approached to fullness, was quickly followed by another, written by Brodhead and published in 1853 as the first volume of a History of the State of New York which he intended to carry down to his own times. A second volume, ending with the year 1691—with the close of the Leisler epoch—was issued in 1871. But Brodhead died in 1873, and a third volume which he left in manuscript has not yet been printed. Nor has any one else yet written a full and accurate history of New York in the eighteenth century.

But with two good and full histories of New Amsterdam in

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print for half a century, why are the mendacities of Knickerbocker still so potent? We still may say, almost as truly as George William Curtis in 1859, that "we all see the Dutch as Irving painted them," and that "when we speak of our doughty Governor Stuyvesant * * * we mean, not the governor of the histories, but of Diedrich Knickerbocker." Why has the influence of a burlesque not sensibly weakened, although, now that the taste in humor has changed, it works chiefly in traditional, indirect ways?

Partly because an indirect, traditional influence is the very hardest to shake off; but partly because neither O'Callaghan nor Brodhead had the qualities that tend to popularize historical information.

O'Callaghan's voluminous work is packed on every page with interesting facts; yet it is one of the most uninteresting and most exasperating of valuable books. In manner it is heavy, dry, and dull; and in arrangement it is so rigidly chronological that the complex tale it tells is very hard to follow. Each thread in the twisted skein of events with which it deals is constantly being dropped in favor of another, and therefore no phase of the story is so painted that it stirs the imagination or the sympathies, or even makes a clear impression on the memory. In short, O'Callaghan's book is a book of annals, a minutely faithful chronicle, not a vitalized history conceived with the true story-teller's feeling for the picturesque or the true historian's sense for proportion and for light and shade. It excited great interest among scholars, but it could not catch or hold the public's eye. No one, I think, could read it through for pleasure; and in spite of its exceptional worth to the student, even he must find it a sore test of his patience, his selective and co-ordinating faculties, and his memory as well.

To say this is not to detract from O'Callaghan's claims upon our gratitude, for the main need in a book that told an important historical tale for the first time was that it should be a full reservoir of authentic facts. The real misfortune was that a writer did not at once arise to put O'Callaghan's facts into better literary shape. Brodhead was not the man. His style has more ease than his predecessor's, his manner more warmth and color, his method rather more perspective, and his story much more clearness. Yet his book is also for the student, not for the general reader. "His chief merit," says one of his critics, "is his

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admirable co-ordination of an immense mass of material covering a vast circuit of investigation," which is not quite the same as the presentation of facts and their meanings in a way to impress the popular mind. "His own mind," the same critic says, "was legal rather than judicial," and this fact not only injured the value of his book from the philosophical point of view, but impaired its trustworthiness in regard to special facts. Sometimes he is led far astray from the true historical mood by his sympathy with one party in the action; and this is notably true of the pages which we should be most glad to find impartially, judicially written; his account of Leisler's times is narrowly unfair.

Nevertheless, Brodhead's book is still the best we have about seventeenth-century New York; and nothing approaching in scholarly completeness to this or to O'Callaghan's New Netherland has since been written about our city or State. In the shape of special histories of the city we have had Valentine's (1853); Booth's (1859); Lossing's (1884); Lamb's (1877-1880); Todd's (1890); Roosevelt's (1891), and the four large volumes called the Memorial History of the City of New York. These are practically all; and among recent histories of the State the only ones that call for mention are Roberts's (1887) and Brooks's (1888). The unfamiliarity of some of these names is proof enough that the books to which they are attached were not successful in the sense of working a revolution in the popular attitude toward colonial New York; nor were the others more efficacious. In truth, there is not one book on the list that shows real literary skill and charm, and not one that is accurate, if, perhaps, we except Roberts's (in the series called American Commonwealths); and this, of course, gives comparatively little space to the life of the city on Manhattan. It is the best book, however, to put into the hands of one who wants a brief account of the life of the State; while Miss Booth's, I think, is for popular use the best that deals specifically with the city because, although it is superficial and often incorrect, it is at least agreeable to read. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt evidently did not take the time to examine any original sources, or even to secure a right perspective while following current versions of the history of his town; for example, after falling into a multitude of errors with regard to Jacob Leisler's deeds, he fails to mention the fact that the parliament of England reversed the verdict pronounced against him in the



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provincial court. On the other hand, Mrs. Lamb's great industry led her so far into side paths of biography, tradition, and gossip that her book is too bulky for general reading while not scientific enough for trusting reference. And the Memorial History edited by James Grant Wilson and written by different hands, after the pattern set by Justin Winsor in the Memorial History of Boston, fell far below its model. It was not conceived with the same breadth and thoroughness; it was not edited at all in Winsor's sense of the term, and some of its authors were unwisely chosen. With a few admirable chapters it contains a number of poor ones, and as a whole it lacks both cohesion and authority.

There is still no history of our city which is either as scholarly in grasp, as accurate in detail, or as interesting in manner as it should be. Yet during the past fifty years so great an amount of good material has been accumulated that it might well have attracted a skilful hand. In fact, one such hand was attracted, but again mischance came into play. When Douglas Campbell published in 1892 his Puritan in Holland, England, and New England, he intended it as an introduction to a history of the City of New York. But again death defrauded us. The popularity of his Puritan, which ran through four editions within a year, and the influence it has had upon students (conspicuously shown, for example, in recent rewritings of the story of New England), assure us that a history of our city from the same pen would have made a mark that would have gone far to obliterate the one so deeply cut by Irving. Even as it is, more in this direction has been done by Campbell than by all the historians of New York put together. Perhaps he would have told the city's story in rather too "filio-pietistic" a way. But in this case this particular sin would not have been very sinful. It is certain that any exaggeration of the merits of the New Netherlanders or of the strength of their influence upon the future of the Republic would have been discounted by ingrained prepossessions. In fact, the over-accentuations to be found in the Puritan have been thus discounted, even to excess.

It must be said, however, that while the book we need should possess the literary charm and force which so greatly helped the influence of Campbell's Puritan, it cannot be undertaken as a merely literary task. As there is no full reservoir of authentic

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facts for the whole story of the eighteenth century, and as even O'Callaghan and Brodhead sometimes seem mistaken in the broader light of to-day, every step in a popular version would have to be based upon a personal study of the masses of original documents that city and State have printed, of many others published by other agencies, of the histories of neighboring colonies, and of the fragmentary products of a long list of writers who have touched in some way upon the story of the City of New York. Watson, Benson, J. Carson Brevoort, Gulian C. Verplanck, H. C. Murphy, Horatio Seymour, J. F. Jameson, Dexter North, James W. and Frederick de Peyster, John Gilmary Shea, John Austin Stevens, Henry Tuckerman, George Schuyler, Dr. Da Costa, O. H. Marshall, Robert Ludlow Fowler, William Elliot Griffis, Edward Eggleston, Berthold Fernow—these and many more have published chapters of our colonial history, or comments upon certain phases of it, which no future historian can neglect.

I have thus far avoided all reference to the most recently written book that tells the story of colonial New York. No histories of America have been as popular as Mr. John Fiske's; and when he announced that his Beginnings of New England and his Old Virginia and Her Neighbors would be followed by two similar volumes called The Dutch and Quaker Colonies, much was expected in the way of profit and pleasure. These volumes have now appeared, but a book that is so sure to pass into the hands of many thousands of readers cannot be dismissed in a paragraph. I hope to speak about it in detail in a forthcoming number of this REVIEW.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

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# MEMORIES OF MAX MÜLLER.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

"THE day cannot judge the day," said Goethe, and the remark finds illustration in the history of many a great scholar and educator. The student reads in old books with a kind of envy the stories of Alcuin founding seats of learning in France, with Charlemagne and his noblemen for pupils, of Roger Bacon at Oxford, of Erasmus at Cambridge, but too often fails to recognize the same men when they reappear in his own teachers—his Agassiz, Jowett, Max Müller. But were Goethe living, he would recognize that the world at large has attained a degree of literary solidarity which secures for each great teacher a class in every nation: the day can esteem if not estimate its own light, and the thinking brotherhood no longer suffers the shame of paying only to a leader's dust the homage denied to his living presence. In the thirteenth century, when the renown of Roger Bacon was drawing studious men to Oxford from all parts of Europe, those who came last found him in prison on account of the novelties he taught *(propter novitates quasdam suspectas)*; in our time an Oxford professor, teaching novelties at which his great predecessor would have shuddered, was similarly sought and found weighted with honors. From fifty colleges and learned societies—European, American, Indian—Max Müller received honors, and ten governments invested him with orders. These honors were spontaneously conferred; he never sought anything but the Sanskrit professorship; and he even declined the coveted F. R. S. because it involved functions that might draw him away from his tasks at Oxford.

Having for more than thirty years known Max Müller personally, and had good opportunities for witnessing the growth of his mind and his influence, I was much impressed by some char-

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acteristics of the memorial meeting held at Columbia University. The large assembly of cultured people was addressed by eminent educators in different institutions, men occupied with various branches of learning, and the most striking feature of every tribute was its pervading sentiment of personal gratitude to the teacher whose labors had ended. Apparently none of the speakers had known Max Müller personally, and only one—Professor Richard Gottheil—mentioned having seen him; not one appeared to have adopted his peculiar theories; but each had his grateful debt to pay. He had opened for one his field of research; he had stimulated others to their tasks; he had enriched all by his literary and linguistic masterpieces. What are incidental *errata* of a pioneer in unexplored regions compared with this creation of a scholarly race able to correct the mistakes? The master sat at his mighty task, assiduous, unwearied: now his hands are folded on his breast; his case goes to the jury of scholars, and their verdict will everywhere confirm that of the professor of Philosophy at Columbia University: "In a generation rich in scholars no one could be called greater than Max Müller."

Especially impressive were the simple words of the Hindu speaker at the meeting, the Swami Abhedananda, who spoke always of the deceased scholar as "our friend." Max Müller was indeed the greatest friend India ever had. He not only exhumed for the young Hindus whom England was educating the literature of their race, but gave them the means of understanding it. Wherever I went in India I usually met the students and the pundits, and a number of the titled men, and all of these, of whatever caste or sect, regarded Max Müller as the greatest of mankind, and I was charged with messages entreating him to visit India. This enthusiasm of the cultured influenced even the illiterate, insomuch that when his illness was announced in India special sacrifices were offered in the temples for their "friend." For the many Hindu students in England Max Müller's house was a sort of shrine. His hospitality to them was pathetically noble. Most of them spoke good English, but he could converse with them in their mother-tongue, and it was beautiful to listen—occasionally I enjoyed that happiness—to his sympathetic talk with them on their studies and their religious ideas. These pilgrims sometimes carried to him even their personal sorrows. Once there presented himself before him a fine-looking Hindu in threadbare dress, who

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began addressing him excitedly in Sanskrit. Few Hindus can speak Sanskrit, and Max Müller at once recognized an extraordinary man beneath the poor garb. When he answered in Sanskrit and asked the youth to take a seat, and cordially grasped his hand, the Hindu wept. He had a sad story to tell. A Brahman of high caste, Nilakantha Goreh by name, learned in Oriental literature, he had for years studied the various religions, and reached faith in that taught by Jesus. It involved martyrdom. At the nearest Mission he announced his conversion. He was deprived of his caste and cast out by his relatives. The stupid missionaries called him "Nehemiah," sent him to their book establishment in London, and there he was set to the lowest drudgery. "A negro slave could hardly be worse treated," said Max Müller. For a long time that was endured by this most learned convert to Christianity ever known in India. At last he fled, and, knowing by repute just one man in England, found his way to Oxford and to that man. The penniless Hindu scholar was at once installed as a guest in Max Müller's home, and there wrote a useful little work on the Vedantic philosophy.

Max Müller appeared to have a mission to individual minds. To every thinker his heart and home were always open, and intolerance was absolutely unknown to him. "You know I do not mind difference of opinion," he wrote me, in relation to criticisms on his Hibbert lectures (Origin and Growth of Religion, etc.); and concerning some comments I forwarded he wrote: "I liked Bradlaugh's articles—they show one of the many possibilities of misunderstanding." He never showed the slightest heat when discussing a religious question, however fundamental, but he once wrote a rather stern note about the dismay into which some of us were thrown by certain fanatical proceedings of the leader of the Brahmo-Somaj in India, Keshub Chunder Sen. When this leader visited England (1870) his first discourse was given in Martineau's chapel, his second in mine, and all rationalists, including some of the clergy (Dean Stanley, of course) united to give him a grand welcome. This was reported in India and gave his theistic movement a great sanction. But some years later not only Keshub Chunder Sen, but some of his nearest followers, gave themselves up to such superstitious extravagances that their London supporters were compromised. This was especially the case with Max Müller, for just at that time the *Indian Mirror*

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(Brahmo-Somaj organ at Calcutta) printed extracts from his private letters, praises of the Brahmo movement, that seemed to carry his support to the new fanaticism. A printed lecture of my own being liable to the same misinterpretation, I asked Max Müller whether some mild protest was not needed. He was at first inclined to think there must be misunderstanding or exaggeration in the stories coming from Calcutta, which he, too, had heard: "Nothing is so easily misrepresented as Oriental phraseology. You remember a beautiful prayer that Colenso quoted, and people laughed at it because it began, 'Oh, Ram! oh, Ram!' (*i. e.*, Rama). I enclose you some letters from Keshub Chunder Sen and Mozoomdár. They will show you whether these men are fools or knaves." It was not, however, a question of what was said, but of wild performances—a combination of dervish dances and Roman Catholic rites—and in 1881 the scandal in Calcutta and in London became so acute that silence became impossible. Being in America that year, I did not see what Max Müller wrote, but it was characteristic that his deprecation of the performances should take the form of a quasi-defense of severely censured Sen. He wrote me, December 21, 1881:

"Although I am busy with other matters, I could not resist saying a few words for K. Chunder Sen—not that I am not afraid that he has overstrained his brain and may break down altogether, but because I hate ingratitude. That excellent man (and I feel confident of his honesty and freedom of vanity in the beginning) has spent himself—some wheels in the machine with which he worked are out of order—surely he should be treated with kindness—if anything can restore him, it is kindness and sympathy and gratitude. It is the old story of the squeezed-out orange—we do not want that any more, let us throw it out of the window."

Max Müller never, I think, met the Brahmo leader. Had he known him or listened to his sermons he must have realized that, however good-hearted, Sen had not the culture or the wisdom to establish any really important movement. He had not the wit to recognize that the grand welcome he received in England and the crowds attending his sermons—wearisome rhapsodies—were all due to the interest in India awakened by the long labors of Max Müller. But, for that matter, how many philologists, orientalists, anthropologists are aware that before Max Müller's time such investigators as themselves were voices in the wilderness? Dean Stanley remarked (I quote from memory): "In my early life few knew even the name of Buddha; now he is second to but one

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other." It was this Oxford scholar who created audiences for such studies, enthusiasts for "The Light of Asia," and devout readers for the forty-nine Sacred Books of the East which he has placed in our hands—the most important ethical service ever done by any man for mankind.

When the phonograph was invented, one of its first appearances was at the house of J. Fletcher Moulton, Q. C. (now M. P.). A fashionable company, among them some eminent men of science and men of letters, gathered around the novelty, and Max Müller was the first called on to utter something in the phonograph. We presently heard issuing from it these sounds: *Agnim île purohitam yagnasya devam ritvigam—hotâram ratnadhâtamam.*

There was a burst of merriment when these queer sounds came from the machine, but a deep silence when Max Müller explained that we had heard words from the oldest hymn in the world—the first (if I remember rightly) in the Vedas: *"Agni I worship —the chief priest of the sacrifice—the divine priest—the invoker —conferring the greatest wealth."* And then the young people gathered around the smiling scholar, to learn, no doubt, that the hymns had all passed through thousands of years, in a phonographic way, each generation uttering precisely what was poured into its ear by the preceding generation, until their language died, to be recovered in the West, where for the first time the real meaning of Agni, and human significance of the hymns, were studied and known. However, I did not hear exactly what the Professor said to the eager inquirers, but stood apart observing the picturesqueness of the scene, and finding in it something symbolical of the whole career of the polite scholar. He had evoked from the oral Sanskrit phonograph the ancient Aryan literature and mythology; the thin, metallic voices became real and cast their poetic spell not merely on the learned, but on fashionable young ladies and gentlemen in drawing-rooms, throughout Europe and America, adding vast estates to their minds, delivering them from the mere pin-hole views of humanity and of the universe to which our ancestors were limited.

I read in a New York paper that Max Müller was "somewhat vainglorious." This is so contrary to my own impressions of the man, whom I have known in his home and in my own, and whose most famous lectures I heard, that I suppose it based on his having printed for personal friends, on September 1, 1893, the fiftieth

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anniversary of his Leipzig degree, a list of his publications, and of his honors, with portraits representing him at various periods of life. His friends were desirous of this unpublished Memorial, which was an "offering of sincere gratitude" in response to their congratulations. When it was sent out Max Müller was not an aspirant for further honors. Even had it been a published autobiography, would that have been "vainglorious"? I can imagine a stranger on first seeing him, especially if in university or court dress, associating some *hauteur* with his erect mien, his handsome, courtly look, and a certain military air characteristic of most high-born Germans. He was a very peculiar man: his virility was expressed in his ruddy face and sparkling eye, and some ancestral huntsman survived in him to such an extent that when on a walk with a friend he would at times unconsciously point his cane as if it were a spear, levelling it to his eye. The cane was pointed at nothing, unless at some point emphasized in discussion, wherein sweetness of speech was always his enforcement.

Max Müller was a man even of humility; he listened to the humblest person addressing him with strict attentiveness; he looked up to some who were really his inferiors. For his great contemporaries his love and reverence were boundless. Here are a few notes from the many private letters before me:

"I heard to-day that Emerson has sent £10 for the Carlyle monument in London. Could you not work a little among your friends and countrymen in London? I have read your paper, and I feel certain that no gossip would shake your loyalty to Carlyle's memory."

"I cannot tell you what a loss Kingsley is to us. I feel as if another cable had broken that held me fast to this life."

"How very sad the news of Bayard Taylor's death. He looked so strong in body and mind when I saw him at your house. He is the second who is gone before I could send him my [Hibbert] lectures, out of those few for whom they were specially written, and whose approval would have been a real reward. I send you his last letter to me. I thought you would like to see it, but please take great care of it and let me have it back soon. I feel deeply obliged to you for having enabled me to know your great countryman face to face."

"I have been reading your article on Emerson with great delight. He is a man I love, and grudge to America."

"Emerson's stay here was very delightful. Oxford has been proud of his visit."

"I send you the new edition of my Hibbert Lectures and of my Introduction to the Science of Religion (considerably altered and enlarged). It was dedicated to Emerson, but he was beginning to fade away when last he was here."

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"I feel cast down like yourself [at the death of Emerson], and have many more names to add to the death-roll of this year [1882] and the last. There seems no one left to work for and to look up to now. Ruskin is the only star of the first magnitude left, and he, I hear, is setting."

Emerson and his daughter Ellen were guests of the Max Müllers at Oxford, and he was there surrounded by the best men in the place—Ruskin, Jowett, Dodgson (author of "Alice in Wonderland"), Vice-Chancellor Liddell and others. Dr. Holmes and his daughter were also their guests (1886) for some days, and in "Our Hundred Days in Europe" there is a true little picture of the home in which so many Americans have been welcomed:

"We met there, at dinner, Mr. Herkomer, whom we have recently had with us in Boston, and one or two others. In the evening we had music, the professor playing on the piano, his two daughters, Mrs. Conybeare and her unmarried sister, singing, and a young lady playing the violin. It was a lovely family picture; a pretty house, surrounded by attractive scenery; scholarship, refinement, simple elegance, giving distinction to a home which, to us, seemed a pattern of all we could wish to see beneath an English roof. It all comes back to me very sweetly, but very tenderly and sadly, for the voice of the elder of the two sisters who sang to us is heard no more on earth, and a deep shadow has fallen over the household we found so bright and cheerful. Everything was done to make me enjoy my visit to Oxford."

That indeed was a heart-breaking event. "Life to me can never be again what it has been these fifty years of unbroken sunshine—but it may become something better." In January, 1888, he writes: "I became very fond of Wendell Holmes. I liked his books, and now I love the man—only life seems all over, and nothing remains but some duties to fulfill."

Not only eminent Americans were entertained at the charming home in Norham Gardens. They had a great many American friends, and were kept well posted in transatlantic phenomena and literature.

"I saw," he writes in August, 1883, "that Mr. Howells has been staying with you—a great artist, to judge from one or two sketches which I have lately been made to read by some American friends who are staying here at Oxford. I wish you would tell me what you consider his best book. Sacred Books, you know, are so long and tedious that they leave me little time for other reading, and I can only afford to read the best. I want description of real American life, not that constant theme of American novels—international episodes—metamorphic confusions produced by American volcanoes breaking through the smooth and hard stratification of European society. Please give me a few titles of such books—not too long, and worth reading."

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Max Müller appreciated very highly the work done in America in the researches which especially concerned him, and it will be seen by the following letter that he overestimated the interest of our political leaders in such things.

Cromer (Norfolk), 2 Tucker Street, 4 Sept., 1873.—"Many thanks for the Report of the American Philological Congress. It is particularly interesting to me as showing the rapid growth of national sympathy for philological researches, and I am truly pleased to find that American philologists begin to see in what field their labors would be most useful, viz., in the field of the Indian languages of America. I have urged the scientific study of these dialects on several American scholars whom I have had the pleasure of seeing from time to time at Oxford, and I have more than once spoken on the subject to some of your leading political men. To preserve what can still be preserved of the ancient stratum of aboriginal American speech is really a national duty, and considering how many distinguished scholars and philosophers you count in the bright ranks of your statesmen and ambassadors, I look forward hopefully to the time when your government will call upon the members of your philological societies to undertake this great work; a work which, if entrusted to proper hands, will reflect lasting honor on the enlightened spirit of your statesmen, and on the conscientious labors of your scholars.

"If such an exceptional stratum existed in Geology as is represented by the Indian languages in Glossology, think how eagerly students, both young and old, would rush to your quarries, how readily the government would lend its aid, particularly if it were known that in a few generations the whole of this stratum might be submerged and lost to us forever! Is the growth of language, is the history of the human mind, less important in our eyes than the growth of the crust of the earth? I know that to a certain extent the neglect of the study of these dialects is our own fault. Many philologists imagine that the Science of Language is chiefly concerned with classical languages, such as Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Hebrew or Arabic, and that the study of anything outside the pale of Aryan and Semitic speech is a mere parergon. Now, it is clear from the report of your Congress that such is not the view of some, at least, of its members. There can be no doubt that some of the most important problems of our science depend on the study of languages which are still, as it were, in a state of nature. The question of all questions, how and why language changes, will never be answered from a study of Sanskrit, but from a study of those few remaining nomadic languages which are still spoken by the aborigines of America, Polynesia, Melanesia, by the tribes on the borders of China, and, it may be, by some races in Africa. I am glad to see that some of my views on the changeability of the American languages have been canvassed at your Congress. I have no books here, and cannot recollect distinctly what I may have said in my Lectures on the American languages. I feel confident that what I stated was correct, according to the evidence then accessible to me. I wrote it at a time when I was much occupied with Indian dialects. I had a young Mohawk staying with me at Oxford, and while I was writing down from his mouth the first sketch that was ever made of a Mohawk grammar, I could see that

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even between his own expressions and those which he remembered to have been used by the old people of his tribe there were some grammatical differences arising from a less accurate distinction of dual and plural forms, and, if I remember aright, of the different genders of the implied object in verbal forms. If it can be proved that some of these Indian dialects change less than I thought, it will be of great importance, as showing that there was much more political or religious concentration among some of these tribes than is generally supposed. Only, we must be very careful in these researches. If a tribe is no longer growing and spreading, but gradually retiring and dying out, its language, like its customs, is sometimes preserved with a kind of religious respect, which keeps off phonetic decay, while dialectic regeneration is excluded by the very nature of the case. Languages in that stage are, of course, of little use for our purpose. I hope this may not be the case with all the Indian languages still spoken on American soil, for it would take away much of their interest for purely linguistic purposes, and make them more useless for the solution of the problems I have at heart. The term 'Literary languages' must not be misunderstood. It does not mean such languages only as possess a written literature, like English, or a traditional oral literature, like Lithuanian or Finnish or Lappish; it applies to languages also which, either through the influence of religion, laws and proverbs, or through contact with foreign nations, have become fixed and traditional. I prefer to call languages during these stages political rather than literary, because, whereas they exist, we may be certain that those who spoke them had at one time or other arrived at some kind of political concentration. But the name is of little consequence, as long as we clearly understand what we mean, which, to judge from the imperfect report of the Philological Congress, which you kindly sent me, has not been the case with all the speakers there. I hope Mr. Trumbull will soon give us the results of his Indian researches, and the more he can prove that I have erred, the more grateful shall I feel. Though at present I have little leisure left for these studies, I like to see in what direction they are followed up by younger scholars, to what results they lead, and what light they are likely to throw on the higher problems of our science. . . .

"And now I am almost ashamed when I see what a long epistle I have written. I promised my doctor to do nothing while enjoying the bracing air of Cromer, and, like a horse that has been idle for weeks in his stable, my pen, on being trotted out for the first time, has fairly run away with me. However, what I have written, I have written, and if you think it will be of interest to any of your philological friends in America, you may do with it as you like."

It appeared to me nothing less than a calamity that there should be any discordant note in the relations between Max Müller and his American *confrères*. Knowing well how eager he was to give credit to the humblest of us who were laboring in fields connected with his own, I felt that the personal attacks directed against him must be some curious survival of the old grammarian's curse—"May God confound thee for thy theory of irregular verbs!" I believe that Max Müller also had a feeling that it

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was his theory (that language and thought are inseparable) which had elicited the animadversions of Professor Whitney, up to the year 1874. But in that year, when he opened the International Congress of Orientalists in London with an admirable address, he became conscious of the personal ill-will felt by Professor Whitney's particular friends in Germany—notably by Weber, of Berlin. Max Müller had distributed in the assembly a printed copy of the last hymn of the Vedas, the close of the great work on which he had been engaged for twenty-five years. In his address he had honored the names of the German scholars present—Weber, Stenzler, Windisch, Spiegel, Haug, Pertsch. And all looked for some response from the great Sanskritist, Weber, who spoke English. But he remained silent. I believe Max Müller then believed that Professor Whitney was doing mischief.

In 1875, being for some days the guest of Professor Whitney at New Haven, I listened to his grievances, and took careful notes of them to convey to Max Müller on my return to England. This was done with his approval, and in the following May (1876), by Max Müller's request, I wrote to Professor Whitney, urging him to accept the proposal previously made by the Oxford scholar that all the points in dispute should be submitted to arbitration. Professor Whitney was to be allowed to himself select three professors from any country in Europe, and Max Müller pledged himself to abide by their decision. This proposal was urged in such terms of esteem as my affection for Professor Whitney suggested, but he could not see his way to say more than that if Max Müller chose to organize a tribunal he would appear before it with his defense. I never doubted that Professor Whitney had sufficient reasons, in nowise arising from any misgivings as to his own case, for virtually declining the proposed arbitration. The personal question was bound up with scientific questions, as he said, and a scholar might naturally be as unwilling to submit his opinions to arbitration as any thinker to so submit his creed. I have letters from both of these eminent scholars which I do not feel at liberty to print, but certain recent newspaper articles, whose disparagement of Max Müller I ascribe to this unhappy quarrel, have moved me to do my great friend the justice of declaring that it was not his fault, if fault there was, that the miserable misunderstanding was not healed in the only way that appeared open to him.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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# THE SUBMARINE BOAT AND ITS FUTURE.

BY JOHN P. HOLLAND.

WHEN the first submarine torpedo-boat goes into action, she will bring us face to face with the most puzzling problem ever met in warfare. She will present the unique spectacle, when used in attack, of a weapon against which there is no defense. You can pit sword against sword, rifle against rifle, cannon against cannon, iron-clad against iron-clad. You can send torpedo-boat destroyers against torpedo-boats, and destroyers against destroyers. But you can send nothing against the submarine boat, not even itself. You cannot fight submarines with submarines. The fanciful descriptions of the submarine battle of the future have one fatal defect. You cannot see under water. Hence, you cannot fight under water. Hence, you cannot defend yourself against an attack under water, except by running away. If you cannot run away, you are doomed. Wharves, shipping at anchor, the buildings in seaport towns cannot run away. Therefore, the sending of a submarine against them means their inevitable destruction.

To-morrow, if we had a fleet of submarines big enough, they could protect New York harbor completely against an attack by the combined surface fleets of the world. But our shipping and our city would still be at the mercy of our enemies, if they had even one submarine, manned by a fearless crew of experts. You could not mine against her, for she would countermine. You could not close the harbor against her, even with a net-work of torpedoes and chains stretched across the Narrows, reaching from the surface to the bottom of the channel. From a safe distance she would simply send a torpedo against the network that would blow it to pieces, giving her all the passage-way she wanted to go in and out. You could not chase her with a fleet of your own

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submarines, because you could more easily find a needle in a haystack than a sixty-five-foot cylinder in a place like New York Bay. And if, by accident, you did find her, she would be out of sight in a flash. Then, too, the pursuing boats could never tell under water whether it was one of their own number or of the enemy. This difficulty might be met by sending only one submarine in pursuit; but, in that case, the prospect of finding the quarry would be about as promising as dredging with a butterfly-net for a half-dollar that had been thrown into the bay.

No; as nearly as the human mind can discern now, the submarine is indeed a "sea-devil," against which no means that we possess at present can prevail. She can pass by anything above or beneath the waves, destroy wharves and shipping and warships at anchor, throw shells into the city and then make her way out again to sea. She can lie for days at the bottom of the harbor, leaving only when she has used up all her stored power except what is required to carry her back to the open, where she can come to the surface a speck on the water. She would never have to expose herself for more than a second at a time during all her work of destruction in the harbor. This would be when she rose to discharge her gun to shell the city. The recoil of the gun would send her down again and out of sight. The chance of hitting her would be one in a million, even if the harbor was a floating battery, which it would not be very long while the submarine was at work. Her torpedoes she could discharge without coming to the surface at all.

It may be that the tacticians can solve the problem. To me it is the most profound puzzle. To me there seems but one solution, and that is too Utopian for serious consideration. Nations with sea ports will have to refrain from making war. It is probably safe to trust the ingenuity of man to provide the means for preventing such a contingency.

But how the menace of the submarine is to be met nobody has at this time been able to say. The greatest minds in the armies and navies of the world are wrestling with the problem, but so far they have not succeeded in solving it. The genius of scores of inventors is groping in the same field, but so far without result. Still, there are many capable men who insist that, sooner or later, a weapon will be devised to fight the "sea-devil" when she attacks. Even these, however, are agreed that, in one direction at least,

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the "sea-devils" will remain unconquerable. They will make a close blockade impossible. With the investment of Santiago, the world, undoubtedly, saw the last instance of a harbor of a civilized nation being closed by hostile warships—that is, unless the next war comes with unexpected suddenness. Even to-day, no fleet of warships could safely lie within the five-mile limit deemed effective in blockading, if France was the object of the attack. Her fleet of submarines, small as it is, would make the enemy very uneasy. If necessary, the boats could be carried from one of her coasts to the other by rail. The six Holland boats building for the United States, though inadequate for general protection, would make a big hole in any blockading squadron that settled down in front of one of our great harbors. The squadron would have to face almost inevitable destruction, or put out to sea.

Those who question the efficiency of the submarine in other directions have been compelled to admit this. They still insist, however, that these boats will never have value as offensive weapons. They say that these boats cannot live away from home, and that, therefore, they will never be available in making war on a country across seas. They rank submarine boats simply as weapons of coast defense.

That this is erroneous will soon be demonstrated. A submarine is now under construction that will explode this theory. Not long after this article is published, she will start on a journey across the Atlantic. She will travel entirely under her own power. She will go first to Bermuda, a distance of 676 miles, then to Fayal, 1,880 miles, and thence to Lisbon, 940 miles, or a total of 3,496 miles. If it were deemed advisable, the trip could just as easily be made direct, without making a call at any intermediate port.

This boat will go on the surface almost exclusively. Her chief motive power will be a gasoline engine of 160 horse-power, that will drive her at the rate of nine and a half knots an hour. This engine will also generate the electric power that may be needed for submerged runs, and such work as may be deemed expedient in the harbors where she touches. Her crew will subsist entirely on the provisions she carries. The food will be cooked by electricity. The crew will consist of seven men, who will sleep in hammocks slung from the ceiling.

While this voyage will not be comfortable, judged from the

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standpoint of the regular trans-Atlantic travellers, it will not entail any real hardships. During storms or dirty weather the boat will run awash, only her turret showing above the surface, and, as the water will break over instead of against her, there will be no rolling. The boat will lie as steadily as a water-soaked log. She will be accompanied by a tender, probably a small tramp steamer. An extra crew will be carried on this tender, in case her own men find the confinement too much to endure for the sixteen days required in crossing the ocean.

This trip will show that it is possible to send a fleet of submarines against a foreign coast, as well as to employ them for defense at home.

We have been so busy up to this time in getting a hearing for the claims of the submarine as an engine of war that we have overlooked almost entirely her future usefulness in the pursuits of peace. Yet in this field she presents most fascinating possibilities. As a factor in commerce, there are great achievements before her. As an instrument of science, she has possibilities that no man may prescribe.

As soon as men overcome their fears and learn to go down beneath the water as readily as they now skim its surface, the progress of the submarine in commerce will be rapid. She has, along certain lines, such manifest advantages that her development is to be measured only by the length of time people may require to conquer the foolish dread of travelling under water.

Within the next ten years, we shall have made more progress in submerged navigation than has been made in the three hundred years that have just passed. Within that period, I expect to see submarine boats engaged in regular passenger traffic. Owing to the well-defined limitations that surround travel under water, it is no difficult matter to forecast what the nature of such travel will be.

For trans-Atlantic travel submarine boats will never be possible commercially. Here and there, no doubt, such boats will cross, but the regular ocean carrying-trade will always be conducted on the surface. For short trips, however, the submarine offers commercial advantages that will render it a dangerous rival of the surface-sailing vessel, if, indeed, it does not drive the latter entirely out of the competition in particular waters. Take, for example, the trip across the English Channel. No other water



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journey causes an equal amount of suffering. The most hardened traveller becomes seasick there. The fogs and heavy traffic are constantly causing collisions on that course, and the storms toss the stoutest boats about like cockleshells. Thousands are deterred every year by its dangers and annoyances from essaying that short voyage.

The submarine will effectually remove all these objections. There will be no seasickness, because in a submerged boat there is absolutely no perceptible motion. There will be no smells to create nausea, for the boats will be propelled by electric power taken from storage batteries, which will be charged at either end. The offensive odor that causes so much discomfort in surface boats is due to the heated oil on the bearings, and to the escaping steam. There will be no steam on these submerged channel boats, and the little machinery necessary to drive them will be confined within an air-tight chamber.

There will be no collisions, because the boats coming and the boats going will travel at different depths—say, one at twenty, the other at forty feet. The water overhead may be crowded with large and small craft, but the submarine will have a free, unobstructed course. She will be kept absolutely true to this course by means of cables running from shore to shore. On these cables will run an automatic steering gear attached to the submarine. Storms and fogs will have no existence for the traveller, for weather cannot penetrate below the surface of the water. There, everything is smooth and clear.

The appointments on such a vessel will be finer than anything that can be furnished on the surface. There will be no dampness, no stickiness. The passenger will enter a handsomely fitted cabin at Dover. Electric lights will make it cosey and bright. Neither the cold of winter nor the extreme heat of summer will be felt. The temperature under water is about the same all the year round.

Almost without a jar, the boat will put off from her dock on the English side. Practically no vibration will be felt from the smoothly running machinery. Before the traveller fairly realizes that a start has been made, the boat will be fast at her dock at Calais. The three or four hours consumed will be passed in reading, in sleep or in social intercourse, as pleasantly as though the traveller were at home in his own drawing-room. The nerv-

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ous old lady will have less to worry her than she would find on a drive through the streets of London or Paris. Her husband or son will find perfect comfort in a handsomely appointed smoking-room.

This is no dream. It is simply the forecast of a trip that I myself expect to make some day, and I am fifty-nine years old. It is so feasible commercially that capital in plenty will be found for its realization.

Had not the unreasonable prejudice against the submarine existed all these years, such a line might be seen in operation to-day.

Boats of this class will be more economical than the surface channel boats are to-day. The first cost, it is true, will be larger than that of constructing the present day craft; but, after that, with charging stations on either shore, the operating expenses will be much less.

These boats will be from 160 to 200 feet in length. Larger boats will never be feasible, unless we discover some better system of storing electricity than exists to-day—a contingency which is exceedingly doubtful.

To cross the Atlantic and to make any sort of speed, a submarine boat the size of one of the surface greyhounds would have to carry electric storage batteries weighing about six times as much as the vessel herself. No other motive power has been found that can be employed under water so well as electricity. Liquid air has been suggested, but nothing has ever been accomplished with it. The expenditure for power, therefore, stands as an absolute bar to commercial traffic across the ocean under water.

There are other objections, too, to general submarine travel across the Atlantic, objections that would prove insuperable even if the power problem were solved. First and foremost is the confinement. Few people could be found who would be willing to endure confinement for ten or twelve days in a limited, submerged space. The chief charms of an ocean voyage, sunshine and fresh air, would be gone. Even freedom from seasickness would not compensate for that. There could be no decks. Then, too, the danger from collision, which would be eliminated from short trips by the submarine, would here be heightened. There could be no cables for an automatic steering gear, and the vessel could not be relied on to hold her course safely, uninfluenced by ocean currents.

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In the domain of science, much may be expected of the submarine. With her aid, the bottom of the ocean will be safely explored at comparatively great depths. Just how far down we shall be able to go in her, no one at this time knows. Singularly enough, we have never ascertained the limit of safety—that is, the point where the weight of the water is so great that it will crush the stoutest submarine that could be built. It has been estimated that four hundred feet below the surface is the limit, but it may be a thousand feet, just as well, for all the definite information we have on the subject. Whatever the depth, it is certain to be much greater than any explorers have heretofore been able to reach in person, and the scientists are certain to take full advantage of the possibilities.

In certain submarine pursuits—such as wrecking, pearl and sponge fishing, etc.—a complete revolution will be wrought. Millions of dollars now lost to the world in submerged wrecks will be recovered, and the work of raising sunken ships will be a matter of days, instead of months, with the submarine's aid.

Lake's boat, built in Baltimore, has already given us an example of what may be expected along these lines.

The surveying of harbors and shoals and obstructions to navigation will be reduced to an exact science. Where now such surveys can be made only semi-occasionally, a perfect system of submarine patrol will be maintained.

Much missionary work will probably still have to be done before the people can be taught to take full advantage of the possibilities of submarine navigation. But the time is in sight when the prejudice against going through, instead of over, the water will have disappeared.

Experience teaches that, wherever its application is desirable, submarine navigation is the safest method of water travel we have. For more than three hundred years, there have been submarine boats. In all that time, only one life has been lost in a boat running beneath the water. When it is remembered that, during all these years, the craft employed has been experimental, this record is certainly marvellous.

What other system of transportation can show such a clear bill? From the stage coach to the locomotive, there is a steady trail of blood and death. Last year, 7,123 persons were killed on the railroads of America alone. The trolley, the innocuous, famil-

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iar trolley, that we board as blithely as we sink into a chair in our dining-room, numbers its victims by the thousands, though it has been at its work among us only eight or ten years. In the city of Brooklyn alone, over three hundred people have lost their lives since the first trolley spun merrily along the streets of that city.

The automobile, though it has passed the experimental stage, keeps the surgeons and the undertakers actively employed in attending to its daily victims, and this though its use is confined to persons of exceptional intelligence and training.

No one practically objects to travelling on the surface of the water to-day. Yet, from the time when man fashioned his first skin canoe, to the present day, when we go to Europe in floating palaces, the sea has given us a steady record of tragedies. It is no uncommon thing for a whole shipload of people to go down into the depths.

When, in contrast with these experiences, it is remembered that only one life has been lost in a submerged boat, it must be agreed that the objection to submarine travel is a superstition.

For twenty-one years I have been experimenting with submarine craft. I have travelled in submerged boats under all sorts of conditions and with all sorts of crews. All my work has been experimental, the most dangerous stage of any mode of travel. Yet I have never had an accident. On one occasion, an engineer who thought he knew more about my boat than I did gave me a few uncomfortable minutes. Before putting out for a trial dive, he cut off the automatic attachment that supplied us with air. Before I had realized what the trouble was, our supply of air was permitted to get so low that my nose began to bleed. But when the engine was stopped, the reserve buoyancy sent the boat to the surface like a cask, and we had only to open our hatch to get relief. Certainly, that is a fair showing for nearly a quarter of a century of work.

Possibly some people will exclaim against my statement that only one life has been lost in a submerged boat. They will point to half a dozen cases "of record" where whole crews lost their lives. The answer to that is very simple. The majority of cases so recorded were utterly without foundation. In other cases, the men operating the submarine boats were drowned while they were using them as surface boats, and because of that fact. The boat built by McClintock and Howgate for the Confederates sank with

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four of her crew, the last time after she had blown up the "Housatonic." These accidents are charged against submarine navigation, when the fact is that had the boat been used as intended, under water, instead of on the surface, she would not have lost a single life. Mr. Howgate, one of her builders, told me himself that the first and second accidents were due to the failure of the crew to close the manhole cover when preparing to run out. The waves washed over the boat and filled her. On her third trip, the new crew didn't fasten the cover before diving. The fourth time, Mr. Howgate himself ordered the men to close the cover as the boat pulled away. Some one called back that it was "too hot."

To charge these accidents against submarine navigation is as reasonable as it would be to argue against surface navigation because a ship that went to sea with her side hatches swinging open filled and went to the bottom.

The other drowning cases set against submarine boats are built on even less foundation; in fact, they have no foundation at all, because they had no existence. Very recently a certain newspaper published a circumstantial account of the great loss of life sustained in the various attempts to navigate the "Intelligent Whale," the submarine boat that has been for years at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Thirty-three deaths were charged to her. As a matter of fact, she never lost a single life, though, Heaven knows, she was handled carelessly enough. She was built in Galveston shortly after the war and brought North. The Government bought her and she made a few trips. Though a good submarine boat to-day, she was abandoned because of the public outcry against sending a crew of men under water. For nearly a quarter of a century, she has been pointed out as the "coffin ship" by wise people who knew all about her terrible record.

Admiral Hichborn, Chief Constructor of the Navy, went extensively into the question of fatal accidents in submarine navigation. He found there were eighty-three cases set down at various times. On investigation he found that fifty had never occurred at all, being of the "Intelligent Whale" class. Thirty-two were chargeable to the Howgate boat. The only case he could find where life had been lost in a submarine, when she was acting as such, was that of Day, an Englishman, who built and operated a submarine boat late in the seventeenth century. The second time she was submerged, it is reported that the hull was crushed by the

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weight of water. In a report on the subject, Admiral Hichborn wrote:

> "If Day were really crushed in his boat, he has the unique distinction of being the only victim of the dangers of submarine navigation; but this distinction depends upon the supposition that reports of submarine accidents were much more reliable two hundred and forty years ago than they have been for the last forty years, during which period there have been authentic newspaper reports of the loss of eighty-two lives in attempting submarine navigation in the United States. Fifty of these lives were not lost at all, and the other thirty-two, though lost in a boat designed to operate as a submarine, were all lost when, and apparently because, she was not so operating."

These false reports are undoubtedly responsible for the backward state of submarine navigation to-day. The accident to Day practically put a stop to experiments for a hundred years.

Fulton, who went into submarine navigation before he took up steamboats, ran against a solid stone wall of prejudice. He built two excellent boats in France, but all his perseverance could not overcome the fear men have of going down into an element that they invariably associate with drowning. So, though he had the active interest and good will of the first Napoleon, Fulton had to drop the matter. Others took up the work. Almost every year a submarine boat in one form or another was presented to the world by some ambitious inventor. But these craft could make no progress. Day's ghost invariably rose against them.

In my own time, the thirty-two lives lost in the Confederate boat, and the fifty men drowned in the newspapers, stood as a solid barrier against me whenever I tried to take a step forward. But a breach has been made in the barrier. To a limited class at least, to the naval men of France and America, it has been demonstrated that the submarine is not a trap in which men are drowned like rats. The extension of this knowledge may be expected to be rapid. The commercial application of submarine navigation will follow almost immediately in the wake of this extension.

We shall soon be able, in the domain of peace, to say of the under-water boat what Admiral Hichborn said of her in war: "The submarine has arrived."

JOHN P. HOLLAND.

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# PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

AN article, by Flora McDonald Thompson, entitled "Retrogression of the American Woman," which was published in the November number of the REVIEW, contains many startling assertions, which, if true, would be the despair of philosophers. The title itself contradicts the facts of the last half century.

When machinery entered the home, to relieve woman's hands of the multiplicity of her labors, a new walk in life became inevitable for her. When our grandmothers made butter and cheese, dipped candles, dried and preserved fruits and vegetables, spun yarn, knit stockings, wove the family clothing, did all the mending of garments, the laundry work, cooking, patchwork and quilting, planting and weeding of gardens, and all the house-cleaning, they were fully occupied. But when, in course of time, all this was done by machinery, their hands were empty, and they were driven outside the home for occupation. If every woman had been sure of a strong right arm on which to lean until safe "on the other side of Jordan," she might have rested, content to do nothing but bask in the smiles of her husband, and recite Mother Goose melodies to her children.

On that theory of woman's position, men gradually took possession of all her employments. They are now the cooks on ocean steamers, on railroads, in all hotels, in fashionable homes and places of resort; they are at the head of laundries, bakeries and mercantile establishments, where tailor-made suits and hats are manufactured for women. Thus, women have been compelled to enter the factories, trades and professions, to provide their own clothes, food and shelter; and, to prepare themselves for the emergencies of life, they have made their way into the schools and colleges, the hospitals, courts, pulpits, editorial chairs, and

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they are at work throughout the whole field of literature, art, science and government. We should hardly say that the condition of an intelligent human being was retrogressive, in teaching mathematics instead of making marmalade; in instructing others in philosophy, instead of making pumpkin pie; in studying art, instead of drying apples. When hundreds of girls are graduating from our colleges with high honors every year, when they are interested in all the reforms of their day and generation, superintending kindergarten schools, laboring to secure more merciful treatment for criminals in all our jails and prisons, better sanitary conditions for our homes, streets and public buildings, the abolition of the gallows and whipping-post, the settlement of all national disputes by arbitration instead of war, we must admit that woman's moral influence is greater than it has ever been before at any time in the course of human development. Her moral power, in working side by side with man, is greatly to the advantage of both, as the co-education of the sexes has abundantly proved. When the sexes reach a perfect equilibrium we shall have higher conditions in the state, the church, and the home.

Matthew Arnold says: "The first desire of every cultivated mind is to take part in the great work of government." That woman now makes this demand is a crowning evidence of her higher development. For a true civilization, the masculine and feminine elements in humanity must be in exact equilibrium, just as the centripetal and centrifugal forces are in the material world. If it were possible to suspend either of these great forces for five minutes, we should have material chaos,—just what we have in the moral world to-day, because of the undue depression of the feminine element.

Tennyson, with prophetic vision, forecasts the true relations between man and woman in all the walks of life. He says:

> "Everywhere
> Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
> Two in the tangled business of the world.
> Two plummets dropped for one to sound the abyss
> Of science and the secrets of the mind."

The first step to be taken in the effort to elevate home life is to make provision for the broadest possible education of woman. Mrs. Thompson attributes the increasing number of divorces to the moral degeneracy of woman; whereas it is the result of higher

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moral perceptions as to the mother's responsibilities to the race. Woman has not heard in vain the warning voice of the prophets, ringing down through the centuries: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations." The more woman appreciates the influences in prenatal life, her power in moulding the race, and the necessity for a pure, exalted fatherhood, the more divorces we shall have, until girls enter this relation with greater care and wisdom. When Naquet's divorce bill passed the French Chamber of Deputies, there were three thousand divorces asked for the first year, and most of the applicants were women. The majority of divorces in this country are also applied for by women. With higher intelligence woman has learned the causes that produce idiots, lunatics, criminals, degenerates of all kinds and degrees, and she is no longer a willing partner to the perpetuation of disgrace and misery.

The writer of the article on the "Retrogression of the American Woman" makes one very puzzling assertion, that the present superiority of the sex immortalizes woman, but demoralizes man. Does she mean that a liberal education can only be acquired at the expense of one's morals? "The American woman to-day," says the writer, "appears to be the fatal symptom of a mortally sick nation." This is a very pessimistic view to take of our Republic, with its government, religion, and social life, and its people in the full enjoyment of a degree of liberty never known in any nation before! In spite of this alleged wholesale demoralization of man, we have great statesmen, bishops, judges, philosophers, scientists, artists, authors, orators and inventors, who surprise us with new discoveries day by day, giving the mothers of the Republic abundant reason to be proud of their sons.

Virtue and subjection, with this writer, seem to be synonymous terms. Did our grandmother at the spinning wheel occupy a higher position in the scale of being than Maria Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College? Did the farmer's wife at the washtub do a greater work for our country than the Widow Green, who invented the cotton-gin? Could Margaret Fuller, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances E. Willard, Mary Lyon, Clara Barton have done a better work churning butter or weeding their onion beds on their respective farms than the grand work they did in literature, education and reform? Could Fannie Kemble, Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman or Ellen Terry (if we may men-

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tion English as well as American women) have contributed more to the pleasure of their day and generation had they spent their lives at the spinning-wheel? No! Progress is the law, and the higher development of woman is one of the important steps that have been achieved.

There are great moral laws as fixed and universal as the laws of the material world, and there is a moral as well as material development going on all along the line, bringing the nations of the earth to a higher point of civilization. True, as the nations rise and fall, their great works seem scattered to the winds. For example, Greek art, it is said, has never been equalled, but we would not change our ideas of human liberty, our comforts and conveniences in life, our wonderful inventions and scientific discoveries, the telegraph, telephone, our modes of travel by sea, land and in the air, the general education and demand for better conditions and higher wages by the laboring masses, the abolition of slavery, rapid improvement in woman's condition, the emancipation of large classes from the religious superstitions of the past, for all the wonderful productions of beauty at the very highest period of Greek art. In place of witchcraft, astrology and fortune-telling, we now have phrenology, astronomy and physiology; instead of famine, leprosy and plague, we owe to medical science a knowledge of sanitary laws; instead of an angry God, punishing us for our sins, we know that the evils that surround us are the result of our own ignorance of Nature's laws. He who denies that progress is the law, in both the moral and material world, must be blind to the facts of history, and to what is passing before his eyes in his own day and generation.

The moral status of woman depends on her personal independence and capacity for self-support. "Give a man a right over my subsistence," says Alexander Hamilton, "and he holds a power over my whole moral being."

De Tocqueville cannot be impressed into the service of the writer, nor fairly quoted, even inferentially, as saying that the moral status of the American woman in 1848, owing to certain causes at work, was higher than it would be in 1900. Progress is the law, and woman, the greatest factor in civilization, must lead the van. Whatever degrades man of necessity degrades woman; whatever elevates woman of necessity elevates man.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

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# ON SEEING MADAME BERNHARDT'S HAMLET.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS.

For a woman to play at being a man is, surely, a tremendous handicap in the attempt to produce stage illusion. There may be room for difference of opinion about her success in simulating the passions, but there is no real difference of opinion about her success in pretending that she is a man. However well she does it (and I do not believe it could be better done than in the instance under consideration), there is no moment in the drama when the spectator is not fully and calmly conscious that the hero is a woman masquerading, or is jarred into sharp realization of the fact by her doing something that is very like a man. It is a case where every approach to success is merely another insistence on failure. Madame Bernhardt's assumption of masculinity is so cleverly carried out that one loses sight of Hamlet in one's admiration for the *tour de force* of the actress. This is not to say that she gives us a man, but rather Sarah Bernhardt playing, with amazing skill, a spirited boy; doing it with an impetuosity, a youthfulness, almost childish.

The effect produced is only partly due to the actress's extraordinarily successful *picture* of a Prince in his first youth. This Hamlet's juvenility is partly an exemplification of that law by which, apparently, a woman, when she plays at being a man, may hope with some show of success to climb to the height of twenty years, and then stops short, suffering, it would seem, from arrested development. Of course, the voice is never the voice of a man; but, apart from that, watch Madame Bernhardt's quick boyish gestures, her little runs and jumps—notably that one down from the players' dais, when she laughs with all the keen enjoyment of a child, at a moment which is fraught for Hamlet with the most tragic foreboding! The execrable comic business of

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cracking Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's heads together is another instance in point; that, like the cocking up of her feet on the bench to prevent Polonius from sitting beside her, is the action of a scampish schoolboy. Indeed, the thought kept returning upon me: it was not the gentle Prince, the melancholy Dane, that we were seeing, nor any man of any sort, but an amazingly good imitation of a high-spirited, somewhat malicious boy.

Most of us can recall, or at any rate imagine, a Hamlet who is something of a thinker in his own right, rather than a precocious lad reciting scraps of borrowed philosophy. We think of Hamlet as one who, with all his unsparing wit and occasional wildness of spirit, is essentially a Prince, and by that fact a man apart. Yet, had Hamlet been born a peasant with the same cast of mind, he would have walked lonely in ploughed furrows, or, solitary still, have watched his flocks upon the hills.

In so much as Hamlet is a Prince, we may look—if we lend ourselves to the illusion of the old time—for some grace of personal distinction, something that, in mere externals, proclaims the King's son, born to the purple and to overlordship. But, in so much as Hamlet is cut off from the common lot of men, not by his outward condition alone, but even more by his aloofness of spirit, in that fact we have the essential stuff of the tragedy.

The most worth-while things that Hamlet says have no inevitable connection with his need to avenge his father. If it is an evidence of Hamlet's greatness that we feel him to be there independent of the plot, it is because his mental isolation is the real tragedy—not that he is foully robbed of an earthly father, but that he is spiritually fatherless.

Now, melancholy, as Madame Bernhardt realizes, is not a popular manifestation. Her way of dealing with the difficulty is, as far as possible, to belittle and deny it. "Another way" even the great public permits, else were the tragedian's occupation gone; and that is to show that, in some specific instance, melancholy may be based on incontrovertible grounds, excused with eloquence, enforced with genius. In accordance with the wholesome popular conviction that melancholy not brilliantly justified is either dullness or mere indigestion, Madame Bernhardt, knowing her public well, gives the people a Hamlet who is sad, so to speak, with his tongue in his cheek.

Not only is this Hamlet leagues away from the true tragedy

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of doubt, from fatal brooding on the insoluble mysteries of life, death and responsibility, but he is light-hearted, light-footed, quick to act, ready with laughter, and above all a boon companion of the self-same stuff as those about him.

I am not sure but what almost the first thing one unconsciously demands in Hamlet is the clear and definite *note of distinction*. The hot discussion as to whether Hamlet was fat or thin is of little moment to any of us, in comparison with this question of his distinction of mind.

We Americans were long ago shown a Hamlet who taught us that, however high an ideal the imagination might conjure up, it might yet fall short of a great actor's power to body forth a noble sympathy with noble things. That Hamlet of ours, who being dead yet speaketh, is, half unconsciously to ourselves, still the standard by which we measure the acted play. Sitting in the Adelphi Theatre, I heard again the voice of Edwin Booth soaring out beyond Madame Bernhardt's, and filling the distances she made no attempt to sound.

I had had this experience before, of trying to overlay the great tragic picture with a Hamlet so "reduced" that the old majestic outlines underneath appeared in a wide and mocking margin all round the meagre new design. But one does not anticipate such disappointments. Some of us fortunate ones go to the play for the pleasure of the thing, and with the subconscious intention of yielding ourselves up to the combined influence of playwright and play-actor. It is when these two seem to be widely at variance that our satisfaction is marred. When I first went to see Madame Bernhardt in this part, nothing was further from my mind than to be critical either of her undertaking or of its manner of accomplishment. I had no idea that I was about to be convinced that women cannot "do" men's parts. Indeed, I do not, while I am in the theatre, care two sous about scholarly distinctions. I want emotion; I admire good technique; but I have come first and foremost that my primitive love of the play may be ministered to.

Nevertheless, outside the theatre, it is not perhaps without interest, of a kind, to realize that the most satisfying Hamlet of our day was the one farthest removed from the crude, popular original whom the poet accepted in externals, but endowed with a different soul—the soul of Shakespeare. There are two Hamlets,

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beyond a doubt, bound up in the play—the old Hamlet of the *Hystorie* and the new Hamlet whose father was the poet. This, I think, appears even more clearly in a little running comparison between Edwin Booth as the modern Hamlet—Hamlet with all his sensitiveness, profundity and subtilized passion emphasized—and the earlier Hamlet, crude, frankly comic, essentially "popular," of whom Madame Bernhardt gives us more than a glimpse.

Remembering that some of the most poignant passages of the scene with Ophelia ("To a nunnery, go," for instance) used popularly to be relished as comedy, it must be confessed that it seems more than likely that the Hamlet of Edwin Booth and of Mr. Forbes Robertson was a man undreamt of by Elizabethan audiences, with their relish for cruelty, and their readiness to accept a representation of insanity as "comic relief." But, if Hamlet in *action* brings out strongly the pre-Shakespearean character, it is the reflective Hamlet who is the essential Shakespeare—overlaying the popular "situations" with a poetry and wit which have salted the antique story against oblivion.

It is *this* Hamlet, he of soliloquies, Poet and Prince of Questioners, whom Madame Bernhardt slights, probably much as he was slighted three centuries ago. Looking back, I feel that she struck the keynote of her performance in the first scene where Hamlet appears with the Court. There is something pert and theatrical in her mien and expression that does not allow us to take much to heart the jaunty gentleman's little airs of melancholy. Rather are we disposed to echo the king: "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?" In spite of his assurance, we know he is wearing "but the trappings and the suits of woe." "Beyond these voices," I kept hearing the echo of that other, saying with a conviction that seems alien to living tongue:

> "These, indeed, seem,
> For they are actions that a man might play;
> But I have that within which passeth show."

Neither the little eloquent motion that went with the words, nor the proud, high carriage, as of one who walks apart without complaining, nor the unforgetable look out of tragic eyes—not any one of these things made people say (and feel) about Edwin Booth: "Here is one who makes good the poet's claim. Here we have not great words alone, but symbols of feeling and experience to which this actor has the key." No facile use of

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frowns and sighs and moody airs can convey the mortal heaviness that Booth put into the lines:

"Oh, God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

In his recapitulation of the hasty marriage, he compelled you to take sides with him, just as surely as he made you a sharer in his presentiment of doom with,

"It is not, nor it cannot come to, good,"

and in the flickering out of his sudden energy in,

"But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!"

Very marked was the contrast between the hail-fellow-well-met reception of Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo by Madame Bernhardt, and Booth's princely courtesy; dropping at Horatio's

"My lord, I came to see your father's funeral,"

into the undisguised pain and shrinking of,

"I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student."

Madame Bernhardt took the story of the apparition with less surprise than Booth. He stood during the scene, alert, keen to his finger tips, to listen to so strange a story. Madame Bernhardt sat and crossed her legs. I remember how quick and sharp Booth's questions rang:

"Armed, say you?"—"From top to toe?"—"What, look'd he frowningly?"—"Pale or red?"—"And fixed his eyes upon you?"

all going up in a staccato crescendo, and then falling in the deep, long breath with which he said, more to himself than to them:

"I would I had been there."

When Horatio puts in officiously, "It would have much amazed you," Booth's "Very like, very like" was almost a moody rebuff to one who would intrude upon his thought. Quickly he returned to his keen questioning, and with a brief admonishment got rid of his old comrades, not more summarily than kindly. You saw plainly what a grip the story of the apparition took upon him from the first. He was profoundly moved; no philosopher here, but the son of a dear father who had been made the victim of foul play. It was not in this first moment of amazement and emotion that he questioned, Can such things be? Madame Bernhardt, on

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the contrary, was more collected and critical here—more "modern"—than in any part of the performance. Her questioning was meditative, with pauses between. She was more like a youthful Psychical Researcher, bent on employing scientific methods of investigation.

And yet I think her scenes with the Ghost appealed to me more than anything she did; particularly the first, where Hamlet's awe is shown to be modified, softened, by his great filial affection. It does, perhaps, take a French tongue to utter the word "father" with such an effect; but certainly, having seen a good many Hamlets, I never got so vivid an impression of the warm, personal relation between the buried Majesty of Denmark and his son as Madame Bernhardt gave me. The instantaneous flinging off of the cap upon catching sight of the apparition was perhaps too light-heartedly done—it had almost the effect of "Hurrah!" and a cap in the air—but the instinct that prompted it atoned for the triviality of the execution.

If, in "Angels and ministers of grace," she missed the majesty and solemnity associated with the great adjuration, it is only fair to remember that she had not Shakespeare's sounding lines to make her effect with. Still, as she stood with bared head and appealing, uplifted hands, the effect was so beautiful that it was something of a shock when, upon the speech, "I do not set my life at a pin's fee," Hamlet turned his back squarely upon the Ghost, and spoke directly to Horatio and Marcellus. Surely, at a moment so absorbing, those words, nominally to his friends, are not meant to be an interruption to the tension, but an awed continuation of it—a half-whispered thinking aloud, with fascinated eyes still held by the spectre. That Hamlet could for a moment turn his back upon it snapped the thread of feeling; showed that he did not take the apparition for a ghost who might fade into formless shadow at any moment. He advertised to us his entire confidence that, when he chose to turn round again, the spectre-king would be obligingly waiting there till he could secure his son's attention. But if the ghostliness of the scene had somehow evaporated, one was made to feel the humanity of Hamlet's exigency and the valid claim this much-loved father had upon his soul.

Booth made a great effort by rousing himself out of his hushed and awed absorption into a sudden fierce energy at:



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"Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge—"

with a great upward flight of the voice that made you think of an eagle cleaving black cloud masses before a storm.

I ought, perhaps, to make the apologetic explanation, by the way, that, if I set down more of Booth in detail than of Madame Bernhardt, it is because, although I saw her yesterday, and that other Hamlet years ago, the old performance is vivid still from end to end, and the new one only here and there.

Her heavy-handed discourtesy to Polonius has been hinted at; and, although she gets the laughs she plays for, the effect of the scene as a whole is blunted by the obviousness of Madame Bernhardt's contempt of the Chamberlain. The infusion into the encounter of some natural civility heightens wonderfully the effect of Hamlet's bitter wit, as some of us remember to have seen.

She had a very fine moment at the end of this scene, where Polonius takes his leave: "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal." The "*Except my life, except my life, except my life,*" was so entirely beautiful that one forgot for the moment that *this* Hamlet could never have meant it.

In the ensuing scene with Polonius, where the Chamberlain comes to announce the actors, Madame Bernhardt elaborates Shakespeare's laconic "Buz-buz" into a prolonged piece of comic business, affecting to follow a fly about, which ultimately she pretends to catch, herself buzzing vigorously all through Polonius's speech. The Chamberlain was made to appear in this an imbecile indeed; for, had he retained any of the shrewdness Shakespeare permits him in the earlier scenes, he would have sent straightway for doctors and strait-jackets, instead of continuing his speech under such painful difficulties.

Then, when the players are on and Hamlet tries to recall the lines about Pyrrhus, Shakespeare is thus improved upon;

Polonius (encouragingly, when Hamlet pauses an instant)—"C'est ca!"

Hamlet (very snubbily)—"Non, ce n'est pas ca!"

snuffing out the old man with a comic emphasis; and the obedient laughter runs round the gallery.

But, from the point of view of mere stage effect, Booth's

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earlier, ironic forbearance with Polonius met its reward when his patience at last was spent:

> Polonius—"This is too long."
> Hamlet—"It shall to the barber's, with your beard."

It is noteworthy that, just after this, Shakespeare evidently means Hamlet to suffer some little prick of compunction for this public contempt: "Follow that lord," he directs, "and, look you, mock him not."

As might be expected, it is more in the great soliloquies than in other parts of the play that one misses the very words of Shakespeare. It would be idle to expect any actor to get the delicate aroma of irony out of, "Aye, there's the rub," when what he has to say is, *"Voilà l'obstacle";* just as before, when Polonius asked Hamlet, "What do you read, my lord?" instead of the briefest and most damning of all criticisms ever uttered, he must say *"Des mots, des mots, des mots."* Those little clogging particles have prevented the point from going home.

The absence of the poetic vehicle, however, does not account for the ignoble cunning Madame Bernhardt puts into the line, "The play's the thing." One is accustomed to thinking this should be treated rather as a desperate clutching at an appearance of action; a fobbing off of revenge by seeming still to feed it —with a lurking hope in the background that the play is the thing, not so much to catch the conscience of the King as to ease that of Hamlet, to show himself that the bloody deed he shrinks from is after all uncalled for.

Booth's Hamlet *stumbled* upon the device of the play. Out of stinging self-recrimination, lashing himself with scorn, he worked himself into a state of strong excitement, in which he pitched upon the first thing that came into his agitated mind as having the appearance of forwarding his mission of vengeance.

Madame Bernhardt speaks the lines with an air of shrewd satisfaction; she enters with zest into the office of detective. So far from the test being one to decide Hamlet's justification as well as the King's complicity, this Hamlet (whom even his enemy has called "most generous, and free from all contriving") has set his heart upon entrapping the King. We see him self-possessed, foot on chair, forefinger raised in meditative self-admonition, shrewd brows knitted—more sly conspirator than storm-swept John-a-Dreams.

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The French version retains the scene of King and Queen interrogating Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, where the Queen says: "Did he receive you well?" and Rosencrantz, answering for both, and forgetting that on this occasion Hamlet has cracked their heads together replies: "Most like a gentleman."

Naturally, in the scene with Ophelia, more than in any other, the sense that Hamlet was not a man interfered with the illusion. Booth made you feel the lover in the lines, very softly spoken and with a new note of exquisite tenderness:

> "The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remembered."

If my memory serves me aright, he was seized by suspicion of Polonius or some eavesdropper spying on them just before he replies to Ophelia's offer to give back "the remembrances." In a flash, he was on his guard and had given the audience a key to his assumed hardness and bitter raillery:

> "No, not I;
> I never gave you aught."

He went on, talking really for the benefit of the listener behind the arras, piling up disappointment and perplexity for any one who had thought to spy upon him in a moment of unguarded tenderness.

Booth made a magnificent piece of arraignment out of, "I am myself indifferent honest," rising on the words "very proud, revengeful, ambitious"; and, his scorn gathering momentum, he poured out in a torrent, "With more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in." A little breathless pause, and the contemptuous question: "What should such fellows as I do *crawling* between heaven and earth?" It occurs to me to wonder if there has ever been any one who could give us the height of the heavens above the earth, as he did here, without even raising that glorious voice of his. Did any one, before or since, ever make meanness the reptile that he showed it, with his slight, dragging emphasis on "crawling"?

I could not see that Madame Bernhardt suspected the presence of Polonius till the question, "Where's your father?" She ends the scene (after a singular effect got out of hissing at Ophelia) with, "To a nunnery, go!" thereby cutting Ophelia and

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the audience out of the beautiful, "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," etc.

In giving advice to the players, the French Hamlet is not so much the fastidious and enlightened Prince, putting the players on their mettle by showing them he knows good art when he sees it—Madame Bernhardt is not so much that, as a precocious young gentleman, who fancies himself as an actor, and thoroughly enjoys laying down the law to plodding "professionals."

His relish of his own oratory could not be more plainly marked than she does it, in that little burst of laughter as she frisks off the platform. But what could be further from Hamlet's real mood than this whole-hearted pleasantry at a moment full for Hamlet of such foreboding?

Booth's assumption of self-possession, so that the King should suspect nothing before the test was applied, was felt to be the mere necessary cloak for his smouldering passion. This view seems to be indicated in the text, where Shakespeare shows Hamlet unable to await the culmination of his own elaborately laid plot, but on a wave of excitement (as he sees the king flinch) exclaiming, "The murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife!"

Here Madame Bernhardt's Hamlet, with something a little reminiscent of an urchin swarming over an orchard wall, crawls up the throne, till his eyes, not sombre and horror-stricken, but keen and glittering, are on a level with the King's. When he has surprised the guilty terror there, this Hamlet actually bursts out into peal on peal of laughter. His clever trick has succeeded, his *Schadenfreude* overflows.

By all the gods, no! Hamlet's blackest fears have been justified. His last excuse for doubting and delaying has been wrenched out of his grasp. The scene closes not on Hamlet's victory, but rather on his defeat; and he meets it, one would think from the text, with a feverish and mocking courage.

I remember, I never used to hear distinctly Ophelia's "The King rises," for Hamlet had risen, and, on the flood of his strong passion, the whole company, with smothered cries and frightened faces, was lifted up, swayed helplessly to and fro, and dashed against the rocks of fear. Booth's stage-management made more of the shipwreck of the King. Hamlet had evidently not been alone in his suspicions of foul play. The scene ended in a tumult, the Court scattered, the King flying, the darkness rent

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with fitful torchlight and confused cries, and as these died in the distance, Hamlet's voice was over all crying in an ecstasy of tragic bitterness:

> "For some must watch, while some must sleep;
> Thus runs the world away!"

Madame Bernhardt's scene with the recorders was especially full of interesting and skilful touches. Booth used at this point —it is a small detail—at the climax of his indignation, to snap the pipe across his knee and throw the pieces from him. Madame Bernhardt keeps hers to make excellent business with.

Booth's Hamlet wore a miniature of his father hung round his neck. In the closet scene, the French performance shows the full length portraits of the two kings. The one of Hamlet's father is painted on gauze, and the apparition is made to appear within the frame by a sudden flood of strong light revealing, behind the painted gauze, the brilliantly illuminated figure of the actor who does the Ghost.

After flying to see if she could intercept the apparition as it stole away "out at the portal," Madame Bernhardt got a curious and touching effect by running back to the now dull and unilluminated picture, appealing dumbly for another sign, and passing pathetic fluttering hands over the unresponsive surface, groping piteously like a child in the dark.

Her original business with the dead Polonius, although meant to be in obedience to Shakespeare's direction, is now wisely omitted. One wished, however, that she had followed the old stage direction in dealing with the skull in the grave-yard, especially after seeing that she was as little sensitive about it as the grave-digger, and apparently as ready to see an old friend come down in the world, "knocked about the sconce with a dirty shovel." This skull, too, which had "lain in the earth three and twenty years," instead of being brown, discolored, was of a staring and indecent whiteness, as of bone boiled and bleached. It was not pleasant to see the grinning object handled so callously. Some of the dramatic effect, too, went by the board in this; for what's the use of bringing in the ironic emblem of mortality if it is treated as lightly as a lap-dog? Indeed, I feel sure that Madame Bernhardt treats her lap-dog more considerately, for it would be strange if she made gestures with it as unconcernedly as she does with the skull. If my eyes did not deceive me, she tapped the

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grinning teeth with her finger; and she certainly is far from objecting as genuinely to the odor of mortality as Shakespeare makes Hamlet when he asks if Alexander "looked o' this fashion i' the earth, and *smelt so? Pah!*" Here the actor is expressly directed to *"put down the skull,"* but Madame Bernhardt could not only endure to hold it without "Pah!" she seemed to forget what it was she had in those eloquent hands of hers, as she emphasized feelingly the lines on imperious Cæsar by gesticulating with the skull of a former acquaintance.

It would be a work of supererogation at this time of day to dwell upon the magnetism, the untranslatable fascination that Madame Bernhardt exercises over her public, in whatever part she chooses to appear. But, granting the artistic handicap in this particular undertaking—namely, that Hamlet here is a woman and has not Shakespeare to speak—it is interesting to see what special aptitudes the great Frenchwoman brought to her task. Among the most notable of these is her wonderful mastery of sheer *poise;* that power she has of standing stock still for an indefinite length of time with perfect ease and grace, never shifting her ground, and equally never ceasing for a moment to be dramatic. It was when she stood so, her feet firmly planted, making only occasional use of sparing, clean-cut gesture, that she came nearest, I should say, to the effect that the artist in her wanted to produce. Here, again and again, one recognized her faculty of keen observation and paid tribute to the accomplished technique that translated her knowledge into action at times so vivid and yet sober. But there will be those, even among Madame Bernhardt's warm admirers, who will feel that, in this version of Hamlet, the great tragedy has been drained of its dignity, as well as robbed of its mysterious charm. It is as if, upon some moonlit, spectral scene, the noonday sun burst suddenly, routing the shadow legions, showing alluring alleys to be only sheep paths, and infinite distances to be barred and bounded by the common things of day.

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

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# BRAHMANISN.

BY SIR A. C. LYALL, K. C. B., G. C. I. E., MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

IN ORDER to bring out clearly the point of view from which I shall approach this subject, I must begin by a few preliminary observations. We know that Christianity, the highest and purest Faith in the world, has always been essentially a militant and missionary religion, pressing onward unceasingly to extend its doctrines and to make fresh proselytes. We know, also, that in the seventh century of our era another Faith arose, even more intensely militant, more fiercely intent upon propagation than Christianity—the Faith of Mohammed or Islam. By this rival Faith Christianity was fiercely attacked, and was eventually driven out of Asia and Northern Africa, leaving only a few obscure sects, like the Armenians and Nestorians, surviving in countries which had once been almost wholly Christian. All the western region of Asia was easily overrun and converted by the Mohammedans; but eastward of Persia the spread of their religion ceased to coincide with the spread of their dominion; they could conquer India, yet they could only convert it very partially. In peace and war, they are always proselytising; nevertheless, Islam makes little or no material progress throughout Eastern Asia. A vast majority of the population inhabiting that side of the continent adhere to older beliefs, which differ profoundly from the creed of Islam.

The dividing line, the religious frontier between East and West Asia, runs, therefore, through India; for the two great religions of the East, Brahmanism and Buddhism, are both of Indian origin; and it may be broadly affirmed that, while all the dominant religions of the world are derived from Asia, the whole eastern side of that continent, including Japan, has been profoundly and permanently affected by the teaching and traditions of an Indian

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ascetic, Sakya Muni, the Buddha. Yet, although Brahmanism has exercised a vast influence over the beliefs and worships of Asia during many centuries, and still numbers, at the lowest calculation, more than two hundred million votaries, it is not a Faith that can itself be traced back to an epoch or a founder; nor can any concise narrative be here attempted of its course, its changes, or general development. The utterances of certain semi-divine sages, the philosophic systems of some great thinkers and commentators, have authoritatively shaped the leading conceptions upon which the religion now rests; we know, also, that different ideas and rituals have been dominant at different periods, that there have been degradations and revivals, and that the doctrines and practices of North India have varied, and still vary, from those of the South. But here it is impossible to attempt more than a sketch in outline of the general characteristics of Brahmanism.

In the first place, it is neither militant nor aggressively missionary: it does not openly attempt to make proselytes, in the sense of persuading them or compelling them to come in. Secondly, it is not historic; it has sacred books, but no sacred history. And, thirdly, it has never been defined by formal creeds, nor has it ever accepted a single personal Deity. The general character of Indian religion is that it is unlimited and comprehensive, up to the point of confusion; it is a boundless sea of divine beliefs and practices; it encourages the worship of innumerable gods by an infinite variety of rites; it permits every doctrine to be taught, every kind of mystery to be imagined, any sort of theory to be held as to the inner nature and visible operation of the divine power.

Now, at first sight, this is not unlike the old polytheism of Greece, Rome, and the pre-Christian world generally, with its multitude of divinities and multifarious ceremonials. There are passages in Augustine's *"Civitas Dei,"* describing the worship of the unconverted folk among whom he lived, the deification of every natural object and even of physical functions, that might have been written yesterday by a Christian bishop in India. But then, one might ask, why was not all this paganism swept out from among such an intellectual people as the Indians, as it was out of the western countries, by some superior and more highly organized Faith? Undoubtedly, the permanent conditions and the course of events which contrive to stamp a particular form of religion upon any great people are complex and manifold; but

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into an analysis of these elements I cannot go. It is sufficient for my present purpose to point out that the two sheet-anchors of Brahmanism are the institution of Caste, and the Sacred Books, both of which were unknown to European paganism. The effect of Caste is to give all Hindu society a religious basis; and the Sacred Books provide Brahmanism with a theology, that is, with a science or philosophy of religion. I believe I may say that the old polytheism of the Roman Empire had neither of these two things. According to Greek ideas, the business of framing laws for all departments of human life, of laying down rules of conduct, belonged to Politics; while the philosophers of Greece and Rome were rationalists and teachers of morals, they seem to have regarded the popular superstitions with good-natured contempt. They conformed to public worship that they might avoid odium and accusations of impiety, but they gave it no help or countenance; and in philosophic discussions they treated the ordinary polytheism as unworthy the notice of serious men. They never, or very rarely, gave an inner meaning to myths and fables, or read the minds of the people through their fanciful beliefs.

But the Indian philosophy does not ignore or hold aloof from the religion of the masses; it underlies, supports, and interprets their polytheism. This may be accounted the keystone of the fabric of Brahmanism, which accepts and even encourages the rudest forms of idolatry, explaining everything by giving it a higher meaning. It treats all the worships as outward, visible signs of some spiritual truth, and is ready to show how each particular image or rite is the symbol of some aspect of universal divinity. The Hindus, like the pagans of antiquity, adore natural objects and forces—a mountain, a river, or an animal. The Brahman holds all Nature to be the vesture or cloak of indwelling, divine energy, which inspires everything that produces awe or passes man's understanding. Again, it is very common in India, as it was in Greece and Rome, to deify extraordinary men, and the Brahman does not tell his disciples that this is absurd; he agrees that such persons must have been special embodiments of all-pervading divine power. In short, he accepts every variety of cult and objective worships as symbolical; it is merely the expression or emblem, suited to the common intelligence, of mysterious truths known to the philosophic theologian. In this manner, the gross idolatry of the people is defended, and connected with the loftier

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ideas. It is maintained that God is a Pure Spirit, but to make Him wholly impersonal is to place Him beyond the reach of ordinary human interest and imagination; so it is well for the less advanced minds to be encouraged by forms and signs of His presence. All worship, it is said, is expressed through the senses symbolically. A temple or church is a visible mark of our belief that the divinity abides among us; an image is the mystical token of the indwelling spirit; while prayer and sacrifice are the preparatory training toward more intelligent devotion. What we can conceive in our minds we may well picture to our eyes: and, by this method, the innumerable shapes and sacred places of Hindu polytheism are consecrated and adopted into the higher theology. It is on this principle that all the innumerable signs and carved images of divinity are accounted for among the upper classes. Each form, and every detail of that form, they say, is the outer clothing of some idea or impression; pictures and sculpture represent some mode of the divine presence: although the high doctrine is that knowledge, not worship or ritual, is the true way that opens the door to the soul's complete emancipation.

Above and beyond the miscellaneous crowd of things and persons, living or inanimate, unseen or embodied, that are worshipped as possessed by divine power, we have the great deities of Brahmanism, from whom all this divine power proceeds, and in whom the principal energies and the fundamental laws of nature are personified. Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are the realistic abstractions of the understanding from objects of sense. They denote Creation, Preservation, and Destruction, the constant succession of birth and death throughout all existence, the process of destroying to produce, and of producing to destroy. Here we perceive that, as soon as we pass upward through the disorderly mass of ordinary paganism, we come upon polytheism backed by philosophy; we may scatter the irregular levies, and are confronted by the outworks of disciplined theology. The great Brahmanic Trinity are adored with various rites and sacrifices; they have innumerable temples, images, and personified attributes. Yet to all the more intellectual worshippers, Vishnu and Siva represent the course and constitution of Nature. And, if you inquire further about these things, you will learn that all phenomenal existence is a kind of illusion, to be gradually dissipated by the acquisition of knowledge; for the reality becomes intelligible only to

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those whose souls have been strengthened and clarified by long meditation, by ascetic exercises, by casting out all worldly thoughts and desires. To the eye of inner illumination, those who know God only by delusive appearances see no more than the shadow of divinity. And, conversely, to the empirical or naturalistic mind the whole religion is intelligible as a kind of reflection or mystical transformation of human experience, the vast shadow of the earth projected upon the sky.

But all Hindus worship directly the high gods of Brahmanism. Brahma, having accomplished once for all his work of creation, has retired into the background of the popular Pantheon; he has very few temples or images; Vishnu and Siva divide the allegiance of devout and orthodox people. It is impossible here to give the diverse names or emblems under which they are worshipped; yet some mention must be made of the Sakhtis—that is, of the divine forces of preservation and destruction, especially the female principle of productiveness, as personified by goddesses, the mates or consorts of Vishnu and Siva. The worship of women plays a material part in all polytheistic systems; and the grosser forms have been caught up and transmuted into loftier conceptions of divine maternity. In Brahmanism, the lower rites are unclean and disreputable, though they become purified in the higher regions of ideas; and a curious likeness may be observed between the consorts of the great Hindu divinities and the emanations, or abstract personalities, of the Gnostic systems that prevailed in the first ages of Christianity. These emanations were arranged in pairs of male and female; and, indeed, it is obvious that human speculation can only attach form or function to divinity by drawing upon terrestrial analogies.

Thus, Vishnu and Siva, with their consorts, are the pinnacles of the visible Brahmanic edifice; they are different manifestations of the Supreme Being; they represent among educated men separate systems of worship, which, again, are founded on separate schools or opinions regarding the relations between God and man, and the proper ways and means of attaining to spiritual emancipation. For, the whole purpose of the higher Brahmanism is to find and show the path which leads upward, from the simple unvarnished popular superstitions to the true and pure knowledge of the Supreme Being, by laying out a connection between the upper and lower aspects of religion. One of the cardinal points

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upon which the two systems differ is in regard to what are called the Avatars—the bodily appearance of the Deity upon earth.

Vishnu, according to those who belong to Vaishnava tradition, has several times descended upon earth, and has appeared in various forms. From the high spiritual point of view, this tradition may be interpreted as a devout belief which helps worshippers to realize, so to speak, the relations between divinity and humanity, which brings the Supreme Being within our limited powers of conception, establishes a bond of sympathy, and allows us to address to Him prayers and offerings. In fact, the dogma of Avatars is symbolical of the spiritual link and intercourse between God and man; it sanctions and gives meaning to a widespread popular tradition, that divinities sometimes come down and mingle with mortals and their affairs.

Siva, on the other hand, is never represented by an image, always by an emblem of his powers, destructive or regenerative. He has no Avatars; and the high theologians of this school refuse to admit that the Deity assumes visible embodiment. They argue that, by assuming a man's body, He would become subject to the laws of mortality, to changes, imperfections, human passions, and the like, to birth and death—and this they hold to be impossible, and inconsistent with the divine nature. The Avatar, they say, is an illusion. They permit and encourage all the rites and worships of the people as making generally for devotion; but they maintain that the only true spiritual path to salvation, for the superior intelligences, is by ascetic practices, by meditation, by separation from all worldly thoughts and cares; so that the soul gradually obtains true communion with the Supreme Being, and becomes at last absorbed, like a drop into the ocean, into light and rest. The metaphor sometimes employed is that the soul is like the flickering lamp, tossed by the winds and darkness, which loses itself completely in bright, noon-day sunshine, and remains still and quiet. To this doctrine, the reply of the Vishnu worshipper (I am quoting from a writer in a contemporary Hindu magazine —the *Dawn*) is that it is too high for the people. Worship and prayer can only be addressed by ordinary folk to a personified Deity. The spiritual Brahma may be realized by intense thought and constant discipline of the mind, so that Spirit can commune with Spirit; but only the ascetic who has arrived at the loftiest stage of devotional contemplation can reach this height. In the

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meantime, what is to be prescribed for the untrained, inferior souls? Man's spiritual cravings are as strong and as natural as his physical wants. What, then, should be his spiritual food? He should take shelter under something, to inspire him with hope, liberate him from fear, and qualify him to be grateful and loving so that he may be loved in return. A theology which does not attempt to be popular can never be generally useful; and so it is necessary to accept and believe in ways of approaching the Deity that can be used and understood by the people. Yet, each of these two schools only professes to show a different path to the same goal of the soul's liberation, and its absorption into Pure Intelligence; for the Hindu mind cannot accept, as an ultimate notion, a personal Deity caught in the meshes of time, space and causality. It must follow until He is placed somewhere beyond all phenomenal relations; although the problem of reconciling the conditional with the unconditional remains insoluble. This, I repeat, is the high philosophical religion at the back of the rough, outward, popular worship of all kinds of animals, stocks and stones, natural forces, deified men, local gods, and so on. I do not think that the common paganism of Europe in the old times had anything like this behind it, any more than the wild superstitions of uncivilized races have in other parts of the world at this day. And, certainly, the Indian religions have one great advantage unknown, I think, to the ancient polytheisms—they have their Sacred Books.

This, then, is the philosophic religion at the back of the popular worship, to which it gives an explanation and a final purpose. For Brahmanism holds out to all men, as its scheme of salvation, the hope of escape from the pain and weariness of sensitive existence in any shape or stage. If a Hindu be asked what is the object and ultimate good that he is striving to reach through religious rites and devotional exercises, he will answer "Liberation." Whether he be peasant or pundit, his reply will be the same; he must free his soul, the divine particle, from the bondage of the senses, from the pressure of encompassing phenomena, and so gradually become united with spiritual infinity. To attain this union, it must pass through very many bodies or forms of life; and whether the passage be short or long, easy or arduous, depends upon a man's deeds, whether they be good or ill, pleasing or displeasing to the high gods. Belief in the transmigration of souls

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is common among all primitive races, having probably been stamped on the imagination of mankind by the constant alternation of death and life in the natural order of things animate. With the Hindus, it has become, universally, the shape into which they have cast the instinctive clinging to some future existence which belongs to all humanity; they are convinced that each birth is a waking out of sleep and a forgetting; and to the conception of a long journey, with many stages, they have added the good or moral purpose of purification and final changelessness. The inner self, that which speaks, is but a particle of the divine essence, which passes like a drop of water through cloud and river into the ocean. When we realize this to be the effective creed of Brahmanism, we can understand how such a system, with its long, laborious way to salvation, its antipathy to action, its preference of grace to works, and its conception of Divinity as something impersonal, remote, and everywhere diffused, stands totally apart from the energetic, unwavering religions of the West, from firm reliance on a personal God, the Judge and Moral Governor of mankind, to Whom all must give immediate account after death.

In regard to the Sacred Books, they contain, partly, the sayings, precepts, and mystic utterances of the ancient sages; partly, prayers and psalms; and, partly, abstruse speculations on the divine nature, with scholastic dissertations and commentaries. The modern students and teachers of the various schools or sects of Brahmanism treat these books as authoritative, and are constantly discussing, expounding, or adapting them to the ideas and circumstances of a people that is becoming profoundly affected by European modes of thought. One thing must be noticed in these Books, that they are not historical: they give no account of the rise or spreading of the religion, they do not trace it back to a founder, as in Christianity, Mohammedanism, or even Buddhism. The Hindu would say, in the words of an early Christian Father, that the objects of religious knowledge are not historical, that such things in their essence can only be comprehended intellectually, or through divine inspiration. And the fact that Brahmanism has no authentic and universally accepted sacred narrative, that it is not concentrated round the life and acts of a personal founder is, I think, one reason why it has remained diffuse, incoherent, without a central figure or dominant

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plan. On the other hand, this very want, so to speak, of dogmatic backbone has left the religion elastic and tolerant, has enabled its teachers to assimilate and adapt the lower forms of worship, instead of endeavoring to destroy them.

Perhaps I may now have succeeded in showing where lies the true strength and backing of Indian polytheism, which looks at first sight so irrational, grotesque, and superficial. It is upheld and interpreted by the Brahmans, who hold the stewardship of the mysteries; so that, as the worshipper advances in intelligence and culture, he may find explanations which satisfy him, and inner meanings to account for outward forms. Although the Brahmanic religion is not militant, does not make war upon rivals, nor openly go about to make proselytes, yet it is always ready to instruct and admit the ignorant folk into its outer courts; and thus it gradually draws in the wilder races of India, who live in the woods and hills of the central region, or on the skirts of the mountains. It comprehends and absorbs miscellaneous beliefs and worships, treating all divinities as manifestations of universal power, discovering germs of truth in the lowest layers of superstition, and treating the way of ascent to higher notions as a kind of ladder, leading by steps from the bottom to the top.

"What is the meaning of Toleration in the Vedic sense of the word? Not that which makes all souls equal, all castes equal, and creates a confusion worse confounded, defeating the Providential design. The Sacred Teaching should be adapted to the souls in the order of their merit, but not that all souls, ripe or unripe, rude or unrude, barbarous or civilized . . . . . should be adapted at once to the Sacred Teaching. The right meaning of Toleration is—allowing each soul to stand on its own rung, and bidding it see below and see above, and understand that it has got over so many rungs, and that there are so many rungs to be got over still. The ladder is tremendously high. But if you should ill-advise that soul that its rung is false, and that your own rung, say several steps above the former, is true, and that it should get at once to your rung, is it possible or conceivable to jump over at once several intermediate rungs? In perfect concordance with the multifarious merits of the myriads of coexistent souls, the Perfect Lord has fixed the corresponding number of stages of religion."

In this extract from the writing of an educated Hindu of the present day, we have the working principle of Brahmanism, and its attitude toward the people at large, very fairly expounded. Nevertheless, we have always to remember that, while the religion is tolerant, philosophical, and non-militant, yet, if Brahmanism were attacked by persecution, political pressure, or by some dis-

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tinctly aggressive heresy within its own dominion, it would make an obstinate and dangerous resistance; and that any offensive disregard of caste rules or social prejudices might provoke a violent insurrection. But this is merely to say that a pacific religion may be formidable in self-defense.

The secret of Brahmanism, therefore, is to make abstract religious conceptions popular by means of symbols, pictures, and images; and conversely to recognize the rude idolatry and nature-worship of the peasantry as being in some way the ignorant adoration of the greater gods. At the bottom of the religious scale, this worship is addressed to hills, rivers, or animals, to the thing or creature itself. Next follows the process of personifying the mountain or the flood, the tiger or the boar; they are the embodiment of deities who wield power, usually malignant; and it is gradually revealed that some profound theologic doctrine may be symbolically expressed by the same figures. On the slopes of the Himalayas, where Buddhism and Brahmanism are intermixed, they worship certain mighty female deities called the Divine Mothers, who are types or incarnations of powerful energies that can harm or help mankind. One of the most famous of these deities is figured to the people as the Diamond Sav, whose image may be seen at Benares, and who is also understood to be incorporate as the Abbess of a Buddhist nunnery in Tibet. Now, the Buddhist symbol of Ignorance, which is the efficient cause of all Illusion, is a pig; while, on the other hand, the wild boar, like other fierce and destructive animals, is worshipped by primitive folk in the hills and forests. A most capable observer, Sir John Edgar, believes—and I quite agree with him—that this aboriginal boar-worship has become identified with the philosophical type of ignorance and illusion; so that here we have at one end of the ladder of religious evolution a mysterious dogma, and at the other end a wild beast. We have the same example in central India, where the boar has become one of the twelve great incarnations of Vishnu, and I may quote an account of the transforming process, as it was described, thirty years ago, by a missionary who wrote the best handbook of popular Hinduism that is known to me:

"To the south-east of Ajmere is a district inhabited by a tribe called the Minas. An incident in the history of one of their progenitors, according to their present tradition, has led them to look on the boar as a sacred animal, though this may be a relic of boar worship. When the Mohammedans came to India, the Minas seem to have confounded



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the Mohammedan horror of the boar as an unclean animal with their own regard for it as a sacred animal, and to have been induced, in some degree, to conform to their faith. In fact they were half converted to Islam. Their old idol, however, they still worshipped, but gave it the Mohammedan name of Father Adam. Subsequently, the Saiva Brahmans got hold of them. They did not persuade them to give up the worship of Father Adam or of the boar, but simply to allow that Father Adam was a name of Siva, and to worship the cow as well as the boar. Temples were erected in their principal villages and stones placed in them bearing representations of Siva as Father Adam, of a cow and a boar, and inscriptions to the effect that the Mohammedans respected the boar and the Hindus the cow, but the true followers of Father Adam respected both; and if they should neglect the worship of any one of the three, the worship of the other two would not benefit them. There are several Saiva temples in the district in which I heard the Brahmans invoke Mahadeva, and the Minas Father Adam."

The truth is that the method of reconciling all these religions with a double face, with an outer form and an inward meaning, is Mysticism. The Mystic is one who is illuminated by the light of real knowledge, who discerns the veiled divinity or the secret doctrine behind symbols, who perceives the unity of spiritual truth under many forms; and whose business it is gradually to lift the curtain to those who are fitted to understand, while he allows the stage-play to go on in front for the benefit of the crowd. This is, I think, the secret of the true Asiatic religion, and to a great degree the source of its strength and power of resistance. Of course, Mysticism has existed in all religions, and has everywhere had its dangers; everywhere, it has led to Pantheism, or the identification of God with Nature, and even to the self-deification of the Mystic himself—he fancies that he is himself divine and confuses himself with God. But, in the West, this dissolving power of Mysticism, which reduces all positive, outward religious beliefs and worship to symbolism, and regards the historical facts of religion as mere shadows and signs of mysterious truths, has been vigorously resisted both by Christian churches and by Islam. Instead of explaining the lower worships, they have trampled out and destroyed them; they have insisted on the unequivocal acceptance of the facts of sacred history as essential to salvation; and, undoubtedly, this has been one main reason why the militant Faiths have conquered and kept a permanent dominion.

But, in Eastern Asia, the two different faces of religion (I may call them the mythical and the mysterious) have remained

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and have worked together—the outer worship for the people who must have their innumerable deities, their images, and their miraculous legends; the inner teaching that explains all these things as symbolical, as signs and shadows of divine truths. You will understand that Hinduism and Buddhism have never set out formal creeds, containing articles of faith which a man must accept at his peril; they have not turned dogmatic propositions, such as those contained in the Athanasian Creed, into ecclesiastical laws, so that a heretic who disputed them might, as in the Middle Ages, be punished as a pernicious law-breaker. All these masterful methods of enforcing unity of belief, which gave the Roman Church such power in the Middle Ages, and which caused religious wars and long persecutions, are unknown to the tolerant and somewhat indifferent religions of Eastern Asia. The people could always worship as they liked; and the priests, or stewards of divine mysteries, did not attempt to persecute, because they treated all outward forms and rites as of little importance, the one thing really essential being the inner truth which lay behind.

Nevertheless, I repeat that to my mind the strength, for resistance against outward attack, of these Eastern religions lies in the fact that the polytheism is backed by the philosophy; the ruder worships are supported by intellectual explanations, and the two forms are closely allied; indeed, they blend and run into each other. But I do not pretend that this kind of understanding between simple worships and subtle interpretations is unknown elsewhere. On the contrary, the gradual elevation and refining of ritual and doctrine has always gone on, is still going on, in all societies that have a studious and intellectual priesthood. You find it in the Roman Catholic church, which has a scientific theology for the elect, and manuals of simple devotion, full of miracles and saintly legends, for the masses. But, while it is the business of theology to provide a reasonable ground for implicit faith, no Christian church openly allows tampering with the plain statements of historic fact contained in Revealed Scripture, or permits articles of faith to be treated as anything but positive truths. Hinduism has neither one authorized revelation, nor a Church to guarantee and uphold it. Yet, in one way, the very looseness of its formation is an advantage, because it can assimilate and find room for almost any religious conception, treating everything as a fresh manifestation of the all-pervading divine

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spirit. And Science troubles the Eastern Mystic no more than a fresh religion; for Science may be understood as merely a symbolical language, shadowing forth the truths of divinity. One may even treat the Asiatic process of assimilating and melting down all religious ideas as belonging to the general intellectual tendency to accept the continuous growth and elevation by slow change of all forms and feelings, and the gradual development of higher and wider truths contained in primitive beliefs.

As the Brahmans would put it, their religion has two forms: the interior, which is invariable; the exterior, which may be constantly modified and adapted to circumstances. The interior truths, the divine secrets, the real way of salvation, are known only to a few; the great majority of men, being timid and ignorant, are concerned mainly in propitiating the powerful and malignant influences by which they fancy themselves to be surrounded. As knowledge increases, as man succeeds in subduing and controlling the forces of nature, he overcomes or despises the troubles of this transitory life, he attains spiritual independence, and rises into a higher sphere of religion and morality. My suggestion is that a religion of this sort, which has its outworks in paganism, and its citadel in Pantheism, has always had great power of resistance and endurance, for the very reason that it can change and accommodate itself to social or intellectual conditions. How it will maintain itself in front of the rapid influx of European education and material civilization is another and much more difficult question. In India and in Japan, and to a certain degree wherever European influences have spread in Eastern Asia, they are changing the whole atmosphere in which fantastic superstitions, and metaphysical speculations, grow and flourish; they are introducing orderly government and pacific leisure, scientific methods of inquiry and critical reasoning. Yet, after all, the influence of Europe is mostly industrial and political; we are reorganizing the old-fashioned Asiatic governments and developing commerce and the sources of wealth. I hope that the morality, public and private, of the countries that are falling within the sphere of European influence will be improved. I am not sure what effect may be produced upon the profound spiritualism of Eastern Asia.

And this brings us to the weak side of a religion, which, though intensely spiritualistic, is founded on somewhat vague

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philosophy, and embraces schools of thought, accepts different theories as to the divine nature. It has no dogmatic rulings upon such questions as are settled by Christian and Mohammedan creeds; and since it has no ecclesiastical laws, it requires no man's implicit obedience to its teachings I do not say that Hinduism contains nothing more than philosophic speculations and devotional rhapsodies. In the ascetic desire to be rid of the flesh, to extinguish worldly thought, and, above all, in the longing to escape illusion, change and all the ills of earthly existence, there is a dominant strain of morality; and the great doctrine of transmigration of souls may well operate as insisting on the penalties of sin and the way of ascending to salvation by purity of conduct. Yet Hinduism, and even Buddhism, has never succeeded in so limiting and clearly stating certain rules of faith and morals as to lay down and impress them upon the people at large, for their practical guidance in life. They have nothing, for instance, like our Ten Commandments or the Lord's Prayer, which order our lives and direct our consciences.

It would be presumptuous to attempt any kind of prediction as to the religious future of India, what will be the nature and direction of the changes that must follow altered circumstances and larger experiences. The antique polytheism will probably disappear, though slowly, before wider and more precise conceptions and before a higher standard of rational morality. Long ago, indeed, the Hindu philosophy struck out one line of thought that undermines all anthropomorphic conceptions of divinity—that ultimate Being must be out of relation with the phenomenal world, except, possibly, by an unconscious projection of creative energy. But metaphysical ideas, though they are the central stronghold of all religious systems, have little or no influence upon the multitude; and the more practical question is, what effect will be wrought upon educated Hindus by the teachings of physical science. The supremely dominant principle of modern times is that the world is in a course of continual evolution, that life from the protoplasm is but a phase of immemorable existence, and that the death of individuals is merely the natural process whereby all material forms are thrown into the crucible for reproduction in fresh diversity. But this principle has already been recognized by Indian thinkers, with the vital difference that to them the whole order of nature was spiritual, it was stated in terms of vast

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metaphysical theories regarding the deified forces and the mysterious relation to phenomena of some Absolute Being from whom all souls issue, and to whom they return in dreamless sleep. The Indians could not agree to change a philosophic doctrine for a scientific discovery. On the contrary, they would accept Coleridge's view that the development theory, a theory of progress as regards the physical being, is typical of the progress of man as a spiritual being; that the living soul, springing from an unknown eternity, is capable of endless improvement, ever rising higher and higher through numberless cycles of existence. They would firmly resist the invasion of the spiritual domain by uncompromising materialism, which would insist on dissipating all the allegories, symbolisms, personifications, and theosophies, leaving only the mechanical processes of plastic matter, the observation of phenomena, and, possibly, as some cold comfort, the worship of Humanity. If we are to have the cultus of Humanity, why not of all sentient life, of Nature in its totality? And that will bring us round again to a materialistic pantheism. But the Hindu mind is essentially speculative and transcendental; it will never consent to be shut up in the prison of sensual experience, for it has grasped and holds firmly the central idea that all things are manifestations of some power outside phenomena. And the tendency of contemporary religious discussion in India, so far as it can be followed from a distance, is toward an ethical reform on the old foundations, toward searching for some method of reconciling their Vedic theology with the practice of religion taken as a rule of conduct and a system of moral government. One can already discern a movement in various quarters toward a recognition of impersonal Theism, and toward fixing the teaching of the philosophical schools upon some definitely authorized system of Faith and Morals, which may satisfy a rising ethical standard, and may thus permanently embody that tendency to substitute spiritual devotion for external forms and caste rules which is the characteristic of the sects that have from time to time dissented from orthodox Brahmanism.

A. C. LYALL.

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# THE NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

A PROPHET of the kind skilled in forecasting accomplished events would have little difficulty in making himself believe that the recent deluge of historical romance, now perhaps beginning to ebb, was something he had all along expected. He might even succeed in persuading others that he had known the flood was coming; but this would be of minor importance; the great thing for the prophet, if a man of conscience, is to convince himself; the rest easily follows. At the worst, in a case like the present, the hardiest skeptic could do no more than retort that the actual fact was what everybody had foreseen.

## I.

The actual fact of historical romance had been with us all through the period when the natural tendency in fiction prevailed, just as this tendency is now present amidst the welter of overwhelming romance. But some of the great masters of the natural school have ceased to be, and some have ceased to write. Flaubert and Maupassant, George Eliot and Anthony Trollope, Tourguénieff and Dostoyevsky are dead; from Björnson, Kielland and Lie we hear seldom. Of the Spaniards, Galdós, Pardo-Bazán and Valdés, Valdés alone has recently published anything. In Italy the movement that swept all before it is only apparent in the work of Matilde Serao and Fogazzaro. In England Mrs. Humphry Ward alone seems active for truth in fiction; since "Jude" Mr. Thomas Hardy has done nothing considerable, and Mr. George Moore nothing since "Esther Waters." In France Zola confesses not merely in his abated energy, but in the sad explicitness of so many words, that he has "fought a losing fight." In Russia Tolstoy indeed has just spoken, after long silence in fiction, a word worthy his incomparable great-

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ness in "Resurrection." In our own country, where every genuine talent, young as well as old, is characterized by the instinct if not the reason of reality, nothing of late has been heard but the din of arms, the horrid tumult of the swashbuckler swashing on his buckler.

If we inquire in our own case, or the Anglo-Saxon case, what in the psychological, sociological, or meteorological conditions will account for this state of things, we are met by the ready, the too ready, the even officious suggestion, that the accumulation of riches has vulgarized and the explosion of wars has brutalized the popular mind and spoiled the taste. There may be something in that, and something more in the more subjective implication that our race, having more reason than ever to be ashamed of itself for its lust of gold and blood, is more than ever anxious to get away from itself, and welcomes the tarradiddles of the historical romancers as a relief from the facts of the odious present. It is a race which likes a good conscience so much that it prefers unconsciousness to a bad one; and there may be something in the notion thrown out and in the notion that our appetite for gross fable has been stimulated by the spread of athletics among us, and that there is an occult relation between the passion for golf, say, and the passion for historical romance. One must not press a conjecture of this sort too hard, and it is interesting rather than convincing to consider how much the prevalence of that sort of fiction has to do with the prevalence of the muscular ideals, especially among women, who especially with us are the repository of such intellectual refinement as we have attained, and whose tastes and manners have been coarsened by sharing the rude sports and boyish games of men. Apparently, women must follow men in their literary pastimes if they follow them in their other amusements: very few women probably enjoy athletics as much as they pretend, and very few women probably are fond of novels of adventure; but athletics have flourished more and more since women took to them, and the novels of adventure have superabounded since our reading class, or reading sex, has pretended to enjoy them.

## II.

The psychologist may be interested in tracing the obscure relations of these facts; but for the present purpose it seems

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more useful to note that the novel of adventure, as a representation, or misrepresentation, of life soon exhausted the range of tolerable improbability. It had to escape into a region where comparisons and criterions could not follow it, and so we presently had that curious modern development of fiction on the lines of the old heroical romances which a few years ago filled the magazines with its phenomena. Imaginary thrones, principalities and powers in a map of Europe which the novelist changed with more than Napoleonic ease, became the ready, the eager prey of English and American soldiers of fortune, and the field of such deeds of love and war as have not been equalled since the heroes of the French seventeenth century romancers overran their airy Asias and Africas, and subdued their pretended Persians, their imaginary Egypts, and married the native rulers. The modern adventurers did not indeed encounter the giants, dwarfs and magicians of the old books of chivalry, but if they had met them, no one can doubt that they would have overcome them; for these Englishmen and Americans were equipped for their forays, in that extraordinary fable land where they triumphed, with all the science and culture of the nineteenth century.

They were, of course, not the heroes of the old heroical romancers; they resembled, rather, in everything but the humility of his origin, the good Corporal Fritz of the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," and the countries where they flourished were as probably ascertained as the hereditary dominions of that capricious but amusing princess. Their histories were the heroical romances come again, but with a modern difference; as the historical novels which have succeeded them are by no means the novels of Scott, of Manzoni, of Hugo, of Dumas, or even of Cooper. No reader could mistake them for the work of these authors, either collectively or severally, and yet they are as interestingly a reversion to the ideal, though not the scope of their work, as the late Gerolstein school was to that of the heroical romancers. Like the Gerolstein school, the new historical school pays its duty to the spirit of reality, up to a certain point voluntarily, and beyond that involuntarily, and its writers represent life as they have themselves seen it look and heard it talk. In one of the best of their books, built very, very carefully upon the model of Thackeray's historical fiction, and languaged with anxious scruple in the parlance of the eighteenth century as Thackeray reconstructed

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it, the autobiographying hero has an instant of delightful naturalness when he says he "raised up in bed" and another when he reports a London lackey of George III.'s time as saying his master is "some better." We might have mistaken him for a Maryland gentleman of the colonial period, but these slight touches give him away for an up-to-date citizen of our imperial republic; and comfort us with the belief that the author, if he ever takes again to writing straight American, will not suffer from the inability to rid himself of Queen Anne English, which Trollope noted in Thackeray after his "Henry Esmond." Another of the new historical novelists makes a Franco-American backwoodsman of the Fenimore Cooper type employ phrases drawn from our actual slang; and yet another gives vivacity if not vitality to an English princess of the sixteenth century by having her speak and act like a little Hoosier hoyden. In a fourth the heroine thees and thous the father of her country without the warrant of Quaker breeding, and misbehaves herself upon most opportunities like a schoolgirl of our familiar *fin de siècle* sort. In the fifth we have Virginia life painted in talk so tall that it can never be measured except when by some happy accident one of the heroes forgets his lines, and tells a certain company of miscreants that he has "run with them long enough."

## III.

Such a lapse is rare in that book, and I am willing to own that in citing these instances I have been testing the chain by its weakest link. When I have said this, however, in the interest of impartiality, I am not sure that it is true, even as regards the workmanship of the new historical school. One must recognize the fact that its writers have an ideal of workmanship, and that they aim at literary beauty with a praiseworthy constancy. They mean to have style, and they have each his or her standard to which they conscientiously devote themselves. But nature is the only model which can be followed with the assurance of unerring success, and literary beauty is so shy and evasive a thing that it will respond only to a beauty of the mind, and then only if it is not too much entreated. It does not appear from their work that these writers have invented any memorable personage, or represented any action that persists in the mind like an experience of the reader. In fact, all the links seem weakest in a chain

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which fails to bind character and the incident significant of character together, which does not unite a truth to life with a nobility of ideal, or an artistic sense with an ethical motive.

If I find the new historical romance wanting in these essentials of good fiction, what do I find in it? That might not be easy to say without losing one's patience; for, after all, fiction is one of our most precious possessions, and if it is not good it is one of the worst things that can be. One cannot see it fall below the highest aim of the greatest novelists without a pang; and this highest aim of the greatest novelists has always been to move the reader by what he must feel to be the truth. For the civilized man no representation of events can give pleasure, or fail to give pain, if it is false to his knowledge of himself and others, though effected with art indefinitely finer than that which mainly offends the taste in our new historical romance.

If the cave dweller told tales of fighting and hunting, full of bloodshed and violence, he was probably true to life as he had known it, and if he celebrated revenge as one of its highest aims, and homicide as one of its noblest facts, his ethics were of the quality of his æsthetics. But that does not form, to my mind, a reason why a twentieth century, or even a nineteenth century, novelist should expect me to believe and to be edified in believing his representation that this was the fact or the ideal of life in the eighteenth, seventeenth or even sixteenth century. I am obliged to protest that it was not, but is untrue to what we mainly know of them. What we mainly know of those ages is that the great mass of men, high and low, were then actuated by the wish to be friends and at peace with other men; that they were often of humble and contrite hearts for their sins, and wished to bear themselves gently and not violently; that they, too, like ourselves, abhorred tumult and sought their happiness in religion and industry and learning, and often suffered for conscience' sake imprisonment and martyrdom, that we who have come after them might be the freer and safer and peacefuller in our lives.

But I find scarce a hint of this in the new historical romances, which are as untrue to the complexion of the past as to personality in any time, or rather as crudely tentative and partial. I find duels and battles set forth as the great and prevalent human events; I find pride and revenge worshipped as right and fine, but no suggestion of the shame and heartache which have followed the

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doers of violence in all times and countries since the stone age. There is such spilth of blood that you might almost expect to see it drip from the printed page, and nowhere the consciousness that it is better to suffer wrong than to take the life of the vilest miscreant. In the several ages when the Quaker conceived of Christ in conduct, the Puritan of the personal conscience and the Baptist of toleration in religion, the philosopher of positive freedom in thought, they had no part in life as it shows itself to our new historical romancers. The moral and mental activities of those times were apparently confined to incidents which you come upon so often in their imaginary histories that they stamp themselves on the memory as the only incidents.

"The ruffian against whom I was pitted began to draw his breath in gasps. He was a scoundrel not fit to die, . . . unworthy of a gentleman's steel. I presently ran him through with as little compunction, and as great desire to be quit of a dirty job, as if he had been a mad dog."

" 'Now, I'll scalp you,' he cried in a voice terrible to hear; and with his words, out came his hunting-knife from its sheath. . . . In fact, he had taken off part of Maisonville's scalp, . . . insisting upon completing his cruel performance. . . . The big man wept with rage when he saw the bleeding prisoner protected. 'Eh bien! I'll keep what I've got,' he roared, 'and I'll take the rest of it next time!' He shook the tuft of hair at Maisonville, and glared like a mad bull."

"Young Brandon replied, 'Stand your ground, you coward! . . . If you try to run, I will thrust you through the neck as I would a cur. Listen how you snort.' . . . Judson tried to keep the merciless sword-point from his throat. At last, by a dexterous twist of his blade, Brandon sent Judson's sword flying thirty feet away. The fellow started to run, but turned and fell upon his knees to beg for life. Brandon's reply was a flashing circle of his steel, and his sword-point cut lengthwise through Judson's eyes and the bridge of his nose, leaving him sightless and hideous for life."

" 'Now, then, have you got that officer ready? . . . Up with him, then!' At the command, half a dozen men pulled on a rope which had been passed over the bough of a tree, and the young subaltern was swung clear of the ground. He struggled so fiercely for a moment that the cords which bound his wrists parted and he was able to clutch the rope above his head in a desperate attempt to save himself. It was useless, for instantly two rifles were leveled and two bullets sent through him; his hands relaxing, he hung limply, save for a slight muscular quiver."

The inventors of the hideous incidents with which the new romances teem have no turn for character if they had the time for it; and possibly they do not prefer bloodshed, but are simply too busy with butchery for anything else. They are mostly gentlemen of peaceful callings and the instincts of law-abiding citizens,

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with probably no love of homicide in them, who would rather stay away from a slugging match than not, and would not greatly enjoy an electrocution. Any pleasure in their bloody business, if it could be realized, is still less imaginable of the young ladies who deal in its horrors. These can hardly have witnessed violence of any kind, and must sicken at the sight of blows with the fist, much more thrusts with a sword or shots with a pistol; and it may well be said that they mean no harm by their ideals of militant manhood. Very likely their ideals do not do all the harm which is their logic, but it is all the same their logic; just as the logic of the royalties and nobilities which abound in the new historical romances is that life cannot be beautiful or great without them. Their testimony, false witness as it is, is against the American life of individual worth, without titles and ranks, and only the distinction of honorable achievement.

To be sure, one must not take the books too seriously. When their manners and their morals were the property of the dime novels, they sometimes inspired a neighborhood of boys to make for the Western plains in order to become or to destroy Indians; and sometimes moved them to attempt burning one of their number as a captive at the stake. But, after all, such things seldom happened, and now that the dime novel has got into good literary society, and flourishes in periodicals of the highest class, with a tradition of exacting taste in fiction, it is not credible that its ideals will immediately affect the conduct of its readers. The vast majority of readers will rise from the books as guiltless of any wish to realize the ideals of conduct presented to them as the gentle young girls and amiable gentlemen who write them. But that such fiction will in a measure and for a while debauch the minds and through their minds the morals of their readers, is reasonably to be feared even by the optimist. That delicate something which we call tone, whether intellectual or ethical, must suffer from an orgy of the kind as it would suffer from an excess in opium or absinthe.

## IV.

Again I find myself growing too serious about a phase of fiction which I cannot denounce unsparingly without suspecting myself of forcing the note; and if I have borne on too hard I should like to make amends. I am bound to say that what I think the grotesque, the ludicrous immorality of the new histor-

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ical romancers does not include the sort of immorality which we have first in mind when we use the word. The relations of the sexes, so far as I have noticed, are mostly most exemplary in them. There is nowhere anything but a wish to get the lovers married at all hazards, or as many hazards as possible. Perhaps the books would be a little truer to human experience in the past, not to say the present, if the behavior of their heroes and heroines, in this respect, was not so irreproachable; but I am not going to make this a reproach to their authors, who have enough to answer for in their inculcation of revenge, pride, anger, contempt and other bad passions. It seems to be a condition of getting their tremendous affairs transacted that the hero should often be a ruthless homicide; but he really must be a tiresome ass or an impossible peacock, not to be mismated with the pert and foolish doll that passes for the heroine. He, being what he is, is apt to be of a solemn behavior; but she is commonly very sprightly, with extraordinary social gifts for getting herself into trouble; she must usually have a touch of comedy, an arch manner, a habit of dropping ironical curtseys, and of making satirical speeches the wit of which she might be supposed to keep her secret, if they were not of such manifest effect upon the other characters.

Characters? Are they characters, any of those figments which pass for such in the new historical romances? They are hardly so by any test of comparison with people we know in life or in the great fictions. They are very simple souls, whose main business is to impersonate a single propensity, and immediately or remotely to do the hero and the heroine good or harm; to show them off; to die by his hand, or to cherish a baffled ambition for hers. When they are historical figures their deportment is such as would be imaginable of the historical figures of the Eden Musée if these were called upon to leave their statuesque repose and move and speak.

No pains have been spared to make them life-like, and, as I have suggested, the novelists have each been anxious to produce a literary masterpiece. The trouble with their attempt seems to be that it is only too literary. It appears that we may have some virtues in excess; that in matters of art it is possible to be so artistic as to exclude nature. I should say that the mistake of the new historical novelist, when his æsthetic intention is most admirable, was to have done just that. It is hard

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to get nature to take part in one's little effects when it is an affair of contemporary life; if it is an affair of life in the past, her co-operation is still more reluctant. But literature is always willing and ready to lend a hand to the literary man; it is at home when he calls; it is never previously engaged when he invites it, as nature is so often; and perhaps it is not altogether their own fault that the new historical romancers have got her help so seldom. I fancy moments when they have tried for it, and been disappointed, and so turned to the faithful friend of authorship, and got on with literature alone. At the best, the historical novelist must often do this, for the life which he wishes to portray exists only in the records, and speaks a language surviving only in the books. If he is a very great talent, he will divine that nature, especially human nature, is the same from generation to generation; and that his only hope is to put the present frankly into the clothes of the past. But he seems to me not to be a very great talent in the recent instances, or of any gift so marked as the instinct for hitting the fancy of our enormous commonplace average. Besides, what is a poor man to do with the nineteenth century in eighteenth or seventeenth century clothes, if he has at the same time to celebrate the ideals of the stone age? His difficulty is simply doubled.

V.

I do not think it by any means a despicable thing to have hit the fancy of our enormous commonplace average. Some of the best and truest books have done this. "The Pilgrim's Progress" did it; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did it; Mr. Clemens's "Roughing It" did it; Longfellow's poetry did it; Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's poetry does it; Edward Bellamy's gospel of justice in "Looking Backward" did it. But what is despicable, what is lamentable is to have hit the popular fancy and not have done anything to change it, but everything to fix it; to flatter it with false dreams of splendor in the past, when life was mainly as simple and sad-colored as it is now; to corrupt it to an ignominious discontent with patience and humility, and every-day duty, and peace.

This, after all the allowances and exceptions, is what the new American school of historical romance must do, not of set purpose or deliberate design, but largely in obedience to the mystical law of interaction which in human affairs makes every power the

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agent as well as the authority. A vulgar literature is because the vulgar taste for it was, and the vulgar taste for it will be, because the vulgar literature has been. Cause and effect are so intimately associated in such things that we cannot part or distinguish one from the other; and my own failure to do so is confessed in turning from it to recognize the extraneous fact that the popularity of this sort of fiction seems already to be waning, however long its influence is obscurely to continue. There are clear signs that its immense favor is abating; there are sullen whispers in the Trade that the historical romance, as a "seller," has had its day; and a corresponding impatience in the simple-hearted candor of those unliterary critics who feel duped in having yielded to the temptation of reading a book because everybody else was reading it. These critics seem, if you hear them complain, not to be much comforted by the assurance of some literary critics that they were indulging a very wholesome appetite in gorging themselves at the bloody repast spread by the historical romancers; and I own that I sympathize with them in this. I do not see why the spectacle of every sort of brute adventure, even when it is not bloody, should be thought particularly wholesome. I suspect that the taste for it is not so very simple or natural in civilized and cultivated people, who might be much more simply and naturally attracted by a social situation, a moral problem, or a psychological question, and would revert to brute adventure only in their abnormal moods.

But the confession of the dupes, which, though so justly indignant, is also so amusing, would do little more to philosophize the phenomenon than the whispers of the Trade. That work must be left, apparently, to some synthetic student of our time, who may hereafter get a better perspective of the fact than seems possible now. I have tried to note such phases of it as appeal to the contemporary observer, and there are, doubtless, others which will have caught the attention of other inquirers, who may possibly offer some plausible explanation of one curious fact of the situation.

While the Gerolstein school of heroical romance was almost wholly of English origin, the new historical romance is almost altogether native American. I can think of no new English historical novel which has enjoyed the overwhelming popularity of so many American romances; though the two countries seem to be

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moved now by so many impulses in common, and to be swollen by the same race-conceit, the same ignoble ideals of force. It is possibly because the English have looked more constantly and more profoundly into the past, and found there was nothing in it, that they have invented imaginary realms, and left the exploitation of history to our more ardent, more inexperienced romantic school. It is certainly simpler to cut loose from any sort of fact, and abandon one's self to pure fake as the English have done. One cannot, then, be brought to book, or in any wise held responsible by the reader's knowledge; the answer to all criticisms of manners, morals, costume, parlance, in the work of the Gerolstein school, is that it *is* pure fake. With historical fiction it is different and much more difficult. The novelist is obliged to keep a conscience so far moral that he may not commit the solecisms he can help, or make the misrepresentations that he is likely to be found out in. He, indeed, addresses a crude and ignorant audience for the most part, but there is always a chance, which he must guard, that some better informed person may overhear him. He is not so free as the heroical romancer, and hardly even as free as the poor realist who restricts himself to reporting what he knows of life, and otherwise keeps off the grass in the straight and narrow path of truth.

## VI.

Do I, then, wholly dislike historical fiction as impossible and deplorable? On the contrary, I like it very much in the instances which I can allege for the reasons I can give. I like Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa," Frances Burney's "Evelina," Maria Edgeworth's "Belinda," Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," "Northanger Abbey" and "Emma," all of Anthony Trollope's novels and most of George Eliot's; my catholic affection for historical fiction embraces even Fielding's "Tom Jones" and De Foe's "Roxana." These and the novels like them are what Mr. Kipling has somewhere declared the only historical novels, because, being true to the manners of their own times, they alone present a picture of the past, worthy to be called historical. But I go farther than this, and delight in certain retrospective novels which I find as veracious as the faithfullest circumspective novels. First and foremost among them is Tolstoy's "War and Peace," which presents an image of the past



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that appeals to my knowledge of myself and of other men as unimpeachably true. There a whole important epoch lives again, not in the flare of theatrical facts, but in motives and feelings so much like those of our own time, that I know them for the passions and principles of all times. It is perhaps because the characters and events are separated from the author's day by only a generation that they are so well ascertained, or perhaps they are made equal with us in date by the author's conception of the human solidarity as always essentially the same; so that when I read a chapter of "War and Peace" it is as convincing of the external fact from the internal truth as a chapter of such a palpitant actuality as "Resurrection." For a like reason our greatest romancer, Mark Twain, by art as unlike Tolstoy's as possible, enables one to have one's being in the sixth century with his "Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." He, too, in an imaginative scheme as wildly fantastic as Tolstoy's is simply real, is a true historical novelist because he represents humanity as we know it must have been, since it is humanity as we know it is. His historical fiction is as nobly anarchical as most historical fiction is meanly conventional in the presence of all that wrong which calls itself vested right; and the moral law is as active in that fascinating dream world which he has created as it is in this waking world, where sooner or later every man feels its power.

I like Mark Twain's historical fiction above all for this supreme truth, just as I like Tolstoy's; but I am not above a more purely æsthetic pleasure in such an historical novel as Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," though this was written so near to the supposed time of the action that it might be called reminiscential rather than historical. In this, as in "War and Peace," and "I Promessi Sposi," which I like equally, a whole epoch lives again morally, politically and socially, with such entirety and large inclusion that the reader himself becomes of it.

It is by some such test that we are to know the validity of any work of art. It is not by taking us out of ourselves, but by taking us into ourselves, that its truth, its worth, is manifest; it convinces us by entering into our experience and making its events part of that, if it does not enter into our conscience and make its ideals part of that. My grief with our new historical romances is that they do neither the one nor the other; and though it is not a serious grief, the thing itself being so unserious, I must insist upon it, for it is greater than any other feeling I

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have concerning them. If one could go and acquire a little inexperience, or a good deal; or if one could rid one's self of one's moral sense as easily as one sometimes defies it, perhaps one might better enjoy these books; and I wish to say here, while there is yet a minute, that their badness does not seem wilful in any sort. In the literary sort, though it is often so grotesque and hopeless, it is at other moments relieved by the distinct intention of art in construction and treatment. One cannot say that there is ever much more than the intention; but such an intention is always respectable; and in some of the books there is a real feeling for nature, poetically expressed, though, so far as I have noticed, never a real feeling for human nature. In that all the rest fall below, and immeasurably below, Colonel J. W. De Forest's recent story of the revolutionary beginnings in Boston. "A Lover's Revolt" is in indefinitely smaller compass, a story akin to "War and Peace" through the moral quality of truth to universal and eternal human experience. The author makes the epoch his own by knowledge and penetrating sympathy; and the battle pieces, if less fearlessly painted than the bloody scenes in the romances which I have refrained from distinguishing by name, have the fascination of a soldier's talk about such things. It is not only from his own experience of war that Colonel De Forest paints war as it is, with Tolstoyan fidelity, but from the artistic conscience of a true novelist. This has before availed him in his novels of contemporaneous American life, though it has not availed him with a large public, which seems to be sometimes as wonderfully missed as made. It is not probable that in the wane of the historical school his book, which so easily outvalues them all in the qualities of real historical fiction, will enjoy their spectacular vogue. It has its weak points, and it is a little too thumpingly patriotic for my pleasure; but its weak points are not so many and its patriotism not so vainglorious as our public seems to like in historical romance.

The patriotism in Edward Bellamy's posthumous romance, "The Duke of Stockbridge," is full of a misgiving which the retrospective patriot of our day always does well to acquaint himself with as a part of our national history. It is with the short and simple annals of the poor, as they may be read in the facts of that squalid period immediately following the Revolution, that this admirable book concerns itself; and if it is bare and bleak in the atmosphere to which it exposes our national pride, it is prob-

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ably not less veracious for that reason. Economically it represents that terrible time when the depreciated Continental currency made the hard-working poor the easy prey of the gentleman class—the lawyers, doctors, shop-keepers, preachers and schoolmasters—all through New England, and the loathsome jails were choked with imprisoned debtors; when the poor hated the rich as never before or since in our country, and the rich ground the faces of the poor with a secure conviction of their right to do so that very few millionaires now enjoy. Politically it celebrates a phase of Shays' Rebellion, which was foredoomed to failure, and has been easily handed down to obloquy, but which is here shown as grounded in such suffering as few people have tamely undergone. On the personal side, the story is intensely vivid, and its characters live with the life that is our nature to-day, and constitute it truly historical by their truth to themselves and to us. It was by a series of chances that the book remained unpublished while the author was with us, but more than ever, in reading the story, imperfect and wanting as it is in those last touches which he would have known how to give it, one realizes how great a loss his death was not to humanity only, but to the humanities; how infinitely beyond all our other historical romancers, his fine imagination would have carried him in fiction.

## VII.

In my praise of these two books I must own to having got rather far away from both the temper and the text of my sermon. After all, the sources of loving or hating in any sort will not be successfully interrogated; and I am sensible, at the end, of leaving the popularity of the present or recent historical school much the same mystery I found it. I will not risk any reputation for prophecy I may have acquired by too frankly predicting the end of that school. It may be beginning to be recent, or it may have only begun to be present. If we suppose that the young and strong, if not very sage or clear, generation now swelling the census is tired of it, there are always generations of the young and strong to come, who will perhaps be no sager or clearer than this. But we have still a republic and not yet an empire of letters, and no one is obliged to read silly books. There are plenty of wise ones which some of us have not read.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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# CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY NORA HOPPER.

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## THE EVE OF MARY.

Sing out, and with rejoicing bring
Shepherds and neatherds to their King—
  Their King who lies in stable-stall,
With straw for all His plenishing;
  Who in His hands most weak and small
  Doth hold the earth and heavens all:
    Sing loud, the Eve of Mary!

Bring in the soft ewes and their rams,
And bring the little crying lambs;
  This stable's wide enough for all.
Bring hither all the bleating dams,
  And bid them crouch around the stall,
  And watch the wonders that befall
    Earth, on the Eve of Mary.

This mother-maid with drooping head
Hath but a straw-heap to her bed;
  Yet, did she list, would angels come
And make a palace of her shed,
  With myrrh and music bring Him home—
  'Mid these glad mouths the one mouth dumb—
    Here, on the Eve of Mary.

But rather would she lie below
Thatched roof, and hear the north wind blow,
  And pattering footsteps of the rain.

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Ay, rather would she pay her throe
And take her joy: to quit all pain
His lips are on her breast again—
Sing low, the Eve of Mary!

Sing low, indeed; and softly bleat,
You lambing ewes, about her feet,
Lest ye should wake the Child from sleep.
No other hour so still and sweet
Shall fall for Mary's heart to keep,
Until her death-hour on her creep—
Sing soft, the Eve of Mary!

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## CAROL OF MARY AND MARIAMNE

Was a Maiden sweet to see,
White and pure as lilies be;
Black as bird's wing was her hair
Folded meekly on her brows;
Like a moonbeam in the house
Went she, leaving blessings there.
Joseph, the old carpenter,
Saw, and loved, and wedded her.

Was a Lady great and fair,
With red gold upon her hair—
Plaited full and purfled deep.
Herod took her for his bride,
Set her splendid at his side,
Kissed her doubts and fears to sleep.
High-born dame and peasant may
Wedded on the selfsame day.

Mariamne's gold-shod feet
Were too dainty for the street;
Barefoot the girl Mary went
From her mother to her lord.
Mariamne's bosom-bird

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Sang her sick with discontent.
Mary's breast-bird did not stir
Till an angel came to her.

When she prayed within her room,
Rose and lily-flower in bloom
Were the only sweets she had;
But the room was not so poor,
Since God's angel in the door
Stood, and gave her greeting glad:
"Blessed, and a Maid thou art,
With thy Son beneath thy heart!"

Mariamne sewed nor spun
Birthrobes for her little son.
Like to carven ebony,
Mariamne's hair lay spread
On gold cushions sewn with red.
Divers sought and spoiled the sea,
That her neck no pearl might miss
Tiréd for King Herod's kiss.

Mary's pains on her gat hold
When the winter night was cold;
Was a manger for her bed:
And no music and no charm
Bade avaunt the pain and harm.
Bitter was her bearing-bread,
Tears were all her bearing-wine,
Where she lay among the kine.

Mariamne lay on silk,
But her man-child lacked the milk.
Lutes and flutes made music sweet
When the birthing-pain grew sore.
Charms were written on her door,
Amulets were on her feet.
Mary had no crown to hide
Where her sweat of sorrow dried.

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Mariamne wailed, and slept,
And forgot that she had wept;
  While her women night-watch held
Round the son that she had borne,
Lapped in silk a queen had worn—
  Garments scented and be-spelled.
Little God did her deny,
Yet her mother-breast was dry.

Mary in the stable lay—
Mary Mother, Mary may—
  Held her Babe upon her breast,
Sang Him lovely lullaby.
But the death that He would die
  Knew not, and so lay at rest,
Holding God and Man in one,
While her bosom fed her Son.

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